

1969

HIGHFIELD PATHWAY

YEARBOOK



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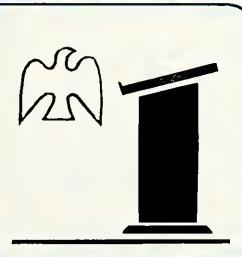


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THE NEW YEAR

Like a field of new-fallen snow,
The year appears unspotted ahead;
But if we walk hand in hand with God,
There is nothing at all to dread.

If we will but yield ourselves to Him,
We need not mar it with sin;
But we can keep His joy in our hearts
And, with His help, the victory win.

So, Lord, we humbly pray that Thou
Wilt be with us every day—
We have no one else upon whom we can call,
For, surely, Thou art the way!

—Earle J. Grant



AFRAID

When I was just a little mite,
I used to be afraid at night.
I'd put my pillow on my head
And slip so close to brother Ned
That he'd yell, "Make Will slip over,
He's taking over all the cover."

And Ma would plead with Pa to see
Whatever could the matter be.
Pa'd sit down on my dumpy bed,
His big hand reach to stroke my head,
And I'd be calm when Pa was there.
His warmth and size seemed everywhere.

Years passed before I ever knew,
That Pa sometimes had problems too
And sometimes he would have to call
Upon the Father of us all.
He must have waited as I'd done
And listened for that, "Fear not, Son."

—Marilyn Pergerson

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January, 1969

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We Can Start Over

ONE OF THE MOST attractive facets of life is that we can start anew. If things have not gone as we had planned, we can start over. Perhaps it will not be as easy as it is for a boy to erase a blackboard after making a mistake in an arithmetic problem, yet we can begin again.

God gives man an innate desire to mend his ways, to improve, to move toward perfection. At the beginning of a new year, the drinker may resolve to quit drinking, the smoker may resolve to quit smoking, and the fat man may resolve to quit overeating. Desiring to improve and refine himself, man may go to great ends to change. Some persons do quit bad habits by their own willpower. However, such self-discipline is hard to come by without the sustaining influence of God's help. A preacher was heard to say that he found it impossible to lose weight until he made his desire to do so a matter of earnest prayer.

Too often man fails to seek for help when he decides to improve himself, or as we sometimes say, when he turns over a new leaf. Hence the wind of temptation soon blows the leaf backward to its old position, resulting in frustration to the individual. There is something good and pure about a person wanting to become a better individual; nonetheless, he errs greatly when he tries to do this within himself, not seeking God's help. The Bible comes right to the point on this subject, for it states: "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil" (Jeremiah 13:23).

Of course, the unconverted man who would make godly resolutions must first repent of his sins and ask God to save him. The Lord is willing and waiting to forgive and to convert. This sort of leaf turning we call the new birth, and it is nothing short of miraculous. God can turn more leaves in a man's

heart within a few minutes than the man can bring about by himself in a lifetime. When the Lord Jesus turns leaves for us, they stay turned, unless we flagrantly turn them back. Speaking of a person whom Christ has changed, Paul the apostle said, "He is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new" (2 Corinthians 5:17).

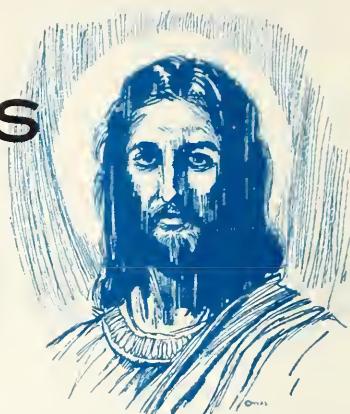
The Christian should resolve to redouble his efforts to be godly and guard closely his thoughts, his conversation, and his actions. While making his list of seventy resolutions to live by, the great preacher Jonathan Edwards wrote: "Resolved, never to do anything which I should be afraid to do if it were the last hour of my life." What a sobering thought! Roscoe Conkling once said, we should "hew to the line, and let the chips fall where they may."

Further, we should strengthen our devotion to Christ through more Bible study and prayer. Prayerlessness is a plague among Christians today. Being busy with things, even church duties, is no excuse for bypassing the prayer closet. May we resolve to have set times for seeking the Father in secret. The way to spiritual strength is through prayer and Bible study; hence let us resolve to read the Book, thereby letting God speak to our hearts daily. The Lord has very important truths to impart to us through His Word; so if we do not read the Bible, we will miss important communications from Him. Jesus said, "Ye do err, not knowing the scriptures" (Matthew 22:29).

When we have sought the Lord in Bible study and prayer, we are ready to face life. We can then resolve with Longfellow:

*Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait. •*

THE MAN WHO CAUSED JESUS TO WONDER



By VIVIAN BOITER

A ROMAN CENTURION had the distinction of being a man who caused Jesus to wonder. Did this man accomplish some outstanding feat that astonished Jesus? The Bible does not say that he did. But it does say that he had certain traits of character which made a deep impression upon Jesus.

The centurion's compassion was noticeable. It seems that for him—a person in command of one hundred men—he possessed an unusual sympathy. So often a man in charge of a group loses sight of the individual. To him they are merely numbers or somebody else in uniform. But one of this man's servants "who was dear unto him," was very sick. He wanted Jesus to heal him.

By being concerned about his servants, the centurion, a Roman occupying the land of the Jews, had found favor with the Jews. He did not try to oppress the Jews needlessly with his authority. Most Jews considered the Romans their enemies. But, the Jewish elders spoke of this centurion as one who loved their nation. He had built a synagogue for them. His compassion caused him to walk in the other fellow's shoes.

The Roman centurion's humility was another distinctive quality which caused Jesus to wonder. The elders of the Jews thought that he was a worthy man. Yet the centurion spoke of himself as not being worthy to have Jesus enter his home. This feeling of unworthiness was not due to a lack of self-respect. The centurion was a respectable and ambitious man. Rather, his humility was due to his lack of pride. He was a self-forgetful man with a deflated ego. He

did not "think of himself more highly than he ought to think" (Romans 12:3).

Jesus could recognize a humble person, for He was the perfect example of humility. He emptied Himself of all glory and honor and became obedient unto death on a cross.

He also taught His followers that salvation is obtained by the humble. "Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Matthew 18:3).

But the greatest cause for Jesus' wonderment concerning the Roman centurion was his faith. Being a man under authority and also having authority, the centurion saw in Jesus' words and deeds the power and authority of God. So he believed Jesus. He believed that without seeing his servant, Jesus could just speak the word and the servant would be whole again. "When Jesus heard these things, he marvelled at him, and turned him about, and said unto the people that followed him, I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel" (Luke 7:9).

The Jews had seen Jesus perform miracles, yet so many would not believe in Him. But here was a man, not of the chosen nation, who could recognize Him as Lord without witnessing signs and miracles. Here was a man showing his family and neighbors qualities of character that were pleasing to Jesus. His faith, compassion, and humility were marvelous in the Saviour's sight.

Fathers and leaders today could well follow his example. ●

TO LOOK UP toward heaven and pray, "Lord, give more to me during the New Year of 1969," would seem like a very selfish request to most of us. Yet, God would delight in giving to us more of some things.

Does not each of us need more understanding and wisdom to better cope with the various life situations? When Solomon was about to become king of Israel, he asked God for "an understanding heart to judge thy people" (1 Kings 3:9). God was pleased with Solomon's request, and he "gave Solomon wisdom and understanding exceeding much" (1 Kings 4:29).

David, Solomon's father, had among his mighty men the children of Issachar. These "were men that had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do" (1 Chronicles 12:32). In order to direct our Lord's work in the most effective way, we too need wisdom and understanding.

However, our intelligent efforts will produce the best results if we have a spirit of love. The Apostle Paul said, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal" (1 Corinthians 13:1). One little boy who was asked why he passed by one church and went farther down the street to another replied, "Because they love you there."

Not only do we need more love for God and man, but we also need to have a love for mercy, truth, and goodness. Amos wrote: "Hate the evil, and love the good" (Amos 5:15). In view of these facts we are not being selfish if we ask God to put more of his love in our hearts during the New Year.

On one occasion the apostles asked the Lord to increase their faith (Luke 17:5). A lack of faith hinders our usefulness to the Lord. In Hebrews 11:6 we are told that without faith it is impossible to please God. The unbelief of Jesus' hometown kept him from performing great works among them. God would be pleased if we prayed, "Lord, give to us more faith in You that we might do greater works for Your glory during the coming year."

Stephen was chosen to be one of the first deacons because he was "a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost" (Acts 6:5). Barnabas is also described as a man possessing the Holy Spirit and faith. Having these characteristics, he was sent to Antioch to help new converts. Every believer needs the power of the Spirit in his life. Then he can speak and act with conviction and boldness. The Spirit convicts "the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment" (John 16:8). God would like to give to us more of the power of his Spirit throughout the new year. "How much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" (Luke 11:13).

Finally, do you not think that God would be delighted to give more inner peace to us? Perhaps much of the world's unrest is brought about because of the absence of this quality of character. Paul told the Philippians: "Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving

More For

The New Year

By VIVIAN BOITER

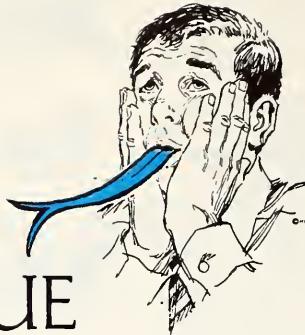


let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus" (Philippians 4:6-7).

For a happy and prosperous New Year, ask God to give you more understanding, wisdom, love, faith, power of the Spirit, and inner peace. The heavenly Father likes to "give good things to them that ask him" (Matthew 7:11). ●

By CECIL E. BURRIDGE

TRouble WITH THE TONGUE



THERE IS NO sin into which it is easier to fall, and no sin which has graver consequences, than the sin of the tongue. Indiscriminate use of the tongue can create a great amount of mischief in the world.

Jesus knew that men reveal their true character by what they say, and so He warned them that they would have to give an account for every word they spoke. "But I say unto you, That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgement. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned" (Matthew 12:36, 37).

The psychiatrist urges his patients to talk because he knows that the tongue is a reliable index of character. By examining the tongue the doctor diagnoses one's physical system; by listening to the words of the tongue, we are able to form some idea of one's moral values. By letting Christ control our tongues, our thoughts, our emotions, and our choice of words, we develop sound spiritual values. It is only when the mind is controlled by Christ, that we are safe.

There are people who lie so constantly, convincingly, and easily that they themselves find it difficult to distinguish between truth and falsehood. They sometimes cause irreparable harm because

their tongues can damage even over great distances. A chance word dropped in one section of the country, can bring grief and hurt and heartache in another some distance away. The very range that the tongue can reach is the tongue's greatest peril.

Furthermore, no man can control the damage of the tongue once a rumor starts. There is nothing so hard to obliterate as an idle, malignant story; for there are so many who delight to pass on a bit of juicy gossip. Even a sincere public apology and retraction of that which was said can never fully compensate for the harm that was done. Once a word is spoken it cannot be retracted—but most likely someone will pay for any scandal it carries.

Some church people are prone to indulge in "social falsehoods" and "business lies", or the so-called "innocent lie." The "social falsehoods" are those we tell when we insincerely invite an acquaintance to come to see us. "Do drop in," we say; and all the time we hope they will never put in an appearance. Many a businessman has grown rich by selling goods "below cost," or hats "from Paris" made in New York. And many a car salesman sees nothing wrong, he says, in advertising his used cars as being in somewhat better condition than they actually are.

"Business lies" that stretch the truth do nothing for one's reputation. In the end they are a detriment to the business, not a liability.

We should avoid all lies. The Scriptures tell us that "all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone" (Revelation 21:8). When the Apostle John wrote those words, under divine inspiration, he was not discriminating between the "out and out lie" and the so-called "innocent lie."

We should never seek to justify with words our evil habits. We should never by the use of our tongue try to make the worst reason look like the best reason, or seduce or induce another person to sin.

The tongue can be guilty of many things. One of the worst of them is profanity. Such irreverence to God will not go unpunished. "The Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain" (Exodus 20:7). How sad it is to hear a man say, "Well, I admit that I swear. But I never swear in front of women or children." Controlling the tongue before women and children is to be commended, but it does not make a man guiltless before God.

The tongue can be inconsistent in what it says. The very same tongue that so piously blesses God is often the same tongue which curses and swears at a fellowman. Some men may repeat pious sentiments one day and then repeat questionable stories the next. They may speak with piety on Sunday and then curse someone on Monday. Some women may be sweet and gracious at a religious meeting and then become gossipers just outside the meeting room. Often the person whose reputation is being cut to pieces is a fellow church member and was present at the meeting.

It cannot be denied: The tongue can cause a lot of anxiety and heartache. However, God will help us not to offend with our tongues if we will follow His guidance. •

RING IN THE NEW

By PAULINE V. McCONNELL

THE TIME TO say good-bye to 1968 is here. Some of us will say with relief, "Thank goodness." But, let us consider for a moment—were there not some very good things that occurred in 1968, too?

Perhaps the year was responsible for bringing a special new friend into your life. Maybe you had some especially good times at school, at church, or during your leisure hours.

Oh, there were the unpleasant little things that happen to all of us—minute things which we take too seriously, or thoughtless words and deeds said and done with no malice intended. Why not resolve during this New Year to be more understanding of your companions. Ask yourself whether or not, in some manner, you might have provoked the treatment you sometimes received. It is possible that in your own sensitivity you were responsible for some unpleasant happenings that caused your unhappiness.

At such times, have you taken your troubles to the Lord? If you answer in the affirmative, then, your past year could not have been really unhappy, because it is impossible to be unhappy in His presence. And, surely your joyous experiences of 1968 were the more joyous, whenever you included Him in them.

There is something beautiful about New Year's Day—a day so

different from all the other days of the year. A year is full of days, three hundred and sixty-five of them—and once in awhile, three hundred and sixty-six. If you look carefully, with an open mind, you can find something beautiful in each of these days. Furthermore, if you try you can put something beautiful into each one.

You could start by being a little more charitable at home, by being more cooperative with the crowd, by being more thoughtful of those around you, by giving a little more of yourself, and by exercising more thoughtfulness in acts of service. These are beautiful things that are pleasing to God.

Courtesy, by the way, is the habit of treating other human beings with deference and respect because they have been made in the image and likeness of God. It involves many of the minor elements of the broad sense of fraternal charity, patience, politeness, thoughtfulness, helpfulness, and kindness. There are certain human relationships in which it should be practiced especially. We must remember at all times to be particularly courteous toward the aged. For example, all of us should show respect for the opinions of older persons, even when we may disagree with their viewpoint. We must address the elderly with respect, even though close association may have produced a spirit of familiarity.

Boys should be particularly cour-

teous toward girls—in recognition of the high honor God gave to a woman in choosing Mary to be the mother of Jesus, and in observing the order of nature that man is to honor, support, and protect womanhood. A young man should permit a young lady (or an older one) to precede him when entering or leaving a room. He should perform little services that are sometimes not so much a real help to them as a sign of respect. True courtesy and respect for women are a bar to the foolish familiarities that often lead to sin and wrongdoings.

Therefore, every reader of this page should resolve to budget a bit more time each day for the Lord and decide to do a kindness for someone. Let us resolve that a goodly share of this kindness goes to members of our own family. Sometimes we are more unkind to our brothers and sisters than we are to casual acquaintances and friends who care far less for us. Let us ask our heavenly Father to be with us during every day of 1969. He will guide us, if we will let Him.

Will you talk to the Father daily about the happy things and the difficult things that come up during work and recreation? Speak to Him now and tell Him what He has meant to you during 1968—in joyous times as well as in difficult times. Ask that His grace follow you through the 365 days to come. ●



*Clyne W. Buxton
President*



*Terrell McBrayer
Vice-President*



*O. Wayne Chambers
Secretary-Treasurer*

By HOYT E. STONE



Shown here is part of the delegates who attended the annual banquet

Lee College Homecoming

POPULARLY elected alumni delegates from eighteen states arrived on campus November 27, 28, 1968, for one of the most significant alumni assemblies in the fifty-year history of Lee College. Many others came simply for the traditional homecoming festivities.

Newly elected officers of the Lee College Alumni Association are Clyne Buxton, president; Terrell McBrayer, vice-president; Wayne Chambers, secretary-treasurer; and Herbert Walker, Jr., and Philip Morris, board members. Also, board

members by virtue of office are Dr. James A. Cross, college president; D. C. Boatwright, development director; and Hoyt E. Stone, director of alumni affairs.

The association has just cause for pride in the accomplishments of the past two years. There has been a strong move to revitalize the group and to mold it into a cohesive unit. Alumni have promoted a Golden Anniversary fund-raising project that netted the association its highest annual cash receipts. They have seen many state and local alumni chapters,

Wayne Chambers:

ALUMNUS OF THE YEAR



Wayne accepts the trophy during the banquet

with a potential membership of 11,000, take on new life when men suddenly look closely at the awesome responsibility of providing educational facilities for today's youth. And, in conjunction with Lee's Board of Directors, they have employed a full-time Director of Alumni Affairs and staffed an office for promoting organizational and fund-raising activities.

Cash receipts for the association during fiscal year 1966-67 were in the neighborhood of \$6,000. This year, 1967-68, they were \$19,146.20. Add \$14,610.61 which was contributed to the Avis Swiger Student Loan Fund and the total receipts figure of \$33,756.81 gives a glimmer of the potential of alumni strength.

Library expansion has been chosen as the goal of all alumni efforts during 1968-69. This means that Lee's 5,700 registered alumni will boost substantially administrative, development, and church efforts to expand library holdings by 30,000 volumes during the next five years. Book goal for this year is 7,500 volumes.

Homecoming registration began at 8 a.m., on Thursday morning. The Reverend Bill Sheeks (1954) presented the Thanksgiving Day address to guests and student body during the regular chapel period at 10 a.m. Following lunch, there were class reunions in the Alumni Building and a hotly contested basketball game, which was lost to McKenzie College by one point in the final ten seconds.

Later, alumni gathered at the Holiday Inn for a Thanksgiving banquet, the announcement of the "Alumnus of the Year Award," and a final report.

At 8 p.m. events tapped a final high note with the Music Festival—wonderful as only Lee's Music Department can make it. Everyone was convinced that it was the highlight of the day's activities. •

During recent homecoming activities the Lee College Alumni Association chose the Reverend O. Wayne Chambers to receive its "Alumnus of the Year Award." This award is the highest honor paid by the association to any individual, and Wayne is the youngest alumnus to be so honored since Floyd Carey first received the award in 1958.

Wayne graduated from Lee Bible College in 1965 and, following a year's pastorate in Alabama, returned to Lee as Director of Student Aid. In his three years as student aid director, Wayne's office has distributed more than one and a quarter million dollars, mostly government money, to over one thousand students at Lee.

Wayne has served as president of the Cleveland Chapter of the Alumni Association since its organization in January of 1967 and has helped make this group a

model local chapter. With an active membership of 582—more alumni than any state chapter, other than Tennessee—Cleveland alumni have contributed over \$4,000 to the National Alumni Association during the past few months. By their interest, they have helped spark a drive for updating the entire association.

Another of Wayne's contributions has come in his management of the Avis Swiger Student Loan Fund. Launched on January 18, 1958, on little more than a dream and alumni respect for the name *Swiger*, this fund is now valued at \$25,808.75 and can take credit for keeping many students in Lee who otherwise would have had to drop out from lack of finance.

Though young in years, Wayne has shown the initiative and creative leadership—and especially the keen enthusiasm for his Alma Mater—that qualify him uniquely for this honor. •

IF WE DO not act soon," says Julian Huxley, "man will become the cancer of the planet, destroying its resources and eventually his own self."

How is man ruining his world? One way is by pollution of the earth. Industrialization has brought convenience and luxury to man but also has produced noise, junkyards, smog, and pollution of our atmosphere, soil, rivers, and lakes.

Alton Blakeslee, Associated Press science writer, declares, "Civilized man is making a sewer out of his sky and air." Every day 90 million motor vehicles pour into our atmosphere 180,000 tons of carbon monoxide, 33,000 tons of hydrocarbons, and 17,500 tons of nitrogen oxide. Fumes and smoke from fuel oil and coal being used by our factories, homes, and power plants add 100,000 tons of contaminating sulfur dioxide to the air we breathe.

It is estimated that polluted air is responsible for \$500 million worth of damage to livestock and agriculture annually. What must be the damage to humans!

Our country is engaged in a desperate race to land a man on the moon. Supersonic transport airplanes, which will fly at a terrific rate of speed high up in the atmosphere, are in the planning stages. Experts tell us that the exhaust particles from these airplanes and rockets in the extremely high thin atmosphere could destroy ozone in the air, which protects the earth from the burning rays of the sun. Scientists warn that the earth could warm up to such an extent that the great ice caps would melt, causing disastrous floods. On the other hand, the weather could change to extreme cold through the influence of a great quantity of carbon being released in outer space by supersonic jets and rockets.

City planners are frustrated by the highways that crisscross our metropolitan areas to make room for the increasing number of automobiles. A huge twelve-lane highway is being constructed in New

IS THERE HOPE FOR THE WORLD?

Jersey to accommodate more traffic. Experts foresee our cities being caught in immovable traffic jams in the future.

Even more alarming than these matters is the moral pollution taking place in our country. Patriotism is scorned by many of our youth. Free love is advocated by an increasing number of our citizens. Drinking has become widespread even by the very young. Drugs threaten the welfare and sanity of our future generations. Lawlessness has become a way of life in great areas of our country. Crime is growing six times as fast as the population, increasing 47 percent since 1960. In the summer of 1967, according to *Time* magazine, there were about half a dozen hippie colonies in our country; today they can be found in every major city. Shoplifting for "kicks" has increased to an alarming degree. It is estimated that there are about 100,000 teen-age shoplifters a week, most of these by young people from affluent homes.

The population explosion also poses a threat to our future welfare. By the year 2000 A.D. (not



By MATILDA NORDETVEDT

too long from now) the world's population is expected to reach seven billion (this century began with 1.6 billion people). If the increase continues at its present rate, in nine hundred years there would be 2,580 people to live on each square foot of the land's surface, which would, of course, be impossible.

Population explosion means famine. Already hunger is an urgent problem in much of our world—parts of Asia, Africa, and South America. Widespread famine is predicted to occur in these areas in the 1970s. There just will not be enough food to go around. Hungry people turn against their governments. Revolution and wars are a natural result.

Another threat to our well-being is the increasing bureaucracy of our government. Every working day sixty-five pages of new rules to regulate the lives of United States citizens are being printed. Charles Stevenson, author of the article in the November 1966 *Reader's Digest* entitled "Big Brother Is Here," warns that "bureaucracy

has conceived the idea of a 'National Data Center,' where an electronic dossier can be established on every citizen." These computers would store the personal details of every person's life, making them available to investigators at the push of a button.

Any thinking American will recognize the above facts, though pessimistic, to be true. It is a dark picture indeed. Is America, our world, then, without hope?

Yes and no. Peter predicts that the world will certainly be destroyed. "But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up" (2 Peter 3:10). In Revelation we read of partial destruction before this total destruction takes place.

We also read that after God's judgment on the earth there is coming "new heavens and a new earth, where in dwelleth righteousness" (2 Peter 3:13). This is the

Christian's hope. There is coming a day when God's whole creation will be delivered from the bondage of corruption (Romans 8:21). To this we look forward with eager anticipation. What a glorious day when "the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever" (Revelation 11:15).

In contemplating these things Peter says, "Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot, and blameless. . . . But grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ" (2 Peter 3:14, 18).

The present situation of the world is dark indeed, "but the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day" (Proverbs 4:18). With the patriarchs of old we confess that we are strangers and pilgrims on earth. We "desire a better country, that is, an heavenly" (Hebrews 11:16).

Courage, then, Christian, and to the work until our King returns! •



"At school."

Apprehensively, she said, "What is he doing?"

"I got out early."

I went outside and sat in the swing trying to concentrate. I felt my heart sink clear down to my shoes. It did all add up—I mean what Aunt Clara had said about Dad. I thought about how June Holland's parents had gotten a divorce, and a big hard lump started

FIGURING

THE SUN WAS sinking behind the Kentucky hills. I was sitting in the backyard amongst Mother's chrysanthemums. The maple tree stirred restlessly, and the evening was filled with a sense of uneasiness.

Living through the strain and tension caused me to fear that my hair would turn gray overnight, even though I was only thirteen years old. My brother, Danny, was two; and Mother and Dad were rather old—they were in their thirties.

Dad was a teacher, and until the previous two weeks he had been brainy. Specifically, I considered myself to be brainy too, but I didn't want to be a teacher when I grew up, I wanted to be a writer. I hadn't decided whether I wanted to be another Shakespeare or a Margaret Mitchell.

Dad had been acting queer since he returned from a church convention. I didn't know how to explain it, but he was different. For instance, he was staring out of the window that morning, his brow was furrowed. Danny laughed and started making faces at Dad. He pointed a chubby finger and said, "Funny face."

Dad was usually warm and affectionate, but he acted as if he was unaware of Danny's existence. It was taking all of my reserve brain to figure what was wrong with him.

Mother wasn't herself either.

She had always been a scatterbrain, but she was sweet and lovable. Lately, she had been nervous and edgy. She seemed to enjoy making me do all the dirty work around the house. The way the dishes piled up, caused me to wonder what she did all day while I was at school.

I got home from school yesterday before Dad came in. I tip-toed into the living room and piled my books and sweater on the divan. There was the aroma of perking coffee in the kitchen. Then I heard Mother and Aunt Clara's voices over the clatter of the coffee cups.

Aunt Clara was Mother's only sister; frankly, she was slightly nosy, and I decided I wouldn't be like her for anything. I knew they hadn't heard me come in, so I stood listening.

"Maybe it's another woman," Aunt Clara said in a shrill voice, "You know how men are—they can't be trusted."

I flinched, and I felt the anger rising within me. I thought, "She has her nerve talking about my dad like that. He's as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar." We had been studying about it in geography.

I rushed into the kitchen with my heels clicking on the polished floor. I guess the expression on my face revealed that I had overheard what Aunt Clara had said. Mother was more jumpy than ever and asked, "Where's your father?"

hurting in my throat.

Suddenly, I got butterflies in my stomach. I had always felt secure, but then I had horrors of our home being broken up like June's. I wondered whether I would live with Mother or Dad—or maybe with one awhile, and then the other—like June.

I heard Dad come in and I went inside. Aunt Clara had gone. Danny had awakened and Mother was busy tending to him. I saw her wipe a tear on her sleeve.

Presently, I had an idea about getting to the bottom of the trouble. I decided to use my brains for something besides writing. Seeing my home broken up caused me to take action.

I got up early the next morning and walked to school with Dad. He always loved nature. Attempting to draw him out of his mood, I said, "Aren't the roses beautiful?"

"Sure," he said without seeing them at all.

My mind filtered back to the past two weeks like flipping the pages of a book. I said, "Dad, you never did tell me about the convention, what was it like?"

"It was a business meeting of churches—something like teacher's meeting."

"Was there anyone else from our church there?"

"Yes, Miss Huggins."

Presently, I thought I was getting to the bottom of things. Maybe

that tale that I had heard about her and the coach last year was true. We passed her in the hall, she smiled and said, "Hello."

Dad barely grunted without seeing her at all. Then I knew that I had the wrong lead.

I decided to hurry home from school. Dad had a den fixed where he graded papers, et cetera. Maybe if he had met some woman at the

thought of that, he does act queer."

I looked out of the window at the whirlwind. It seemed to describe our lives perfectly. I saw Dad coming, and he was walking along—aimless like Mr. Adams. He hadn't noticed the whirlwind. It was maddening the way his feet clomped, clomped against the pavement.

I ran and got his house slippers and made a fuss about helping him

I slipped next door to Brother Albert's, our minister. The house smelled of furniture polish.

"I want to use your telephone," I said, "Dad's sick."

"What's the matter with him?"

"I don't know—that is the reason I want to call the doctor."

Dr. Sander's nurse answered. I said, "I want to speak to Dr. Sanders."

DAD

By RUBY DUNCAN TARRANCE

convention—there might be a letter or some clue.

Dad's den was a clutter of books and papers, not tidy as he usually kept it. I couldn't find a thing. I decided to straighten it up for him. His Bible lay open at Hebrews and there was a marked passage. I read, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of a just God."

I thought, "That isn't like Dad."

He had never been fanatic about his religion—I think that is the right word. We always attended church. Dad substituted as a Sunday school teacher, and he took some part in the Missionary Auxiliary. They had sent him to the convention.

Then I had the strangest feeling—a feeling that maybe Dad had gone off of his rocker. He was sick—that was it. "Horrors," I thought, "as brainy as I am, I should have noticed it sooner."

I decided to confide in Mother so I said, "Mother, you know how Dad has been acting lately."

She jumped, "I didn't know that you had noticed, Sue."

"I have, and I've decided," I faltered and my voice trailed off.

"Go on," Mother said.

Despite the pounding of my heart, the words spilled forth. "Maybe he's losing his mind—you know, mentally ill—like Mr. Adams."

Mother let out her breath and her blue eyes got real big. "I hadn't

remove his jacket. He looked at me somewhat like he used to, before he started to act strange. "What are you wanting, Sue? Is it roller skates, or a new bike?"

"Nothing. You haven't been yourself lately." I felt of his cool brow as he did mine when he thought I was running a temperature.

"I do think you had better see Dr. Sanders, John," Mother said.

He stared at her reproachfully, "I'm not sick, Vera."

"Then what is the matter?"

Dad gazed at her dazedly, then shrugged his shoulders and walked into the den. I went outside and peeked in the window. I stiffened, leaned forward, when I saw Dad's lips moving as if he were talking to himself.

Miserable, I thought, "He's just like Mr. Adams."

I knew then why Dad didn't think he was sick. Neither did Mr. Adams. That was the way a person was when he lost his mind.

I rushed inside and told Mother, "He's already talking to himself."

Mother began to wring her hands, "What are we going to do?" she whispered.

I squeezed her hand and told her to get hold of herself as I had heard Dad tell her when Danny had broken his collarbone.

"He may kill us."

"I'll call Dr. Sanders," I said.

"He will have a tantrum," Mother said brusquely.

"He's at the hospital. He isn't expected back this afternoon."

I hung up. "Dr. Sanders isn't in," I said.

"I'll go home with you and see if your father wants another doctor."

"No, Dad doesn't want a doctor," I protested.

"Why?"

"Because he doesn't know he is sick."

Brother Albert shook me gently looking into the pupils of my eyes, "You don't make sense, Sue."

I let out my breath at last, I had to confide in someone. So I told Brother Albert about Dad.

He shook his head, looking over his glasses, "This may sound ironic, but I don't believe we have an insanity problem."

"Are you trying to tell me that Dad has fallen in love with some woman besides Mother?" I shuddered with fear and revulsion.

"No, it's that part about, 'It is a terrible thing to fall into the hands of a just God.' Experience tells me that he has a spiritual problem."

"That doesn't mean that he is insane?" I asked.

Brother Albert looked at me sympathetically, "Do you think I'm insane?" he inquired.

"No, but what does this have to do with you?"

"I acted eccentric when God
Continued on page 23

WAIT FOR THE

By IRMA HEGEL

RACHEL PAYDEN FELT as frozen as the January world outside her apartment windows. To be sure the apartment was hot enough. It was her heart that was chilled in helpless numbness. Why, she wondered, had she not attended the church dinner tonight? She had not attended a Sunday service since Christmas.

She crossed the room to her brocade sofa and sat down. She was a little woman with enormous brown eyes in a clear-skinned face. Her black hair, silkily smooth, was piled high atop her head. The severe blue dress she was wearing would have commanded a three-digit price if purchased. Head designer at Hornes, she had designed it herself.

The buzzer on her apartment door sounded. She sprang up eagerly. Anyone would be welcome on this loneliest of nights.

A rotund grey-haired man, suitcase in hand, stood in the hallway. "Dad!" Rachel exclaimed.

He entered, kissing her fondly. "Your last letter didn't sound a bit like you, Rachel. I thought I had better come on and find out what's wrong."

"Oh, Dad, really—have you had dinner?"

He folded his topcoat on a chair. "I ate at the airport terminal. You look as if you haven't eaten in a month of Sundays. What is it you're dining on these days—watercress salad and grapefruit?"

"Imagine a fat fashion designer!" Rachel laughed. "Come, sit beside me on the sofa, Dad. Tell me all about Woodbridge, your church,

the new organ."

He looked at her intently, ignoring her question. "Where's Mark? His army service is over. You two were going to be married."

"Mark returned to Vietnam—but not with the Army this time. He's with a relief organization helping war orphans."

"Good for Mark!" David Payden applauded. "Why aren't you over there, helping him?"

"Dad! I'm earning almost \$1,000 a month."

"Are you happy about it? You don't look it."

"I'm twenty-five, like Mark. These are our highest earning years. Mark could be earning what I am if he were in advertising. They did want him back, but he prefers to serve humanity. We quarreled. I've felt frozen ever since—dead."

"Frozen, but not dead." Her father bent down, opened his suitcase, and drew out a cellophane package with something damp wrapped in newspapers inside. "I brought you a branch of the forsythia that grows by our parsonage door. If I had brought you this branch last fall, it wouldn't have flowered indoors. Like the seeds in the ground, the forsythia must be

frozen before it will bloom. Here, put the branch in water. Wait for the miracle."

Rachel walked to the kitchenette, filled a slender rose vase with water and placed the seemingly dead branch inside. "Is the nature lesson finished, Dad?"

"Not until you see the analogy, Rachel. Fortunately many people go through this frozen state too. They begin losing interest in things that formerly attracted them. That's God nudging them to come up to higher ground—the dormant stage before the awakening."

"Is the sermon over? How long can you stay, Dad? So much that's new I want to show you in the city."

He shook his head. "I'll be leaving tomorrow morning, directly after breakfast. I have a conference upstate. But I want to ask one favor of you, Rachel—my friend, John Tomilson, has opened a new community center in your city. I promised Dr. Tomilson you would look in on a sewing class for girls this coming Saturday afternoon. They are underprivileged kids from the slum districts. They could use a designer who could show them how to make a skirt from Mom's old winter coat or

MIRACLE



It was a typical tenement district, with the center not much better looking than the buildings around it.

maybe how to get a few more years' wear out of big sister's dress. Will you help the kids, Honey?"

An irritated flush rose in the pallor of her face. The last thing in the world she wanted was to teach a class of grubby children. "I'll look in since you promised," she agreed reluctantly.

"Good girl. There's nothing like some heartwarming service to produce a thaw. Now watch for the miracle."

On the following Saturday afternoon Rachel taxied through a drizzly snow to the Community Center. It was a typical tenement district, with the Center not much better looking than the buildings around it. A spectacled receptionist took her to a room where she found a group of junior girls awaiting her. Black faces, white faces, and one Oriental peered expectantly at her. There was no material there, no thread, and no thimbles. She wanted to run, but something in their faces held her.

"What have you got at home that you can bring to the class next week?" she questioned. "I'll bring scissors, needles, thread, and some sample material from the store where I work. No reason why we can't jump right in remodeling.

You with the dark curls—what would you like to make?"

"I'm Carlotta Angiletti and I'd like to make a jumper, please teacher. My mama's got an old skirt I c'n use."

Rachel sketched a simple jumper on the blackboard. She added a blouse. As she sketched, she talked. "It won't be too hard. We'll have to learn to rip old material apart, clean and press it, cut our patterns, fit, and sew seams." The girls were listening intently.

They brought their material the next week, some usable, some so badly worn it could only be discarded. The poverty of these children was appalling. Back at the apartment, a letter from Mark told of his work with the orphans. The organization was operating on a shoestring and yet was achieving remarkable results. The coldness she had felt inside her began thawing. Across the miles she could reach out to Mark and understand his problems so like her own in that Community Center.

The weeks flew by. The last Saturday in January Carlotta finished her brown jumper with a bright orange blouse. Maggie Tuttle had made a skirt from her big sister's coat. Stella had a remark-

able dress—remarkable because it was made from remnants of entirely contrasting material and, it was as chic as any junior model in Hornes.

"I feel like a someone, Stella confided proudly to Rachel. "I always felt like a nothing before. Y'know what I mean, Miss Payden?"

"I know."

A pair of thin young arms were flung about her waist. "If I could just do somethin' f'r you. . . ."

"You have, Stella dear. You and all the other girls have worked hard, learning and producing results. That's reward sufficient for any teacher."

In a glow of happiness, Rachel walked to her apartment on the west side. A letter from Mark was in her box. Mark was returning to lecture for funds. He had much to tell her—and a question to ask her.

She knew what that question was and what her answer would be. An exhilarating joy shot through her. Then she glanced at the vase in which she had placed the lifeless forsythia branch which Dad had brought her. It was crowded with the yellow, bell-like flowers. •

Along The Moselle



A True Story

KICKED HIM again—harder this time. He started to say something, but I clapped my hand over his mouth. "Joe," I whispered, "you were snoring. You've got to stay awake! Do you want a grenade in our laps?"

"Sorry, Jim."

We had advanced until dusk and then had dug a shallow two-man foxhole, piling earth in front of us to afford more protection. In the stillness of the night, it seemed that Joe's snores could have been heard a mile away. It was a good thing one of us could stay awake.

Five minutes had hardly passed before he was snoring again. Then the whole cycle was repeated. Poor Joe's legs must have been black and blue next morning, but it was better for a fellow to be sore, than sorry—or dead.

So, another friendship had started. I say "another," for enemy bullets keep separating buddies in the front lines. Joe had come up as a replacement that day.

We advanced further along the Moselle River toward Metz, France. The enemy offered no resistance, and, having obtained our objective,

Joe and I started digging in again. It was hard digging—clay mixed with plenty of limestone. We kept at it until there was a hole in which we could lie prone. We decided to take a rest; of course, the subject of home came up. I told Joe I had a wife and son. He said he had a wife and two children waiting for him. There was a silence, and I guess we were both swallowing lumps in our throats.

Our supporting artillery was making it mighty uncomfortable for the enemy. We could hear the 105's death-laden flutter as they

W. H. H. Morris

of World War II

By JAMES E. ADAMS

Just then we heard the sound of a motor—an enemy observation plane. "Oh, oh!" I said. "Keep still. We don't have much cover."

He flew leisurely over our area for about ten minutes. Suddenly, the plane just seemed to disintegrate. "Man, oh man!" Joe said. "He must have caught a 105."

"Look out now!" I said. "We're in for it. Let's dig this foxhole deeper."

We didn't have long to wait. The enemy threw everything at us but the kitchen sink. First, was the whistle as the shells passed over—coming our way now. Then came the crash as they exploded to the rear. We threw ourselves face downward in that shallow hole. I raised my head slightly and looked at Joe. If he wasn't praying, he was different from all the rest of us, sinner or saint. I remembered his words: "It'll be different if . . ." No, he needed to have a change of heart now.

"Joe, you had no desire for church when you were home. You need Jesus. Pray, Joe, pray! The Bible tells us, 'If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.'"

We were fairly safe as long as we were hearing the scream of the shells, but maybe we wouldn't hear the next one. That would be the end for us. "Joe, listen!" I was shouting now. "Jesus said, 'him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.'"

By this time it was impossible to talk. The ground was trembling, shrapnel was whining overhead, and bits of twigs and pebbles were falling on us. I felt certain that Joe had heard me, so I asked the Lord to save him. Then we sensed the rounds were falling shorter, shorter and—it was over.

On our left flank there were faint cries: "Medic, medic. . . ." We checked our rifles and got set in case of an attack. "Well, Joe, how is it?" I asked.

"I'm saved."
"How do you know?"
Joe had the answer. "Because the

Bible says if I confess my sins, God will forgive me; and if I come to Him. He won't cast me out."

"That's right, Joe. We believe the promises of God, and we have the assurance that He does just what the Bible says He will do."

The medics were returning with wounded men. "That's ten more the war's over for down there," one medic said quietly as he passed. We had made out pretty good considering the barrage they had laid down.

Joe looked at me soberly. "God spared us," he said.

The attack failed to develop, so we sat down and broke open our K rations. We finished eating and were stretching our legs a bit.

"Say, Jim, I feel queer. You know, I have plenty of reason to be glum, thinking about home and maybe the next barrage will get me. I'm not though." Joe laughed and rubbed his jaw thoughtfully. "I hardly know how to express myself. I feel sort of light—happy."

The remembrance of the time when I had had that experience thrilled me anew. "Joe, this morning you knew that God saved you, because you believed His Word. Now, this is the Holy Spirit witnessing to your heart that you are a son of God."

Never before or since have I been with a new convert who had more assurance of salvation and, in addition, a quiet peace in the midst of turmoil and heartache. We had sweet fellowship for a few days. Joe delighted in reading a New Testament that he had found near an abandoned foxhole.

A lot of things happened at the front. I don't know what happened to Joe. Perhaps he's alive—perhaps with the Lord these many years now.

One thing I do know: I'll see him some day. Meeting Joe again is one of the events of the world to come which I'm anticipating. I want to compare notes with him. I'm sure he will agree that his conversion was worth all the heartache, the loneliness, and the terrors of war which we endured. •

GREATER GAIN

By MATILDA NORDTVEDT

JOHN WILLIAMS certainly did not intend to go to church that Sunday night. He was waiting on the street corner in London for his friends when his employer's wife came walking by in her Sunday best.

"Why, John," she exclaimed, "how nice to meet you here. I'm on my way to the Whitefield Tabernacle. Won't you accompany me?"

John groaned inwardly. How could he refuse the wife of his employer? Reluctantly he accepted the Christian woman's invitation, saying ruefully to himself, "A whole evening wasted!"

That night the preacher's text was Mark 8:36,37, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

The words gripped John's heart. What good would his sinful pleasures be to him when he stood before God? What folly to lose his own soul, even though he might gain the world.

That Sunday night John yielded himself to the Saviour. He confessed his sins and by faith received Jesus as his own. God did the rest. He came into the young man's life with His transforming power.

John willingly gave up his sinful friends and began to live as a Christian. Eager to serve God, he began to teach Sunday school. At a missionary meeting one day he heard of the savages in the South

Sea Islands who had never heard of Christ. They offered human sacrifices to their idols, afterwards feasting on the dead bodies. They also sacrificed newborn babies to the gods in an effort to appease them.

John's heart was stirred. He knew that God was speaking to him. "Yes, God," he said, "I will go to the South Seas as a missionary."

John and his bride, Mary, set sail for the South Seas in 1816 when he was only twenty years of age. In those days travel was very slow and uncertain. It took them a whole year to reach their destination.

But John was not idle during the long voyage. He carefully studied the ship on which they were sailing until every part of it became fixed in his mind. As a boy he had worked with metal, and the knowledge gained then was also to prove helpful in his missionary career. One of his first tasks after arriving at his destination was to build a boat. This was the missionaries' only means of transportation between the islands.

John Williams also had to build a house and learn the language of the people before he could start preaching. The savages were eager to copy the white man's ways. John taught them to build houses and to raise sugar cane and pigs. He also taught them how to read and write their own language.

But the most important part of

John Williams' work was teaching the South Sea Islanders about the one true God and His Son, Jesus Christ, who had died to save them from their sins. Hundreds of the savages believed, turned from their idols and wicked practices, and followed Jesus Christ. The entire population of some of the islands turned to Christ.

John and Mary Williams worked eighteen years in the South Seas before returning to England for a rest. In the homeland they stirred up much interest on behalf of their beloved islanders.

Although many of the islands had been reached with the gospel, there was still a group called the New Hebrides, where no missionary had yet gone. John Williams felt that he must go to these islands with the good news of salvation.

The people of the New Hebrides were extremely savage and hostile to foreigners. John knew his mission would be a dangerous one, but he was not afraid. He quoted the words of the Apostle Paul, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God" (Acts 20:24).

Leaving his family at the island of Samoa, John Williams started off for the New Hebrides with three friends. They approached the island cautiously, offering gifts to show their peaceful intentions; but before they had a chance to tell the wonderful message which they had brought, the savages rushed out upon them. Two of the men escaped in a boat, but John Williams and one companion were beaten to death by the savages.

The faithful missionary who had lived for Christ also died for Him at the age of forty-three. Because of his obedience to the call of God, hundreds of South Sea islanders came to know Christ and follow Him. No, John did not gain the world. He gained infinitely more: he gained souls for his Master. •

Don't Tuck Away Your Talents

By IDA F. KILLIAN



TONCE HAD a bottle of expensive lotion which always softened my hands when they were rough from weather or hard work. When there was just a fraction left in the bottle, I began using an inferior brand, hoping to save the better one for special occasions. One day when I particularly needed the good lotion, I found that it had dried up—it was useless. It had lost its ability to be of any value.

Do you ever do this with your talents? Have you ever said, "This project is not worth my best effort. When I get a real good break, I'll begin using my best abilities." What a mistake! Talents, like lovely

silver, tarnish with lack of use. They were made to be of service.

A friend said recently, "I used to sing in the church choir and folk told me I had real talent. I never sing anymore, and my voice has grown rusty." Is not this what Jesus was talking about in His parable of the talents? The man who buried his talent could not save it. It was taken from him entirely.

There is an old legend which says a wild duck once stopped to rest in a farmyard with some domesticated ones. There food came easily and shelter was provided. The duck forgot his wings were made for flying. The following year when the flock to which he belonged flew over, his urge to fly was reawakened. In vain he flapped his wings, but he could not rise as high as the fence which imprisoned him. He had grown too fat to soar into the skies.

Choosing the easy way often dulls abilities and finally we no longer possess them. Have you ever sincerely sifted out the talent which God has given you? If making money or achieving fame did not enter into your choice would you be taking the same path you are on now? If you were willing to give up ease or pleasure would you be preparing for the same lifework you have charted for your future?

There are those who say, "I have no special talent." Because they lack a flair for art, music, or writing they suppose God has passed them by. How wrong they are! The Bible tells us that there are many gifts and differing abilities. It does not specify that we be artists, but it does demand that we use what we have been given. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might" (Ecclesiastes 9:10).

Are you able to bring peace in the midst of flaring tempers? Can you encourage those bowed down by frustration or failure? Do you have technical insight to be of service to others? Above all, have you found your own particular way to be a witness for Jesus Christ? Can you say a word in season or out of season for Him?

Whatever your ability, it is a divine gift entrusted to you for the glory of God. Do not allow it to dry up like my bottle of lotion. Rather, use it freely; for unlike my lotion, it will multiply through service. You have wonderful talents. Seek them out. Be thankful they are yours. Use them in the name of your Saviour to bless others. ●

the PARADE, 1969

My lad comes swinging down the street;
Flags swirl wide to the drum's quick beat.
Joe's back again after three long years,
Bringing an end to his parents' fears.

But where are Jack and Paul and Roy,
Also the kid we knew as "the neighbor's boy"?
My happiness surely went to my head—
Something's awry with those four dead!

—L. H. Brown

AN ENCOUNTER WITH CHRIST

The sun was shining brightly and the day had begun as usual. This was the third day my partner and I had been working in this particular area. After witnessing at the last house on the corner of one street, we saw two teen-age boys standing at the bottom of the steps on the sidewalk. The previous day we had approached them about the condition of their hearts, so today we were prepared for another discussion with them.

We began our conversation with them casually and gave them a different gospel tract. Before long four smaller boys on bicycles gathered around us on the street corner. We asked each one if he knew the Lord Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour. The response was varied. One laughed, another scorned, and one just stood by quietly.

Feeling that our time was being wasted, we began to walk away. Immediately all responded, "Please don't leave. We are really interested and came all the way over here to hear what you have to say."

Again we asked them if they would like to accept Christ as their Saviour. One little boy said that he would, but that he would rather go home and pray by himself. Quickly he turned his bicycle around and headed for home. As we watched him leave, our hearts

were heavy. Out of six, only one was truly sorry and wanted to pray for forgiveness.

We walked around the block and the rest of the boys followed us on their bikes; however, they soon grew tired of their jesting and rode away. My partner and I paused on the porch of one house where no one was home. We whispered a prayer for the boys—especially for the one little boy, whose name was Randy.

After visiting a few more houses, we heard a whistle and turning around, we saw Randy. We walked over to him and asked him where he had been. His reply was to the point, "At home."

"What did you do there?"
"Prayed," came the reply.

We were thrilled when Randy said that he believed Christ had really forgiven him of his sins. Again we prayed with him there on the street, after giving him instructions on Bible reading and prayer.

Randy did not have a Bible, so a few days later we went to his home and presented him with a lovely New Testament with some Bible helps. He was thrilled to receive the Word of God, and the smile upon his face expressed more than the thanks upon his lips.—*Janice Hunter, West Coast Bible College*

WHERE IS OUR SABBATH?

What has happened, I ask, to our Sabbath?
Its image is blurred and confused
By this modern generation of
youngsters.
A day of rest? Now it is used
For house hunting, fishing, beach
going—
For pleasure alone, not for church.
Just count all the cars on the
highways,
While the church, it is left in the
lurch!
What has happened, I ask, to our
Sabbath,
That day that of old was so blessed?
Rushing here, rushing there, never
quiet!
Tell me—where, now, is God's day
of rest?

—Grace Lyon Benjamin

HE IS GOD

He comes near,
Men bow before Him.
He breathes,
His breath inspires.
He whispers,
A child is born.
He moves,
Lightning touches the mountain.
He laughs,
The thunder rolls.
He frowns,
Darkness covers the earth.
He listens,
Man communes with Him.
He speaks,
Men fall to the earth and listen.
He is silent,
Men die.
He thinks,
Man's wisdom is exhausted.
He touches,
Eyes are opened, man's soul is
exalted,
He acts,
All things work together per-
fectly.
He looks,
Man is drawn to the cross.
He loves,
Man is saved from an eternal
hell.
He is,
And always will be—God.
—Becky Kelly

FAMILY TRAINING HOUR (YPE)

By Paul Henson
General Director

OCTOBER ATTENDANCE

Cincinnati (Central Parkway), Ohio	237
Lakeland (Lake Wire), Florida	219
Buford, Georgia	210
Greenville (Tremont Ave.),	
South Carolina	207
Gastonia (Ranlo), North Carolina	201
Fyffe (Straight Creek), Alabama	179
Wyandotte, Michigan	165
Brooklyn, Maryland	155
Pompano Beach, Florida	145
Radford, Virginia	138
Huntsville (Vlrignia Blvd.), Alabama	137
Princeton, West Virginia	135
Hurst, Texas	132
Cleveland (North), Tennessee	130
Jacksonville (Springfield), Florida	127
Pulaski, Virglnia	127
Naples, Florida	125
Jackson (Bailey Ave.), Mississippi	122
Glendale, Arizona	119
Norfolk (Azalea Garden), Virginia	118
Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina	118
Paris, Texas	118
Jesup, Georgia	117
Somerset (Cotter Ave.), Kentucky	114
Saint Louis (Webster Groves),	
Missouri	110
Atlanta (Avondale Estates), Georgia	106
Wilson, North Carolina	106
Swift Current, Saskatchewan, Canada	104
Plant City (Forest Park), Florida	102
Cahokla, Illinois	101
Clover, South Carolina	100
Dayton (Fourth St.), Ohio	100
Pontiac, Michigan	99
Decatur, Alabama	97
Dallas (Oak Cliff), Texas	93
West Monroe, Louisiana	92
Rossville, Georgia	92
Poplar, California	90
Fairfield, California	88
Lexington (Loudon Ave.), Kentucky	87
Covington (Shepherds Fold),	
Louisiana	80
Monroe, Louisiana	80
Lemmon, South Dakota	79
Lynchburg, Virginia	77
Fort Myers (Broadway), Florida	77
Cleveland (Big Springs), Tennessee	77
North Ridgeville, Ohio	77
Bartow, Florida	77
Peoria, Illinois	77
Jackson, Mississippi	75
Graham, Texas	73
Columbus (El Paso Drive), Ohio	73
Indianapolis (West), Indiana	71
Granite Falls, North Carolina	71
Brownfield, Texas	71
Conway (North), South Carolina	70
West Frankfort, Illinois	68
Flint (Kearsley Park), Michigan	66
Holland, Missouri	65
Shelby, North Carolina	64
Unlontown, Pennsylvania	63



Gail Freeman

Columbus, Georgia

Gail Freeman was crowned "MISS YPE" by the YPE President on Wednesday night, September 25, 1968, to climax a five-week churchwide contest at the Columbus (29th Street), Georgia, Church of God. She was presented one dozen red roses; a gift box from Tom Huston Peanut Company; two books by Dave Wilkerson, *The Cross and the Switchblade* and *Twelve Angels From Hell*; two youth songbooks; and a packet of Scripture memory verses. Gail is the sixteen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Freeman. She is also the church pianist and secretary of the YPE.

Votes were bought for one penny each and the amount of \$55.34 was given to foreign missions. Runners-up in the contest were Miss Nancy Mathis and Miss Brenda Gay.

Also collected in the contest were 9,000 coupons to be donated to the Home for Children in Sevierville, Tennessee.—James E. Adams, YPE president

Warwick, Rhode Island	61
Fort Worth (Glen Garden), Texas	61
San Antonio (Southside), Texas	60
Warren, Ohio	60
Charlottesville, Virginia	60
Vanceburg, Kentucky	59
Brenton, West Virginia	59
Middlesboro (Noetown), Kentucky	58
Houston (Harbor St.), Texas	56
Savannah (Garden City), Georgia	56
Bonne Terre, Missouri	54

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PROGRESSIVE YOUTH

This column, prepared by Lonzo T. Kirkland, presents two outstanding young men of the Church of God.



Denny C. Dennison of Cleveland, Tennessee, has been awarded a \$4,550 fellowship for his first year of graduate study at Yale University. Having graduated with a Bachelor of Science in biology from the University of Tennessee last June, Dennison has already begun his studies at Yale.

Prior to attending UT, he esteemed himself with his academic excellence in several other institutions. In his senior year of high school, he made the highest possible score on the senior placement examination and also received the Junior Chamber of Commerce Scholarship Award. At Monroe Community College in New York, he received special commendation for scholarship from the college president. He graduated as valedictorian of Lee Junior College where he received his Science Merit Award.



Richard Miles, age sixteen, a member of Troop 39 of Asheville, North Carolina, has been awarded the highest honors in scouting, the Eagle Scout Award, and God and Country award. The Eagle Scout Award is the highest ranking honor given in scouting. The God and Country Award is given only to scouts who have completed a year of study and work in the God and Country Program.

A junior at Lee H. Edwards High School, Dicky plays first cornet in the band and has been awarded an eighteen-hundred-dollar scholarship to the Western North Carolina College Band Camp. He has received the "Most Outstanding Band Member Award."

A devoted Christian and a loyal member of the West Asheville Church of God where his father, the Reverend E. A. Miles is pastor, Dicky has served the church as youth leader and is a living testimony and example for other young people.

Advance

From page 27

Pray: For your Sunday school teacher and youth sponsor; that they would be both dedicated and effective in their work.

SATURDAY, January 25 **Read:** Romans 15, note verses 1, 2. **Think:** It is hard to convince a person that you want to help him when you continually criticize him and push him down; strive to understand (please) your neighbor. **Pray:** For the Ladies Willing Workers Band (LWWB) of your local church and for their work of supporting the spiritual and financial program of the church.

COMPANIONSHIP LOVE

SUNDAY, January 26 **Read:** Genesis 29, note verse 20. **Think:** Write down your personal definition of *companionship love*. Rachel possessed the inner qualities of love: thoughtfulness, a willingness to share, and understanding. **Pray:** Dating prepares you for the wise selection of a lifetime partner; ask God to guide you in your dating practices.

MONDAY, January 27 **Read:** Genesis 23, note verse 58. **Think:** God has a plan for your life. This includes the choice of a husband or a wife and your future married life. **Pray:** Prepare a dating code of conduct—the kind of persons you will date and the places you will go—and do not hesitate to talk over your social activities with the Lord.

TUESDAY, January 28 **Read:** Judges 16, note verse 4. **Think:** There is a difference between love and lust. Lust seeks to satisfy, regardless of the consequences or whom it may hurt. **Pray:** Your personal purity is one of your most valuable possessions. Since physical lovemaking can lead to the loss of this purity, make this an item of prayer.

WEDNESDAY, January 29 **Read:** 1 Samuel 18, note verse 3. **Think:** A love for a male friend represents trust and respect; it is not feminine or physical. **Pray:** For the teen-age boys of your local church and those in the Armed Forces; remember Church of God chaplains.

THURSDAY, January 30 **Read:** Esther 2, note verse 17. **Think:** What makes a girl lovely or beautiful? Kindness and neatness are just as important as physical features. **Pray:** Emphasize qualities that count by giving attention in prayer to the cultivation of inward beauty—patience and poise.

FRIDAY, January 31 **Read:** 1 Kings 1, note verse 1. **Think:** Dating is healthy, but reckless dating reduces respect for dating partners and lessens the delight of true love. **Pray:** God is concerned about you and your choice for a date, your purity, and your happiness. Make these things regular items on your prayer list.

Figuring Dad

From page 13

called me into the ministry. I think I'll go over and have a talk with your father."

I thought, "It sure is wonderful to be like Brother Albert—I mean always ready to help other people." Before Dad started acting so strangely, I had been so busy trying to be a writer that I hadn't had time to think much about other people.

Dad and Brother Albert stayed in the den a long time. I wanted to listen at the door, but Mother wouldn't permit it.

Later Dad told us about it. He said, "God has been calling me into the ministry, but I didn't want to be a preacher. I didn't want you and the children to go through with the hardships that a minister's family sometimes has to endure. My father was a minister, and I know something about it."

Mother ran and threw her arms around Dad and burst into tears. "Oh, John, you had us worried to death. It will be wonderful being a minister's wife."

At first I thought that with my brains I should be a lot of help to Dad. Then I got to thinking about brains—that's what God gives you. But what you become depends on you and what God has planned for you.

Previously, I hadn't thought of it, but experience helps, too. Sure I could write; but with experience, like Brother Albert I could become a better writer. I decided to "fall into the hands of a just God" and let Him use me. With experience, brains, and God, we could help other people.

I read somewhere, "Happiness and success are not measured in terms of money or fame, but in the service we render to others."

I've come to the conclusion that it isn't who you are, but what you are that counts. Figuring out Dad has helped me to find my true self; I've decided to go over and see Brother Albert about finding God. •

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Keep The Dust Off The Bible

By VIRGINIA H. MAAS

DOES YOUR CHILD have a workable knowledge of the Bible—most important book ever given to mankind? Or does he think it is merely an object to be dusted whenever little cousin Frankie comes to visit so that it can be used to raise him to the proper height at the dinner table? The Bible should never be used for this purpose. It should be kept on a table or shelf within easy reach of the young members of the family, and not up in a cupboard with Grandpa's shaving mug, or on a high cabinet collecting dust along with pictures of Great Aunt Emma and Uncle Horace.

I am not speaking about the precious family Bible that holds ringlets of baby curls that once belonged to Cousin Agatha, or the records of births, deaths, and marriages. I am referring to a good, sturdy, usable copy that even the smallest child can feel that it belongs to him—and that he can look at the pictures or finger the pages reverently.

When first introducing the idea of Sunday school to their children, a parent should help them feel that it is a privilege to go. They should give their child a reason so that they would want to attend.

At night a bedtime story, telling about God's loving protection of His children, can be far more beneficial to a child than an outer space thriller that might result in nightmares. The story of Daniel in the lion's den should furnish the necessary ingredients of sus-

pense and excitement desired by the adventuresome youngster, and yet leave him with a sense of peace and security.

Why not present a hero like David to your boy. Let him understand that David was a real person, and not just an imaginary character with ink-furnished virtues and power.

When our Gary was eight, we began to take his special playmate, Jimmy, to Sunday school with us. They enjoyed friendly competition in committing to memory the names of the books of the Bible and the Beatitudes.

In our backyard we had a little log cabin which was fixed up with beds and a desk. Here the boys kept toys, games, and books. One of the books was a large varied collection of fairy stories, legends, and poems; and there were several Bible stories. Often in the summer Gary and Jimmy would spend the night in the cabin.

One morning I went out to see if they were up. I found Jimmy sitting in bed reading aloud. "I've been reading to Gary," he said. "I've recited all the 'Blesseds,' and I've read him all the stories about God. Now I'm hungry."

To me it was gratifying to find that they had picked the heroes of the Bible to read about, instead of the imaginary characters in the other books.

The other day I overheard two small boys discussing in rather heated tones the prowess of their respective big brothers. One boy

ended with the type of remark so often heard, "My brother is better at everything than your brother. He's bigger and stronger."

I thought, "How much better it would be if these two could have been extolling the courage of the brave young shepherd from Bethlehem who conquered and slew the giant Goliath. Such a graphic lesson in might and right could be understood and remembered more readily in stories of this type. And what of Abraham, the faithful? Joseph, who depicts true forgiveness? King Solomon and his wisdom? and Gideon, the hero of the dark days of the judges? The historical and geographical background can be brought out in studying these personalities and thus help round out the child's education.

Familiarization with the many aspects of the Bible can be an ever-flowing spring of satisfaction and usefulness in all walks of life to those who are sincere in their seeking. Besides the lessons, teach your child the beauty and poetry that may be found in the Written Word. Help him to discover the inspiration and comfort that can come to him when he turns to its loved and familiar passages.

Too often families use the Bible as a place to put the most precious of small items, instead of a source from which to glean spiritual truths. This indicates that these families consider the Bible the most important book in the home, but even the most beautiful of water containers will not quench one's thirst unless he drinks from it. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters" (Isaiah 55:1).

If we keep the Bible dusted, we will keep the cobwebs out of our minds. As long as we keep this book handy and use it often and regularly, our children will know the majesty of the Ten Commandments, the grandeur of the Sermon on the Mount, the beauty and poetry of the Twenty-third Psalm, the dignity of the Forty-sixth Psalm, and the deep sincerity of the Lord's Prayer. •

THE TRULY GREAT of the earth have found that the secret of life is to live for others. Yet, to find this secret one must lose himself (Matthew 10: 39; John 12:24). As Christians we should ever be on the alert to beautify the souls of others. We must be tutors in word and deed, for this is our responsibility.

At a rest home in South Carolina a nurse whispered to us, "Come, we want you to see this patient. She is a living example of what Christ can do for a person who is in great pain. Naturally we have given her all the medication possible, but at times she is in terrible pain. Yet . . . well, come and see for yourselves."

We followed the nurse to a small bed surrounded by the regular-sized beds. Upon it lay an unusually small woman who fairly radiated peace and calmness. After finding out that we were Christians, she gave us words of comfort!

As we stood there, we knew she was suffering, yet not once did it show through the calmness and serenity. She truly was a living example of one completely resting in Christ, no matter what happened. She was literally one with Christ. As a result she was an inspiration to all who came into the rest home.

Another elderly lady who dearly loved the Lord had to go to the hospital. She became known as the thank-you lady to all the nurses and doctors there. The nature of her illness required that she have an injection every few hours, and every time she received the injection she would turn her head and say, "Thank you, nurse." Sometimes the injections would obviously hurt her, but she never failed to say, "Thank you."

After a while the nurses began to take turns giving her the injections just to hear her say, "Thank you." Other patients would cry out and even curse the nurses; but this dear saint of God became a living example of courtesy to all in the hospital.

Paul admonishes us in 1 Timothy 4:12, "Let no man despise

TO BEAUTIFY THE SOULS OF OTHERS

By ALFRED J. LARSON

thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity." To set an example, we must be concerned about others. Though some may not be friendly toward us, we still must show kindness to them.

A little Jewish girl went more than the extra mile when she told her mistress, "Would God my Lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy" (2 Kings 5:3). Even though she was a captive, she set the example of caring for others. As a result Naaman, the captain of the host of the king of Syria, was

finally cured of leprosy and came to believe in the true God. It would have been easy for this Jewish girl to have remained silent, but she chose to obey God and to speak forth the truth.

A good restaurant was just across the street from a railroad station. Usually it stayed open till the last train came through, so it became the hangout for the teenagers who wanted a snack just before they called it a night. A fine Christian couple owned and operated the small restaurant. They allowed the kids to let off steam and to enjoy themselves. But when one of the teen-agers began to use profanity, quietly one of the owners would go over and have a short chat with the offender.

They approached the youths in a sweet Christian spirit and let them know that they could talk and sing all they wanted to, but that they could not swear or use obscene language. "Christ is our Lord and Saviour," they would explain, "and He does not approve of that kind of talk."

Many of the teen-agers were led to Christ. After a while most of the young people who entered that restaurant behaved themselves properly. Often they would share with the owners their joys, their problems, and their sufferings, because they had come to love and trust them.

The true Christian grieves when his brother or sister in Christ fails to grow spiritually. He wants to share—to help others to see the spiritual truths and to follow the Christian principles found in God's Word. John Wesley once said, "I will do all the good I can, to all the people I can, in all the ways I can, at all the times I can, as long as ever I can."

As soon as Andrew found Jesus, he went in search of his brother to help bring him to Jesus (John 1:41, 42). Make your life a beacon light for others. Be ever on the alert to beautify the souls of others right where you are—at your work, in your home, in your neighborhood, or at school. ●



Exploring the subject of love

DEVOTIONAL GUIDE FOR JANUARY

Instructions: *Read* the assigned Bible chapters or verses. *Think* on the message and consider the devotional comments. *Pray* for the designated person or activity. *Check* each devotion after it has been completed.

DIVINE LOVE

WEDNESDAY, January 1 *Read:* 1 John 4, note verse 8. *Think:* Write down your personal definition of *divine love*. "God is love." The splendor of the universe and the marvel of man make this an undeniable fact. *Pray:* Spend your entire prayer session in praise and in thanksgiving to God for His love and for the benefits of His love.

THURSDAY, January 2 *Read:* John 3, note verse 16. *Think:* Since God voluntarily sent His Son into the world to be a living sacrifice to atone for sin, why is it necessary for people to believe in Him in order to be saved? *Pray:* For your state overseer and state youth director and for their work of spearheading spiritual activities to assist local churches in outreach and growth.

FRIDAY, January 3 *Read:* Jeremiah 31, note verse 3. *Think:* When you are slothful in performing religious duties, or you do something wrong, God's love for you does not change—He loves you with an everlasting love. *Pray:* Purpose not to betray God's love for you and His trust in you; ask for divine determination and dependability.

SATURDAY, January 4 *Read:* John 15, note verse 13. *Think:* Christ willingly laid down His life for you so that you could be set free from the chains and the

consequences of sin. As a teen-ager, what are you willing to lay down for His cause? List two things. *Pray:* Be truthful with God in your prayer life; ask for a willingness and a readiness to do what He wants you to do.

SUNDAY, January 5 *Read:* Ephesians 5, note verse 25. *Think:* Christ gave Himself for the church. We should give the church our attendance, our loyalty, and our support. *Pray:* For your local church leaders: the pastor, his council, Sunday school officials and teachers, and youth workers.

MONDAY, January 6 *Read:* 1 John 3, note verse 1. *Think:* We were not lovable, and we did not have anything to offer; but God bestowed His love upon us and made us His sons and daughters. *Pray:* That you might reflect God's love and likeness in your life by witnessing, both in words and deeds, to your friends.

TUESDAY, January 7 *Read:* Romans 8, note verse 35. *Think:* If you do not want to be separated from God's love, nothing can separate you. Remember this when you face hardships and difficulties at school. *Pray:* For Dr. Charles W. Conn, general overseer of the Church of God, and for his three assistants, Dr. R. Leonard Carroll, Dr. Ray H. Hughes, and Wade H. Horton.

CHRISTIAN LOVE

WEDNESDAY, January 8 *Read:* Deuteronomy 6, note verse 5. *Think:* Write down your personal definition of *Christian love*. In your opinion, what does loving God with all your heart, soul, and might require? *Pray:* Confess your weaknesses to God; outline two specific ways that you can exhibit your love for God the Father.

THURSDAY, January 9 **Read:** Luke 6, note verse 27. **Think:** Who are your enemies? List. How can you do good to the enemies of your nation? **Pray:** For the missionaries serving in foreign countries and for William D. Alton, overseer of Europe, and for William McCall, overseer of Central America.

FRIDAY, January 10 **Read:** 2 Corinthians 5, note verses 14, 15. **Think:** When you are tempted to be stubborn and to want your own way, remember the love of Christ. Let it constrain you. **Pray:** For an increased circulation of the *Lighted Pathway*, and for its teaching and inspirational ministry; also remember Clyne W. Buxton, the editor.

SAUTRDAY, January 11 **Read:** John 14, note verse 15. **Think:** The commandments of Christ are not grievous (read 1 John 5:3). Your keeping them is an indication of your love for Him. **Pray:** List several commands or Christian duties that seem to be hard for you to understand. As you pray, underline each one of them and ask for spiritual enlightenment.

SUNDAY, January 12 **Read:** Galatians 5, note verse 22. **Think:** Is there a special reason that love was mentioned first in listing the fruit of the Spirit? Why? **Pray:** For your state board of councillors who are elected by their fellow ministers to assist the overseer in directing the church work of the state.

BROTHERLY LOVE

MONDAY, January 13 **Read:** 2 Timothy 4, note verse 10. **Think:** Write down your personal definition of *worldly love*. Let us consider Demas as a teen-ager. List two things that could have influenced him to turn from Christ. **Pray:** For power to form convictions as a teen-ager and for power to live by them.

TUESDAY, January 14 **Read:** John 3, note verse 19. **Think:** Christ is the light of the world; He came into the world, His Church is in the world, and His Word is in the world. Considering this, why do men still love darkness rather than light? **Pray:** For your unsaved teen-age friends and for the outreach ministry of your local church.

WEDNESDAY, January 15 **Read:** 1 Timothy 6, note verse 10. **Think:** A teen-ager who has a love of money will be greedy, selfish, and covetous. Does this description fit a person that you know? **Pray:** That you may spend, save, and share your money wisely. Ask for the grace and love of God to direct you.

THURSDAY, January 16 **Read:** 1 John 2, note verses 15-17. **Think:** What is the difference between loving the world and loving the things that are in the world? A teen-ager can overcome loving "things" through an involved faith in Christ. **Pray:** For your school principal and your teachers, and that you might apply yourself in studying.

WORLDLY LOVE

FRIDAY, January 17 **Read:** Hebrews 1, note verse 1. **Think:** Write down your personal definition of *brotherly love*. Should it be necessary to instruct believers to let brotherly love continue? **Pray:** For the members and friends of your local church, both for their spiritual and material well-being.

SATURDAY, January 18 **Read:** John 13, note verse 35. **Think:** A love for fellow believers identifies a person as a disciple of Christ—and one who is in good standing with Him. **Pray:** For Assistant Superintendent E. K. Waldrop, the workers, and the young people at the Church of God Home for Children, Sevierille, Tennessee.

SUNDAY, January 19 **Read:** Romans 12, note verse 10. **Think:** How could you relate "in honour preferring one another" to your association with classmates at school? **Pray:** Check your actions toward family members; have you preferred them in household activities? Pray for your father and mother, and brothers and sisters.

MONDAY, January 20 **Read:** 1 Peter 1, note verse 22. **Think:** Define a pure heart. List three things that will be included in loving fellow teen believers with a pure heart fervently. **Pray:** For the young people of your local church and for a progressive and well-balanced youth program.

TUESDAY, Januay 21 **Read:** 1 Peter 3, note verse 8. **Think:** A person who is not courteous—who does not respect elders and those in authority, and is not discreet in his church conduct—does not possess brotherly love. **Pray:** For the worship services of your local church and for the health and well-being of senior saints.

NEIGHBORLY LOVE

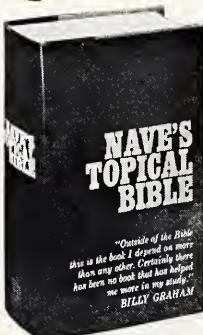
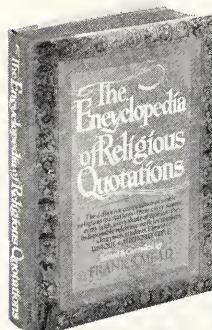
WEDNESDAY, January 22 **Read:** Leviticus 19, note verse 18. **Think:** Write down your personal definition of *neighborly love*. The first step in loving your neighbor as yourself is to have a driving desire to see him accept and serve Christ. **Pray:** For the outreach of "Forward in Faith," national radio program of the Church of God; and for Floyd Timmerman, radio minister; and for Max Morris, program director.

THURSDAY, January 23 **Read:** Matthew 22, note verse 39. **Think:** As a teen-ager, you can reveal your love to your neighbors through friendliness, by living a consistent Christian life, and by inviting them to church. **Pray:** Write down the names of two of your neighbors who are lost; pray for them—repeat their names aloud each day for one week.

FRIDAY, January 24 **Read:** Romans 13, note verse 10. **Think:** If you were running for an office at school, how would verse 10 apply to your campaign tactics?

Continued on page 22

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FEBRUARY 1969

Lighted
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WHAT EACH WILL FIND

Who seeks to follow wicked men
And go a path that leads astray,
Will find the deep morass of sin
Becomes more fearful day by day.

But he who goes the glory road
That leads towards God's holy throne,
Will find a brighter, lighter load
Than any he has ever known.

—Roy Z. Kemp



THERE IS NO DOUBT

Man may doubt many things during his life, but he never doubts the return of the seasons or the steadfastness of the marching of the months. Well he knows that frozen, barren winter will break and turn to gloriously beautiful spring and the resurrection of life. He knows that spring will gently give way to summer when green sprouts become wheat, and seed planted becomes vegetable, and blossom on tree becomes sweet fruit. He knows that with summer's harvest once garnered, the vibrant life-giving soil rests, and that the bearing fruitful limb of tree gives way to the flame and gold of autumn leaves. He knows for certain that winter's winds will follow to whip the leaves free so that they may rest upon the soil to nourish another season's growing, for there will always be another spring until time ends. The Lord's mercy endureth forever; and there is no doubt of the return of winter, spring, summer, autumn, and all the months therein.

—Daisy Pat Stockwell



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DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

February, 1969

Vol. 40, No. 2

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GREAT MEN

WHEN DWIGHT D. Eisenhower was inaugurated in January, 1955, he paused at the beginning of the inaugural ceremony and prayed for God to help him in his new work. Christians throughout the land were grateful to him for his recognition of Deity. Some felt that his praying was a courageous act as well as a spiritual one. God has given America many courageous leaders, and the birthdays of two such men fall within the month of February. Washington was born on February 22, 1732, and Lincoln on February 12, 1809. They may have been praised too highly by some eager historians, but nearly everyone would agree that they were great men. Both of them recognized the sovereignty of God. Washington said:

It is impossible to govern the world without God. He must be worse than an infidel that lacks faith, and more than wicked that has not gratitude enough to acknowledge his obligation.

Almost all of Lincoln's biographers emphasize that he was a deeply religious man. C. D. Wilson reveals an interesting note that Lincoln wrote to his brother concerning their father's illness. He stated, "I sincerely hope father may recover his health, but, at all events, tell him to remember to call upon and confide in our great and good and merciful Maker, who will not turn away from him in his extremity. He notes the fall of a sparrow and numbers the hairs of our heads, and he will not forget the dying man who puts trust in Him."

Lincoln had a grateful heart toward God. When news reached the President that Lee had surrendered, he called his cabinet in session. A friend of Mr. Lincoln stated that at the suggestion of the President all of the cabinet dropped to their knees and offered in silence and tears their humble gratitude to God for the triumph He had granted to the National cause.

Whatever the ills in our nation today, and however far many men have erred from God, still it must gratify the heart of Jehovah to see our new president in attendance at a house of worship, or to

hear astronauts read from the book of Genesis as they orbit the moon. May God give America the courage to fan the spark of faith we still hold in Him until we as a nation worship the Lord; then we will be truly a "nation under God."

Not only do we as a nation have obligations to God, but we as individuals also have obligations to Him. Godly character-building within ourselves and others is within the reach of all of us. We all can make a good mark for God's cause. But, one may say, the great Americans, Washington and Lincoln, or the biblical great men, such as Abraham and Paul, were providential—and this is true. However, are not we providential also? Every man who surrenders himself to God, and to the call of the hour, and who follows explicitly and implicitly the leadings of Providence, is a providential man in the full length and breadth and sweep of his life. He is as essential a person, in his place, as Abraham or Paul were in their place.

When Abraham tramped away from Ur practically unnoticed, few of his contemporaries would ever have guessed that God had very important plans for him. Likewise, when the strapping Joseph was sold to the Midianites by his scowling, envious brothers, they did not have the remotest idea that they would ever bow to the earth before him, begging for mercy—and for bread. God used Abraham and Joseph and many others in His economy because they were willing to be used, and He still has important places for men to fill if they are willing to commit themselves to Him. Henry Varley said, "The world has yet to see what God can do in and by and for and through persons fully committed to God."

Most persons will never be great, as man accounts greatness. However, we all can be ordinary people who are willing to go God's way and do His will. The Lord has a place for everyone who will follow Him with all their hearts. May God help us then to be fully committed to Him. It may be that we, like Esther, have come to the "kingdom" for just such an hour as this. •

A Blessed Event

By J. E. DeVORE

"I love the Lord" (Psalm 116:1).

Abraham Lincoln once testified, "When I left Springfield for Washington, I was not a Christian. When I lost my boy, the big grief of my life, I was not a Christian. But when I went to Gettysburg and saw the graves of all our slain soldiers, I became a Christian; and I can say to you that I do love Jesus." If we love Jesus, if He means much to us, we will want others to know Him, to love Him, to live for Him, to experience the joy of walking with Him.

After almost twenty-three years of married life, our home was recently blessed with a miracle—the advent of our very first child. Joseph Derick is a beautiful baby boy in our eyes, a most blessed event to us.

Our hearts are filled with thankfulness day after day. He means much to us. We delight in showing his pictures and telling all who will listen to us about our son. Now if Jesus, the Son of God, is in our hearts through the spiritual birth from above, He surely means much to us; and we will surely delight in witnessing for Him.

Someone has asked, "What good is perfume, if nobody smells it? What good is news, if nobody tells it? What good is food if nobody eats it? What good is the Bible, if nobody reads it? What good is law, if nobody obeys it? What good is prayer, if nobody uses it? What good is love, if nobody shows it? And what good is it to be a Christian, if nobody knows it?" I want people to know that I am a Christian and that I do love Jesus.

Almost twenty-six years ago, in an old-fashioned altar of prayer, I was born again, born from above, "not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever" (1 Peter 1:23). Praise God, He lifted me up. He put a new song in my heart and upon my lips. Now I sing, "God is my Father, I am a child of the King."

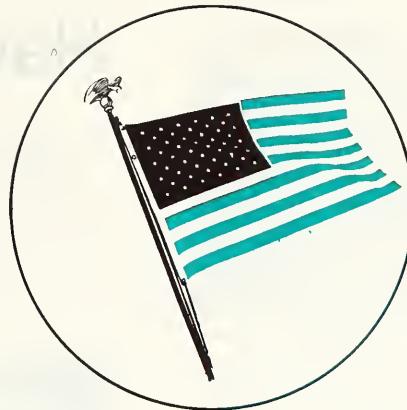
The man who has a million but does not possess the Pearl of great price is poor indeed. The man who has lived long on earth but does not know the Prince of Life is dead while he lives. The man who has many degrees but is not acquainted with Him Who is the center of all wisdom and knowledge is uneducated. I love the Lord because He is my Pearl of great price, my Prince of Life, in Whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. Because I know Him, I look forward to the blessed event of the ages—His second advent!

"In the glow of early morning, in the solemn hush of night, down from heaven's open portals, steals a messenger of light, whispering sweetly to my spirit, while the hosts of heaven sing—'tis the wondrous thrilling story of the coming of the King." Are you ready for His coming? Will you meet Him with a shout? If you wish to see Him in peace, one thing is certain—you must be born again!

One day Nicodemus heard Jesus speaking "like never a man spake." He saw the Lord deliver the sick and heal the oppressed. He was disturbed by his brief brush with the Son of God and could not sleep that night. He said in effect, "I will not count sheep when I can talk to the Shepherd." He found the Lord and was taught the way of salvation.

Friend unsaved, look to the Lamb of God in faith, and a blessed spiritual event will take place in your heart; the life-giving flow of redemption will become your portion. He will transform your mundane existence into life eternal. No one particular day is more sacred than all others, but the day you are born again will be, will always be, life's greatest day for you. And you will be ready for the coming of that glad day when Jesus catches His waiting bride away. •

for God and Country



By MURIEL LARSON

IF WE ARE loyal Americans, there is something about seeing the flag of the United States waving in the breeze that often brings a lump to our throats and perhaps even a tear to our eye—especially as we sing “The Star-Spangled Banner.” Our love of country, the thought of all that flag stands for, the remembrance of our countless pledges in school—these all remind us that the Stars and Stripes is something very special.

A symbol of the freedom, equality, and justice that characterizes our nation, the flag of the United States of America represents the ideals and traditions which we hold most sacred. When we show respect to our flag, we are showing respect for our country, for its founders and its ideals.

The colors of our flag are significant too and were especially chosen for their significance. The Continental Congress said, “White signifies purity and innocence; red, hardiness and valor; blue signifies vigilance, perseverance, and justice.” The Congress no doubt hoped that our nation and its people would live up to these lofty principles.

If good Americans should honor and respect their flag because of what it stands for, how much more should Christians respect and honor the name of God, the house of God, and the Word of God because of what they stand for? It is truly a privilege to be a member of a great country. But it is the greatest privilege anyone could ever hope to have to be a member of God’s family, to be one of His children

through faith in Jesus Christ.

God’s name is holy. The third commandment says, “Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain” (Exodus 20:7). How we need to be reminded of this in these days of careless profanity! If we loosely use any of God’s names—“God,” “Lord,” “Jesus,” “Christ,”—we are not showing our God and Saviour the respect and awe that are certainly due Him.

If we saw someone trampling the flag of the United States, in righteous indignation we would quickly try to stop him. So ought we to be just as ready to defend our Lord’s name—if not more so!

Likewise, respect should be given to God’s house, for it represents God too, does it not? Not only does it represent God, but the Lord Jesus Christ said, “For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them” (Matthew 18:19).

God’s Word represents God also, and Satan has done everything possible to try to destroy men’s faith in it. But the prophet Isaiah and the Apostle Peter expressed a similar thought: “The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever” (Isaiah 40:8) note also 1 Peter 1:25. Let us always respect and believe God’s Word; it will sustain us through every trial in life.

May God’s name, God’s house, and God’s Word be precious to us! •

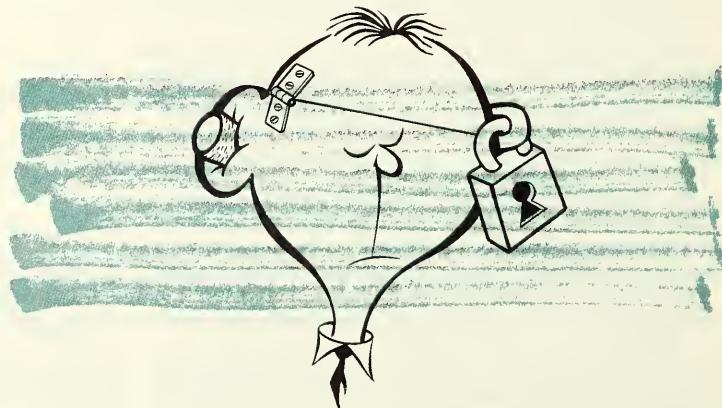


The Reverend Floyd McClung, Jr. has traveled widely as a speaker and a youth leader throughout the United States and in twenty-five foreign countries. He serves as the Director of the West Indies Crusades for Youth With A Mission.

He is a graduate of Southern California College where he was the Student Body President and Athlete of the Year. He is the son of the pastor of Westmore (Cleveland, Tenn.) Church of God.

Have You Kissed Your

By FLOYD McCLUNG, JR.



WHAT IS FAITH?" asked the Sunday school teacher. One of her young pupils quickly responded, "It is believing something you know isn't true."

It is a great tragedy that many pupils in our Sunday school classes believe this. For many years the patented reply to many of my youthful questions in Sunday school was, "Just believe it." Needless to say, this did not satisfy my probing mind. That many believers still believe this way is an even greater tragedy.

Often I have the opportunity to speak informally to college youth who are earnestly seeking answers to questions that to them are extremely important. After talking with them, I am both gratified and

dismayed. Some who are not Christians have said to me that it is the first time they have heard the gospel presented in a logical manner. I am appalled when Christians tell me the same thing. Paul Little, author of the book *Know Why You Believe*, said: "They're relieved to discover that the Gospel can be successfully defended in the open marketplace of ideas and to discover they haven't kissed their brains good-bye in becoming Christians!"

Because of an anti-intellectual approach to the gospel many have been lost. Because we refuse to answer their questions, they believe there is no answer! Those who take this anti-intellectual approach fail to realize that a clearly reasoned presentation of the gospel "is im-

portant—not as a rational substitute for faith, but as a ground for faith; not as a replacement for the Spirit's working, but as a means by which the objective truth of God's word can be made clear so that men will heed it as the vehicle of the Spirit, who convicts the world through its message" (*His*, March 1966).

Moreover, we have lost many of our young people because of this erroneous philosophy. Because there has not been a fresh, wholesome attitude toward the gospel, they have been afraid to state their doubts. J. Edgar Hoover tells us that seven out of eight young people quit Sunday school before the age of fifteen. Many of them are doing so because of the lack of freedom they have felt to ex-

Brain Goodbye?

press their doubts. Sooner or later they may drop out, because they do not have a vital and living relationship with the Lord Jesus Christ.

To doubt something not proven is a normal experience. Rather than express shock when a young person expresses his feelings, we should encourage him to tell them freely. If he cannot express them to his church friends, then he will find friends elsewhere who will give him an ear. "Because Christianity is about the One who is Truth, close examination can do it no harm" (Paul Little).

Oftentimes when I am discouraged, I ask myself, "Floyd, how do you know that you have not fallen for the biggest lie of history? Has

God ever talked to you in an audible voice? Have you ever seen Him?" It is in those times that I remind myself that I have had an experience. But wait a minute. There are a lot of folks these days who are claiming an experience. I also remind myself that my experience is not enough. It has to be tied down to historical facts. And those facts must be subject to examination. Faith is not a blind, mystical capitulation of our lives to a Jesus who does not or did not exist. So I always come back to these two factors: I have had a subjective, internal, personal experience, and it is related to the objective, external, historical facts of the Incarnation, Crucifixion, Resurrection, and Ascension, which I

call the Christ Event.

We should realize, however, that not all of man's problems with the gospel are of an intellectual nature. In fact, the moral issue always overrides the intellectual issue in Christianity. Many men can believe, but will not. The problem is more often found in the heart than in the head.

A Jewish student once told me that if Jesus Christ appeared to him in person, he would become a Christian. "No you wouldn't," I told him. "If that kind of supernatural phenomenon occurred, you would find a way to explain it away." He looked me squarely in the eye and said slowly, "You know, I think you're right. I've really made up my mind." This young man had realized that the issue for him was not intellectual but moral.

Another friend told me that he just could not bring himself to believe in hell. I told him, "If I lived like you, I wouldn't either." He smiled to acknowledge that I had hit the nail right on the head.

Every sinner must have an excuse to cover up his sin. The more education a man has, the more intellectual his excuse. Educated people do not believe the gospel for the same reason that uneducated people do not believe it. They do not want to!

The job of the Christian is to remove the sinner's hiding place—to take away his excuses. If this is done in love the sinner will then have all the more reason to know that the goodness of God is meant to lead him to repentance (Romans 2:4).

John Stott struck a good balance when he said, "We cannot pander to a man's intellectual arrogance, but we must cater to his intellectual integrity."

There is enough factual information to make it possible for any man to believe the gospel and not to kiss his brain good-bye. For the strengthening of our own faith and for the help of others, we should be able at all times to give an answer to anyone who asks us a reason for the hope that is within us (1 Peter 3:15). ●

Our Throne of Grace

By WALLACE A. ELY



THE WRITER TO the Hebrews gave a word of encouragement to all of us when he said, "For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need" (Hebrews 4:15, 16).

All of us may sometime have a tendency to neglect this unfailing source of help through carelessness; but at other times sin may have entered our lives, and we feel uncomfortable in God's presence. It is human to avoid those persons who know about our wrongs, but it is foolish to try to avoid God for the same reason.

It is proper and fitting that we should be ashamed of our sins before God. Indeed, we should be so ashamed that we truly and fully repent of every sin. But to try to avoid God is as imprudent as it is impossible. If we are wise, we will go quickly and boldly to the throne of grace "that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

This passage of Scripture in Hebrews must have special reference to sin; for after assuring us that our Lord was tempted as we are, the writer adds that He was "yet without sin." However, it certainly applies to all of our infirmities, whether they be physical or spiritual. Jesus abundantly proved His willingness and ability to heal people, both in soul and body, during all of His earthly ministry.

This throne of grace is friendly to the point of full graciousness. It is not fearsome; it casts out fear. It never smites; it always heals. It does not repel; it draws. It does not condemn; it forgives. It does not increase one's burden; it gives rest to the soul.

We may be assured of the tender graciousness of the One who sits on the throne, for He is touched with

the feeling of our infirmities. For some thirty-three years He lived among men, sharing human experiences and problems, so He knows every problem from earliest childhood to mature adulthood. Both the child and the adult may go to God's throne of grace fully confident that He knows, that He cares, and that He is willing and able to supply all of their needs. As God, He remembers that we are dust; He knows that grace and mercy are essential to us.

"Let us come boldly." Let us lay all of our heartaches and sorrows, all of our weaknesses and shortcomings, all of our longings and desires, all of our hopes and expectancies, and all of our blessings and assurances at the throne of mercy and grace. Here we may say with Peter, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee" (John 21:17).

As we come to Him in every time of need, He bestows rich gifts upon us. He is the source of every good and perfect gift (James 1:17). Our time of need is all of the time; therefore we should live and move and have our being within sight of the throne of grace.

If we need courage to meet the problems of life, we can find it in our understanding High Priest. If we need patient endurance, we may go to Him for an adequate supply of it. When we need renewed faith to undertake some labor for Him, He is the author and finisher of our faith. When we need wisdom, He will open our hearts and minds so that divine sight can flood our souls.

At our throne of grace we come into life's greatest possession. We obtain mercy. Too, we make the greatest discovery known to man: We find grace to help in time of need. His plenteous mercy and grace supply all of our needs according to God's riches in glory. Therefore let us "come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." ●

Doctor Matthew's Big Decision



By PAULINE BONE

EVANGELIST CARTER anxiously awaited his turn to see Doctor Matthews. Wondering what the outcome would be, he silently prayed again and again: "Oh, Lord, help and guide me."

When his name was called, he arose with a burdened heart and walked apprehensively into the inner office. As he seated himself, Doctor Matthews inquired kindly, "What seems to be your trouble today, Sir?"

"Doctor, I realize your time is very valuable, so I'll come to the point quickly. I do not have a physical problem. I am Evangelist Bob Carter. At the present time I am engaged in a revival in your town, but my deep concern this morning is for your son Keith."

"Keith?" Doctor Matthews asked, alarmed. "Is something the matter with Keith?"

"Doctor, Keith is a very fine, conscientious young man. His life holds great potential for either good or evil. Last night he attended our revival service. When the invitation was given to accept Jesus as his personal Saviour, Keith walked manly down the aisle and knelt humbly at the altar. He wanted to become a Christian."

"Why, that's fine!" exclaimed Doctor Matthews.

"But, Sir, I am sorry that I have to tell you—Keith did not become a Christian. As I knelt to pray and counsel with him, I sensed a struggle going on in his soul. When he started to arise, I asked with great concern, 'Keith, is it well with your soul?' 'No,' he confessed sadly. 'My dad's not a Christian and I want to be like him.' Although I reasoned with him, I did not succeed in getting him to change his mind. Doctor, is this what you want for your son?"

"No, Preacher, it is not. I would like for my son to know God. I haven't been a very good example."

"It isn't too late to make amends," the evangelist said kindly.

"Thank you so much for coming, Preacher. You can be sure that I will give this matter some serious thought."

"I will be praying earnestly for you," promised the evangelist, as he left the doctor's office.

Evangelist Carter was happy to see Keith in the next revival service. Also, he was encouraged when, after the service had started, Keith's father slipped in and sat down.

"Lord, if I ever needed your help, I need it now," he prayed fervently, and he rose to deliver the evening message.

Feeling the unction of the Holy Spirit, he spoke from the text, "Choose you this day whom ye will serve." He especially stressed Joshua's decision, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." Then he compassionately pictured Calvary and the choice which each individual must make in accepting or rejecting Jesus.

During the invitation as the pianist played "Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling, calling for you and for me," Doctor Matthews stepped out from his pew and started toward the altar. As he passed by Keith's pew, Keith rushed out and eagerly followed him.

Kneeling together at the altar, the father and son soon found peace and joy for their never-dying souls. Their love and respect for each other now seemed greater than ever before.

How about you? As a parent, are you setting the right example before your children? Are you leading them into a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ? Are you leading them to heaven? •

I Prayed For Her Death

By CECIL E. BURRIDGE



I HELD HER hand and prayed that she would die—soon. It had been my belief that ministers should always pray for health, healing and life—and yet, here I was praying with all my heart that she would die, peacefully and quickly.

A few hours before, I had received a call from the hospital that a woman was dying, and that she called constantly for her minister. After several unsuccessful attempts to reach her minister (who was out of town) they asked me to come and talk with her.

As I stood by her bed and inquired about her spiritual condition and religious beliefs, I learned something of her past life and physical condition as well. She was seventy-nine years old, a mother of seven daughters and two sons, and a grandmother and great grandmother many times over. She had lived a useful and fruitful life, but now she was dying of terminal cancer.

It was sad to look at her wasted, emaciated, pain-wracked body and know that her time was drawing near. Her 168-pound body had been reduced to less than 68 pounds, but her mind was clear and her heart beat valiantly. She looked at me and asked me to pray, not for her life, but for her death.

She told me that she had received the Lord Jesus Christ as her personal Saviour when she was thirteen years old, that she had lived a Christian life since that time, that she had regularly attended church, and that she now wanted to go to meet her Lord. Together we prayed the Lord's prayer several times, and then I read her some words of comfort from the Scriptures. Finally, I

prayed for the Lord Jesus to ease her pain and to take her into His presence. She herself prayed aloud, "Father, take away these pains in my stomach. Take me to be with you." Eighteen hours later she was gone.

By contrast, another woman I knew died with the same disease, but she did not meet her end so peacefully and with the assurance that she was going into the presence of God. This woman, an acquaintance of mine since school days, did not know the Lord Jesus as her Saviour. She sat and cried for several days; she complained bitterly about her fate; and she asked for no minister to talk to her about the Father's house above. She went to a Christless grave.

Every man and woman will one day come to their last hour. The Bible says, "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment" (Hebrews 9:27). Dying is not a fearful thing to the Christian, but it looms as a terrifying spectre to the person who is not a Christian. At death the Christian enters into the presence of the Saviour, but those who do not know Him are faced with eternal punishment. Jesus said, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels" (Matthew 25:41).

We have a choice. We can receive the Lord Jesus and live a happy, Christ-directed life. Then when the time comes, we can go joyfully to meet Him. Or, we can live a selfish life, and in the end, go to the judgment tearfully and fearfully.

How will it be with you? Will there be someone to stand beside you, to hold your hand and pray, "Even so, come Lord Jesus"? •

I MADE A mistake recently that made me think of a wonderful scriptural truth. I had two students in a class who sat side by side; their names similar, but the quality of their work was quite different. One of the boys was a brilliant student, always doing more than I asked, acquitted himself beautifully on examinations. The other boy was at the opposite pole intellectually—he was seldom prepared with his homework and only rarely passed examinations.

At the end of the semester, my mind was in a whirl of figuring grades. At night the columns of figures paraded by me in my sleep. During the day I wrestled with them, finally having all the totals ready. But in my haste I had misrecorded the two boys' grades. I gave the F-student an "A," and the A-student an "F." The error slipped by and arrived finally at IBM where it was recorded on each of the grade cards and permanent records.

Then the scramble began. I can assure you the F-student did not come by voluntarily to complain about the "A" which he had mistakenly received. It was the A-student who called the error to my attention. Neither he nor his parents liked my having done him the injustice. The student sent me back to my grade book and all was put straight.

The incident made me think of another exchange of "grades" that had taken place, however. I thought of that marvelous transaction of God's grace, in which the debt of my sin had been put to Christ's record and the credit of His perfect righteousness had been recorded on my report card. When God looked at our records, He saw them somehow supernaturally interchanged.

Seeing on Christ's record my sin, God showed His wrath against His own Son, chastising Him and offering Him up on the cross as a

HE GAVE ME HIS "A"

By BOB LAIR

penalty for the sin of which I had been guilty.

And seeing Christ's sinless holiness upon my account, God received me as son and heir of all that is His to give. When I approach Him in prayer, He sees not my own badly ruined record, but He sees instead the perfect righteousness made mine through the eternal act of justification.

God gave my "F" to Jesus Christ, and He gave His "A" to me. That is what we mean by the vicarious atonement: He experienced the penalty of sin in death in my

place; I enjoy the continual blessing of God which His Son earned for me.

Peter spoke of it in this way: "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed" (1 Peter 2:24). And Paul said: "I count all things but loss . . . that I may win Christ, And be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith" (Philippians 3:8, 9).

Someone has defined *grace* as "unmerited favor." That is exactly right. There was absolutely no reason for God to have shown me any special favor. He was not in debt to me, nor has He ever been in debt to any man. Yet He, as an act of His own will, looked in mercy upon me and devised the transaction as a means of making me fit to live forever in His presence.

There is no ground of boasting, no "standing on my own record," no confidence in anything I have done, but only trust in what He has done to bring salvation to me.

Paul tells the Romans that this is the only way God could have shown Himself just, intolerant with sin, and holy throughout the ages, and, at the same time, show the mercy of justification to those who come to Him. "Being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus: Whom God hath set forth, to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; To declare, I say, at this time his righteousness: that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus" (Romans 3:24-26). The Christian can only turn his eyes heavenward and say: "Thank You, Lord! Thank You, Jesus, for saving me!" ●



*The Reverend Dr. Terrell McBrayer is dean of students at Lee College. He is vice-president of the Lee College Alumni Association, and he recently authored a book entitled, *History of Lee College*.*



WE NEED

By TERRELL McBRAYER



THERE WAS TROUBLE in the home of Abraham—there was jealousy. Sarah had become jealous and demanded that Hagar and Ishmael be thrown from the home. Abraham was very sad over this request, but after prayer, God told him to obey the voice of Sarah. Further, God committed Himself to Abraham, and assured him of divine protection for Ishmael. After leaving the home, Hagar wandered in the wilderness. The water was gone and the food was gone! It seemed that all hope was gone, that is, as far as the life of the child was concerned.

The church must hold up the youth. As Hagar left her son, she cried, and the child cried. God spoke to the mother and said, "Arise, lift up the lad, and hold him in thine hand; for I will make him a great nation" (Genesis 21: 18). Here is a great analogy of the need of the parents of our generation holding up our youth in order that they may become what

God will have them to be. There is a real need in most of the churches that we do more for the young people. Recently one of the alumni of Lee College, who was killed in Vietnam, wrote these words to his father just a few days before his death:

Dad, we are losing our young people. You are the preacher, something should be done. Give training courses. They need help. Contests are good, but we need something to hold them. I know what I am saying. All my love . . . (Church of God Evangel, May 13, 1968, p. 24).

The church has both a collective and individual responsibility. This includes the general leadership of the church on all levels—national, state, and local. We all must do more for our young people.

We must give youth more than negatives—we must give them something to hold them. We can improve our relationship with the

youth of our generation by giving them more than negatives. Life depends on a balance of the positive and the negative. But so many times we interpret our religion to the youth only in terms of "do not," without telling them at the same time that there is a positive aspect of the gospel. And of course we must do more than just tell them that there is a positive aspect. Many times we fail in positive living. Our lives are too negative. May God breathe upon us His Holy Spirit so that we can be greater examples to our youth.

We should build on majors rather than spending all our time on minors. So often we give ourselves to the lesser things of life and have little time and energy left to concentrate on the major considerations. If we will deal with the aspect of devotion to the basic values of life, God will help us to retain our young people. First and foremost, we must love God with

SOMETHING TO HOLD OUR YOUTH

*Train up a child
in the way he should
go; and when
he is old,
he will not depart from
it" (Proverbs 22:6).*

all of our heart, and our neighbor as ourself. God speaks to us as He did to Israel of old and says, "And now, Israel, what doth the Lord thy God require of thee but to . . . love him and to serve the Lord thy God with all thy heart" (Deuteronomy 10:12).

We must know and understand our youth—in addition to giving them more than negatives and minors. This involves taking time to listen to them—and not just telling them what they should do. We should note their reactions to things. We can actually learn from young people! God help us to take time to listen to our youth—then only can we understand the loneliness of their souls and the basic needs of their lives which are yet unmet. Many of these needs are primarily spiritual, involving that basic part of man that lives on throughout all eternity. A youth is more than a receiver of instructions.

We must communicate our faith to young people. The youth must react, and he must be a part of the program of living. We can communicate faith by our godly example—not by being unreasonable, but rather by practicing moderation and a well-balanced life. We can do this by making distinctions between compromise with sin and by allowing personal choices in nonessentials. God has given to each of us the will to choose, and certain choices must be left to our young people. Through prayer, guidance, and godly example on our part, our youth will usually make the right choices.

Young people today want sincere church leaders and parents. We must be sincere with our youth. Sincerity is so very important. We should not attempt to handle the Word of God deceitfully, but we should try to reach the souls of the youth of our generation. We can do this only by focusing on

Jesus Christ, who is the Lord of the church. Jesus Christ brings forgiveness of sin and mercy. Christ dwelling in the heart of our youth results in holiness—of heart as well as of behavior.

We must focus on the Lord of the church, thereby giving the youth of our generation the answer to their problems. The church must do more for its young people. We can do more to hold them by majoring on majors rather than on minors. We can do more by majoring on the positive rather than the negative side of religion and by building bridges between people—bridges of understanding, good will, and tolerance for others. We can do more for our young people through godly example—by concerning ourselves with consistent Christian living and by having a deep love for God. Again let it be emphasized, we can do more for our youth by focusing more fully on the Lord of the church. •

towel upon the kitchen rack. She turned around, eyeing her granddaughter over her spectacles. "It's your own father who is returning from two years in Costa Rica. You don't want to drive with George and me to the airport to meet him?"

Toma's thin tense face crimsoned. "Grandma, don't you understand? I've flunked my credits to Holdenburg Conservatory. The first question Dad will ask me is how I made out on my final exams."

"My dear, you've got to tell your father sooner or later."

"Then let's make it later." Toma fled from the kitchen.

She raced out to the sun-splashed garden. Roses were blooming in pink and white and red, spilling their perfume into the late June morning. Marigolds, zinnias, and cosmos grew thickly in the border beds. Toma had grown up in her grandmother's old-fashioned Indiana home, with the garden always her favorite spot.

"Toma," her grandmother was calling from the house. "If you don't come back this moment, George and I will leave without you."

She saw the apple tree at the far end of the garden. Up the

trunk she shinnied, climbing high into the branches until her dark curly head was hidden by the leaves.

Perched high above the garden, she attempted to justify her attitude. Mother had been an accomplished pianist. Mother was dead. But just because Mother had played the piano with such dexterity was no reason for Dad to expect her to do the same. How did Dad know how hard practice came to her? Dad was off in Costa Rica where he had been for the last eight years, serving as director of a hospital in San Jose. Mother, ill, had been unable to

TOMA BARRY'S delicate face tensed; her dark eyes widened with fright as she confronted her grandmother. "I can't do it!" the sixteen-year-old girl burst out.

Grandmother Barry, a plump little woman with a clear pink-and-white complexion, hung a

CLIMB AN APPLE TREE

By IRMA HEGEL





take the Latin American climate. The two of them had remained with Grandma. On Dad's last leave, Mother had died. The only recollection she had of her father had been a big broad-shouldered man who had moved silently and sorrowfully through the house of mourning. They had spoken little together. Dad had finally left—as shadowlike as he had arrived.

Of course, Dad had written her his brief letters—always questioning her about her progress in music. On the holidays and on her birthday his generous check had never failed to arrive.

Somewhere on the drive, a car was starting up. That would be George, Grandma's man-of-all-work, driving to the airport. Soon they would be returning, and she

would have to justify her failure to this man whom she hardly knew.

Toma wanted simply to run away and to keep on running—why was she so afraid of her own father? She attended Sunday school and church regularly. She listened to Grandma read the Bible aloud each night. A Christian should not be afraid. Maybe she was not a Christian. That was a horrible thought. She wanted to be. She longed for a life of service to others. Dad would not understand that. She had never dared tell him that in her letters.

Children laughed as they played in the yard next door. A fat robin fluttered on a branch, chirping angrily at finding her there. Toma dozed in the tree, worn from her sleepless night.

The tree began shaking. Someone was climbing the trunk. Another moment and her big sun-brown father was lifting himself in the branches beside her. "Hello, Toma," he said.

"Dad! How did you know I was here?"

"I used to climb this tree myself when I was running away from things," he assured her, laughing. "What are you running from, Toma—me?"

"I flunked the entrance exams to the conservatory," Toma blurted out. "I'm not a pianist, Dad, I never will be." She awaited her father's violent reaction.

Calmly he took her small fingers in his big hands and held them there. "You didn't want to enter the conservatory, did you? You've lost your interest in music. Is it a boy?"

She shook her dark curly head. "Last vacation I served as an aide in City Hospital. I became interested in nursing. Dad, I want to be a nurse—I didn't miss out on my grades there."

"Good. Maybe you would like to return with me to Costa Rica. We have a fine hospital, a real need for nurses and—we could be together."

"Do you really want me?" Toma gasped.

"Certainly, I want you, Toma. I've always wanted you. I'm your father. Do you remember Jesus' parable of the talents and the third servant who hid his talents in the earth because he feared his master was a hard man and he dared not use what he had been given? We're like that—running from our heavenly Father, fearing Him as a stern judge, afraid to expose our weaknesses, and never humble enough to ask His help."

"I'm that third servant," Toma confessed, and tears crowded her dark eyes.

"Maybe we've all been that third servant at some time or another, Toma—never honest enough to admit why we failed, and then afraid of the censure because we failed. It's worse still to run. Right out in the light is our Father, with His hands extended in forgiveness, eager to help us live that full life which He intended for us to live. It's foolish, isn't it, to cower in the dark or to hide up in an apple tree?"

"Dad, I love you," cried Toma, and flung her arms about her father's neck. "I'm not afraid of anything anymore."

"Because you love—that's the answer." He held her close for a moment. "To love God Who is love, to love your work, to love others—everything can be faced, even a cross, when you love."

"Are you two going to sit up in that apple tree all day?" Grandma called from the back porch. "Lunch is ready and on the table."

"Coming, Grandma," Toma answered. She wriggled down the apple tree trunk behind her father to be caught in his strong arms.

Clasping hands in new understanding, they started toward the house together. ●

Golden Rule

Penney

By MATILDA NORDTVEDT

JIM PENNEY WAS only eight years old when his father told him that he was old enough to earn money for his own clothes. Poor Jim! The holes in his shoes were getting bigger and bigger, and he could not think of a way to earn money for new ones.

One day Jim's older brother had two jobs: one working for a neighboring farmer, and the other bringing in the hay at home. Jim knew his brother could not be two places at once.

"Let me bring in the hay," he begged. His brother agreed. Jim worked hard for two days, receiving three dollars and fifty cents for his work. Proudly he marched to the store and spent one dollar for a new pair of shoes.

Jim was tempted to spend the rest of his money for a new shirt and stockings; but after thinking it over, he decided that he should invest it. But where? His father would give him no suggestions. He wanted Jim to think for himself.

"I know," said Jim suddenly, "I'll

buy a baby pig, fatten him up, and sell him when he gets big!"

Jim hurried to the neighbor's farm and asked the farmer if he would sell one of his little pigs. The farmer agreed to let Jim have a small one for two dollars and fifty cents. Joyfully Jim returned home with his squealing bundle. At first he put the pig in a box in the barn, but later he built a pen for it.



Another problem confronted Jim. How would he feed the pig? It turned up its nose at fresh grass but greedily ate peelings and other leftovers from the kitchen. Slowly a plan formed in Jim's mind. He would go to the neighbors and ask for their garbage. In return he would clean their garbage pails. The neighbors liked this arrangement, and soon Jim had all the food his pig needed.

Jim's pig business prospered. By the time he was ten years old, he had a dozen pigs to fatten up for market. But now a new problem presented itself. His father said that he must get rid of the pigs. Why? The neighbors were complaining about the smell and the noise. One pig had been all right, but a whole dozen was a different matter.

Jim did not want to sell his pigs until they were fat and he could get a good price for them, but his father told him he must. Jim's father was an earnest Christian who practiced his religion in everyday life. Jim knew Dad's verse by heart, "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them" (Matthew 7:12).

Reluctantly Jim followed the Golden Rule and sold his pigs.

The spring that Jim graduated from high school his father gave him the use of four acres of land as a graduation gift. Jim decided to plant watermelons. When the plants began to grow, he worked hard hoeing around them. He was pleased to see evidences of a bumper crop. As the watermelons ripened, they began to disappear mysteriously. Many times Jim had to pitch a little tent beside his watermelon field and spend the nights out there with his dog and gun to protect his precious harvest from thieves.

At last the watermelons were ripe and Jim began to sell them from door-to-door, transporting them with his father's horse and wagon. He sold some but still had many left.

"I know, I'll park the wagon outside the entrance to the county

fair," he decided. With his wagon piled high with the luscious fruit, he did a brisk business until his father heard what he was doing. Furious, he ordered his son to stop selling and to go home at once.

Hurt and angry, Jim obeyed, wondering why his father was so unreasonable. At home his father explained to Jim that he had been cheating by selling his melons outside the entrance of the fair-grounds. He was taking business away from those who had paid for the privilege of selling within the grounds, while he had not. Jim was disappointed that he could not finish selling his watermelons, but he had learned another lesson in honesty and fair dealing.

Jim's first real job was in a dry-goods store in his hometown. At first the other clerks made fun of his cheap clothes and always cheated him out of his sales. Jim was ready to quit his job, but one day he braced up. He *would* succeed in spite of his tormentors. His new confidence and self-respect aided in his selling. The attitude of the clerks changed, and soon he became one of the best of them. His employer raised his pay. Things were looking bright when the doctor stunned Jim with bad news.

"Jim, you have tuberculosis and must go West to a dry climate."

By this time Jim's father had died, leaving his widow, six children, and a mortgage on the farm. Sadly Jim said good-bye to his mother, promising to help her when he obtained a job. He took the train for Denver.

Tramping the streets he looked for a job. Finally he found one in a drygoods store. Jim had not worked at the store long before he discovered that his employer was cheating his customers. Jim would not be a partner to dishonesty, so he quit.

Jim decided that he would try to find work in a small town, for Denver was too big. Going to Longmont he started a butcher shop. At first business prospered. People soon learned that they could trust the new young butcher. But the

chef at the Longmont Hotel was angry. He wondered why the new butcher did not give him a bottle of whiskey each week like the other one had. Reluctantly, to keep the chef's business, Jim sent him a bottle of whiskey with his next order; but his conscience bothered him. He knew his father had been against whiskey and bribery, and he was against it too. Jim decided that even if it meant losing his butcher shop, he would not bribe the chef with whiskey again. When the chef failed to receive the whiskey, he stopped trading at Jim's store. Jim did not have enough business to continue and had to close his shop. He was out of a job again!

When Jim asked for a job at Mr. Callahan's drygoods store, he was told that he could work temporarily until an ill clerk recovered. Jim set to work with a will. When the clerk returned, Jim thought he would be dismissed; but Mr. Callahan surprised him by offering him a job at Evanston, Wyoming, with his partner, Guy Johnson. He explained to the young man a unique business setup—a plan to buy and operate a chain of drygoods stores. Competent managers became partners, who in turn trained other managers to become partners and start new stores.

Jim Penney was thrilled with this idea. By this plan some day he would have his own store—just as he had dreamed. Eagerly he plunged into the work at Evans- ton.

When given a chance to start out for himself, Jim Penney chose a small mining town, Kemmerer, Wyoming. He liked the common people and felt that he understood them better than city folk. By this time he had married his sweetheart, Berta. Together they fixed up the drab old building which they had rented for their store.

The banker of the town made gloomy predictions, but young Penney was undaunted. With honesty and fair dealing as his policy, he opened up the first J. C. Penney store. The rough miners soon un-

derstood that Jim Penney did business by the Golden Rule. People liked him—trusted him. Business flourished. Jim Penney was off to a good start.

Gradually Jim opened new stores, finally buying out the stores of the two men who had started him in the business. He was on his way to becoming a rich and famous man.

Although Jim Penney never forgot his early religious training and lived strictly by the Golden Rule, he did not have a personal meeting with God until tragedy struck his home. He had been married only eleven years when his wife Berta died suddenly of acute pneumonia. In his despair Jim Penney turned to Jesus Christ. He realized then that living by the Golden Rule was not enough. He needed Jesus for his Saviour, just as much as anyone else did.

Penney's second great spiritual experience came as a result of the financial crash of 1929 in which he lost his entire fortune. At fifty-six years of age he was in financial ruin.

He could never quite explain in words what happened. The song, "God Will Take Care of You," coupled with the scripture, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matthew 11:28), made the difference in his life.

J. C. Penney brought his burdens to Jesus. Rest replaced worry; despair turned to hope. Trusting in God's power, J. C. Penney weathered the depression. He helped others also to rise above their financial difficulties.

When times improved, J. C. Penney stores began to boom again. Now there are over fourteen hundred of these stores in the United States which began and continued as an experiment in doing business by the Golden Rule.

The man known as "Golden Rule Penney" is now ninety years of age. He is using his wealth to aid various Christian enterprises and is especially interested in helping honest young men to get started in business. •

Are You BORING OTHERS?

By HELEN CALWAY



DO YOU EVER try to witness to anyone, only to find them yawning helplessly in your face with a variety of excuses? They're bored, you think, with the things of the Lord. But have you ever considered that perhaps they are bored with your presentation; your way of explaining things; your constant repetition; your beating around the bush of facts; your saying so much, but not really saying anything concrete; or your skipping from one point to another without really answering any question in the person's mind.

What is a bore? All of us have experienced this. We have been with someone, and suddenly while they were talking, we wished that we were somewhere else. It might be someone you're fond of, a member of your own family, a dear family friend, or a business associate. They start discussing the happenings of the day, or the church sermon that morning, but they seemingly have nothing new to say. Everything is couched in

the same terms as everything else. Good manners should keep us from showing our dislikes, but this type of person is not sought after for advice, probably because they begin talking about something else which they feel is related to the advice and which does not have the slightest meaning to you and the advice for which you asked.

The first and foremost witnessing that a Christian does is by his life. When you talk about your beliefs to others and try to get them to believe and know the Lord as you do, are you boring them? Here are some things you should honestly ask yourself so that you do not slip into a pattern of boring people and making your witness ineffective. An examination of ourselves, our actions, our habits, our speech, is necessary, if we want to honor the Lord with our lives.

Do you find yourself doing most of the talking more often than listening to what others have to say?

You may have more to say than

they do, but are you actually communicating? Are they really interested? If there is any doubt in your mind, perhaps you have not actually discerned whether you are presenting what you have to say so that the recipient is interested. The only way to know is to listen to what he has to say too.

When you talk only about what you are interested in, even if it is an important thing like Christianity the conversation is likely to wither. Be aware, during any conversation, for signs of boredom—for signs that you are perhaps not getting through. Listening as well as talking is a good criteria.

Do you find yourself arguing if the person brings up opposite views from yours?

Sometimes this is a very easy thing to do. You have brought up a very important point about the Lord in your witnessing, and the reason the person gives for not accepting your point of view is so inane or so unreasonable or so thoughtless that you immediately want to respond with an argu-

ment to break down their reply. However, regardless of the answers or reasons people give you for not becoming Christians, or for not believing what you say, your best choice is to show them the written Word as proof of your statement and to pray for guidance in trying to understand their reasons and their opinions. What has led them to this line of thought? Argument never won a friend. If you cannot explain reasonably to them what you feel, without getting into an argument, it is better to go on to another point or to get back to a point on which you both agree. If you respect a man's opinion, even if you do not agree with him, he may be more likely to consider your opinion and the facts you have presented. Argument, however, can make him blind to the facts.

Do you have trouble in saying anything in a short form?

There is a time to speak and a time to be silent. Do you always have to be talking? It may be that by saying so much about even a good thing, you are boring people.

Witnessing to others should actually be a witness of what we have seen, what we have experienced, what God has revealed to us, and what is written in Scripture. Trying to lead people to the Lord can be both frustrating and tremendously joyful. Be led by the Lord; pray much for the people you meet and the things that you say to them; study God's Word so that you will be prepared with the sword of the Word to give, honestly and without belligerence, God's answer to man's problems; and, examine yourself periodically to see if you are the kind of a person that you want to be—if your actions, your habits, and your speech honor Christ. Then go out, without hesitation or fear, knowing that you can talk with anyone about the Lord. He will guide you, and you will not be boring. Others may not agree with you, but you will be communicating as the Lord would have you to communicate. You will be witnessing.

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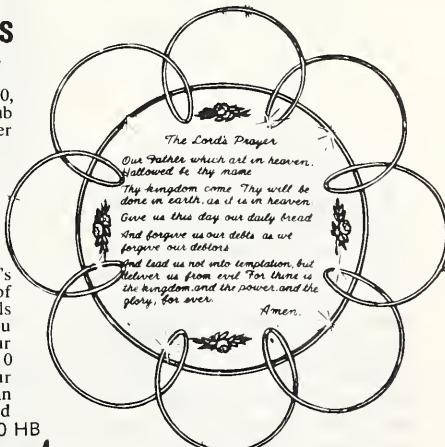
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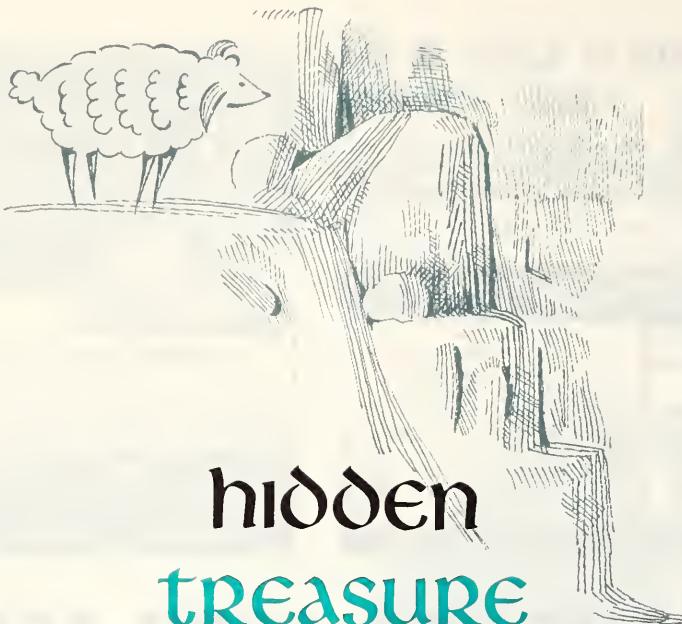
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hidden treasure

By CONSTANCE M. LOWE

IT WAS SPRING of 1947 when Mohammed Dib, a Bedouin shepherd, stood on the rocky cliffs on the north shore of the Dead Sea. He was watching a stone which he had thrown far above his head towards a dark crevice in the rock face of Wadi Qumran. The cracking noise the stone would make might bring his lost lamb into view, if it had hidden there for safety.

He waited hopefully for the fleecy off-white lamb to appear silhouetted against the dark rock, for he had been searching for hours. But there was no movement near the crevice; and, instead of the sharp crack which he had expected, a rumbling sound so startled him that he swung around to scramble down over the rocks. He went hurriedly towards the

shepherds whom he had left in the valley below.

He could see them in the distance herding the flock into a pasture which they had recently cleared of poisonous weeds. Smoke still curled upwards into the clear air from the burning roots and leaves piled on mounds of stones, well out of reach of the sheep. On any grazing ground these mounds could be seen. Some of them had been there for three thousand years. Shepherds of Old Testament times had used them.

When Mohammed reached the pasture, he called out to the shepherds, pointing anxiously to the dark crevice. Some of the sheep, knowing his voice, came towards him, and he hurriedly bent to touch their heads and to whisper soothingly. Then two of the shepherds straightway turned with

him, running back towards the rocks.

Climbing cautiously towards the crevice, they found that it was, in fact, a cave entrance. Warily they squeezed themselves through the narrow opening. They were afraid that the lost lamb might be in danger from some wild dog, but there were no animals in the cave; there was just a collection of clay jars showing in the dim light. They were relieved that the lamb was not hurt and were about to leave the cave and search further among the rocks. Then they began to question among themselves. What were clay jars doing in a cave on the shore of the Dead Sea? And they were tightly covered with inverted clay bowls. Could some treasure be hidden there?

Immediately they smashed them open, excitedly. To their disappointment they found only some leather and papyrus scrolls like those used in their synagogues, but they were wrapped carefully in linen. They thought that perhaps they could take them down to the valley and sell them for a few coins. Hastily they gathered them together. A while later they forgot about the scrolls; they turned their attention to the care of their sheep, for the manuscripts seemed worthless.

Yet the Orthodox Archbishop of Jerusalem, who had bought one of the larger scrolls so cheaply, was not soon to forget. News concerning the discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls soon spread to bibliographers all over the world. They visited Jerusalem and found that the scrolls were older than any that had been found up to that time—older even than the Greek manuscripts of the fourth-century and later of the ninth-century Hebrew scripts from which our modern Bible is translated.

The Archbishop of Jerusalem was invited to take his scrolls to the University of Chicago. Here the linen wrapping was tested by nuclear physicists, using the twentieth century Geiger-counter method. To their amazement it

was proved that the linen had been made from flax grown during the lifetime of Christ. And the 23-foot-long scroll, made of seventeen sheets of leather sewn together, was even older.

It was written in Hebrew and contained the full text of the sixty-two chapters of the book of Isaiah and dated back to 100 B.C. So it was a thousand years older than the oldest Hebrew text from which our Bible was taken. Yet, the wonderful thing was, it agreed exactly with our modern Bible text.

Since the day Mohammed found the scrolls, more caves have been found to contain hidden manuscripts, many of which were in tiny fragments and are still being pieced together by experts. Near the caves too was found the ruins of a settlement of the Jewish sect of Essenes. They must have hidden this priceless collection of scrolls to keep them from being destroyed by the pagan Romans.

Thus, because Mohammed was concerned about a lost lamb, he was instrumental in bringing to light these hidden treasures which are proof of the genuineness of the text of the modern Bible. Too, the life of Christ has become more meaningful, for He read in the synagogue in Nazareth from scrolls such as these.

One can almost see the readers standing before the scroll, unrolling it as they read, for fingerprints made two thousand years ago can still be seen on the underside of the leather of the large Hebrew scroll. •

A TEACHER PRAYS

Help me to guide them as I should,
Children are trusting and they
obey

Each thing I say. Oh, give me
grace
To teach them the true Christian
way.

Give me courage to guard what
I say

That all the small ones in my care
May learn of God and walk His
way—

Let not one small foot go astray.
—Edna Hamilton

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NICEST PLACE IN THE WORLD

By NORA ANN KUEHN



ODAY I LEANED on the top rail of a neat fence and watched the sleek black and white cattle grazing in a green meadow. Beside me my tall, sun-tanned young man said happily, "Mother, isn't a farm the nicest place in the whole world?"

I agreed, remembering him at twelve asking me the same question. It was just after his father's untimely death, and I was discussing the sale of our small farm with his grandmother. The sudden bang of the door had caused me to look up in time to see his grief-driven body streaking toward the barn. With a heavy heart I had pulled on my tattered jacket and set leaden feet on the familiar path—one still bordered with weeds, in spite of a young boy and a flaying lunch pail. I knew that it was not going to be easy to tell a boy who had just suffered the loss of a father that now he must give up the farm.

How, I asked myself that morning, was I going to shackle eager exploring feet to sidewalks after they had known the joy of running up sunny slopes and along shaded, grassy creek banks? How could I subdue a cheerful, if unmusical, voice, boisterous in song, to the quiet it takes to get along with close neighbors in a city dwelling?

Cindy, the cow we had raised from a bucket-fed calf, lowed softly in recognition as I entered the sagging barn. I knew it would not bring a dime on the market, but I loved every rotten board on it.

I reached into the manger and gathered for Cindy the hay which she had nudged out of reach. With a

proud cackle a speckled hen flew out. I took the egg from the nest and, with it warm in my hand, sat down on the slanting lid of the feedbox.

Through eyes bleary with tears I watched a nimble-footed chipmunk run along the rafter where the sun danced through a hole in the roof. I was fighting hard the lump in my throat when my son's arm encircled my shoulder and his trusting dog brushed my hand with his damp nose.

For a few agonizing moments there were no words; then my son spoke.

"Mother, isn't this the nicest place in the whole world?"

I could only nod my head, but I knew in that instant that I could not sell the farm and I prayed for God to make a way for me to keep it.

That was a long time ago. Today, when another little boy placed a small hand in mine and said,

"Grandma, come see the baby calf." I agreed and walked to a big red barn without the slightest sag in it.

But it was another barn and another boy, and I thanked God for the strength and courage it had taken to hang onto that first small farm—the place that had instilled in my son the love for this healthy environment. I was happy that now his own son would have the chance to know and understand the joy and advantage of honest toil on a farm.

I hope that I live to hear one or even two more generations say, "Isn't this the nicest place in the whole world?" ●

FAMILY TRAINING HOUR (YPE)

By Paul Henson

General Director

NOVEMBER ATTENDANCE

Cincinnati (Central Parkway), Ohio	261
Greenville (Tremont Ave.), South Carolina	224
Gastonia (Ranio), North Carolina	221
Atlanta (Mount Paran), Georgia	192
Pomona, California	192
Newport News (Parkview), Virginia	190
Brooklyn, Maryland	168
LakeLand (Lake Wire), Florida	167
Wyandotte, Michigan	142
Huntsville (Virginia Blvd.), Alabama	137
Douglas, Georgia	136
Glenclaire, Arizona	130
Jesup, Georgia	126
Winchester, Kentucky	123
Nassau (Faith Temple), Bahamas	118
Swift Current, Saskatchewan, Canada	115
Norfolk (Azalea Garden), Virginia	114
Puiaiski, Virginia	114
Saint Pauls, South Carolina	114
Haines City, Florida	112
Radford, Virginia	112
Dayton (Fourth St.), Ohio	111
Mailory, West Virginia	107
Lorain, Ohio	104
Cleveland (Mt. Olive), Tennessee	102
Paris, Texas	101
Wilson, North Carolina	101
Chattanooga (East), Tennessee	100
Dallas (Oak Cliff), Texas	99
Pontiac, Michigan	99
Naples, Florida	97
Cahokia, Illinois	95
Lexington (Loudon Ave.), Kentucky	95
Greenwood (Durst Ave.), South Carolina	94
Poplar, California	93
Rossville, Georgia	93
Princeton, West Virginia	91
Avondale Estates, Georgia	90
Lemmon, South Dakota	90
Xenia (Orange St.), Ohio	89
Fairfield, California	85
Somerset (Cotter Ave.), Kentucky	83
Cleveland (Big Springs), Tennessee	82
Lancaster, Ohio	82
Canton (Canton Temple), Ohio	81
Columbus (El Paso Drive), Ohio	81
Somerset, Pennsylvania	81
West Frankfort, Illinois	81
Peoria, Illinois	80
North Ridgeville, Ohio	78

San Fernando Valley, California	77
Covington (Shepherds Fold), Louisiana	75
Omaha (Parkway), Nebraska	74
Flint (Kearsley Park), Michigan	73
Middlesboro (Noetown), Kentucky	71
Monroe, Louisiana	71
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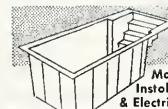
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The Lighted Pathway

By ETHEL R. PAGE

A GROUP OF tourists had come to visit a scenic cave. The entrance was well lighted. Down a long cavern could be seen lesser lights—so distributed that the visitors could easily follow the path as they examined the interior of the cave.

Before starting down the corridor, the guide gave an emphatic warning: "Ladies and gentlemen, please stay close to your guide and on the established paths. Will the adults in the group kindly be certain that your children do not leave the paths and that they are with you at all times. There are many fascinating things to see. Many bypaths that are not lighted lead to unseen dangers. So, if you do not stay on the established paths, you are sure to meet disaster."

Love of adventure and exploration is a typical characteristic of youth, and a very commendable one. If it were not for this urge to inquire, to investigate, to experiment, to see what is beyond the horizon, there would be little advancement in the world.

However, caution should be exercised, especially in the spiritual phase of life. Along life's pathway the enemy of righteousness has laid many alluring paths, displaying glittering attractions that entrance the eye and invite explora-

tion. Those who follow these bypaths do so at their own risk, for there is no light, no guide. They may soon find themselves lost in a labyrinth from which they are unable to find the way back. Indeed, this has been the fate of all too many unfortunate ones. Strength of character and purpose are needed to resist these tempting bypaths, but those who do so will reap the deep satisfaction that results from a life of purity and integrity.

There is a lighted pathway for all who choose to walk in the light. Solomon declares, "The path of the just is as a shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day" (Proverbs 4:18). Are we not impelled to follow a course that continually grows brighter and more encouraging all the way?

What are some of these lights that illumine the path of the just? "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path" (Psalm 119:105). In ancient times small lamps were worn on the feet to light the path and to prevent stumbling. This may well have suggested to the psalmist the thought expressed in the text. Following the light of the Word of God, we shall surely not lose our way.

"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament shew-

eth his handywork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard" (Psalm 19:1-3). When contemplating the works of the Creator, what tremendous light bursts upon the soul! As all these things move in perfect order His wonders to perform, we are inspired to follow in the same course and to become a part of this mighty movement that will go on and on through endless ages. Nature has been called, "God's other book." Truly, it is a perfect supplement to the Bible. The more we study it, the closer we come to God.

Christ established His church to be a light, and to give direction and counsel to His followers. By its leadership, guidance, and fellowship, the Christian pilgrim is kept on the right path. "For ye, brethren, became followers of the churches of God which in Judaea are in Christ Jesus" (1 Thessalonians 2:14).

When Jesus knew that He would soon be leaving His disciples, He realized the loss that they would feel; so He tried to prepare them by giving them the promise of the fellowship and guidance of the Holy Spirit. Repeatedly He assured them that they would not be left comfortless and alone. "Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth" (John 16:13). This promise is still in effect today. We may have the leadership of the Holy Spirit simply by asking for it.

All these lights would seem to be abundantly sufficient to insure safe traveling on the pathway of life; but Jesus, in His infinite concern, has promised to personally conduct every wayfarer. "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life" (John 8:12).

Surely, those who are lost in the pitfalls of the perilous bypaths are without excuse. "As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him" (Colossians 2:6). This is the lighted pathway. ●



ADVANCE

from page 27

DAVID'S FIVE STONES

Be wise, like David, if you can,
When giants you would kill.
Choose five smooth stones, not merely one,
Though one may fill the bill.
The first one may just miss the mark,
So, don't depend on one.
Have other missiles in reserve
Until your victory's won.

—Grace Lyon Benjamin



INSTRUCT ME

Instruct me, Lord, to reckon time
Not by the rule of years I live,
But by the readiness whereby
My heart is eager to forgive.

Teach me to change that which I can
And then submissively entrust
All else to Thy safekeeping where
The measurement is right and just.

—Joyce A. Inman



IN SERVICE

We kneel beside his bed tonight,
Though he is miles away
And think of times we tucked Bill in
After his day of play.

The prayer we breathe is very brief;
Our hearts come close to Him:
"God, give us back our boy once more—
Must war ever be so grim?"

—L. H. Brown

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21 **Read:** Philippians 1. **Think:** Paul encouraged the mission churches that he had established by letting them know that he was thinking about them: he wrote them letters (epistles). When was the last time you corresponded with a missionary? **Pray:** For Fred A. Brannen and Emma Dearstine, missionaries to Guiana.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22 **Read:** Luke 10, note verse 10. **Think:** Of the 2,974 major languages presently spoken in the world, 1,789 do not have a single portion of God's Word. The lost cannot be saved without a knowledge of His Word. **Pray:** For O. P. O'Bannon, overseer of Honduras, and for Ollie Harris and Herbert Wilson, missionaries.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 23 **Read:** Matthew 10, note verse 16. **Think:** God sends forth Christians in many ways; a teen-ager could very well be sent forth by becoming a missions booster in his local church. **Pray:** For Samuel Peterson, overseer of Haiti, and for Odine Morse and Howard Conine, missionaries.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 24 **Read:** Matthew 11, note verse 2. **Think:** Your works will identify you. Be a missions booster; plan for a missions exhibit (pictures, flags, etc.), a youth rally, a missions film night, a personal missions project. **Pray:** For Eugene Powers, missionary to Barbados.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 25 **Read:** Mark 12, note verse 42. **Think:** "Just because we cannot do everything, we should not fail to do something for the cause of Jesus Christ around the world" (Bob Pierce). **Pray:** For the work and the workers of the Church of God World Missions Department.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 26 **Read:** Matthew 4, note verse 19. **Think:** "If called to be a missionary, don't stoop to be a king" (Charles Spurgeon). **Pray:** For W. E. Johnson, world missions administrative assistant, and for T. L. Forrester, field representative.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27 **Read:** Matthew 6, note verse 7. **Think:** Out of the 667 prayers for specific things in the Bible, there are 454 traceable answers. Pray for specific mission areas and workers. **Pray:** For George Alford, Jim McClain, and Garland Griffis, missions representatives.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28 **Read:** 1 John 2, note verse 17. **Think:** What is God's will for your life in regards to world missions? **Pray:** For Dr. Ray H. Hughes, Executive Committee representative to the Missions Department.

Advance

Daily Devotions for Christian Teens

By Floyd D. Carey



DEVOTIONAL GUIDE FOR FEBRUARY

SUBJECT: WORLD MISSIONS

1969 YWEA Project, Bible School, Bahama Islands
Instructions: *Read*: the assigned Bible chapters or verses. *Think* on the message and consider the devotional comments. *Pray* for the designated person or activity. *Check* each devotion in the provided square when it has been completed.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1 *Read*: John 3, note verse 16. *Think*: Without this verse and expression of divine love, there would be no basis for world missions—we would still be living in spiritual darkness without hope. *Note*: In the prayer section this month one or more Church of God missionaries will be introduced each day. Pray for them individually and for the advancement of the missions work in their area. *Pray*: For James L. Slay, executive secretary, Church of God World Missions.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 2 *Read*: Mark 16, note verse 15. *Think*: In your opinion, does this command include teen-agers? List two methods whereby a Christian young person can preach the gospel in all the world. *Pray*: For William D. Alton, superintendent of Europe, and Bob Seyda, evangelism director.

MONDAY FEBRUARY 3 *Read*: Proverbs 3, note verse 27. *Think*: The message of God's love, forgiveness of sins, and the promise of heaven is something "good." How do believers withhold this "good" from others? *Pray*: For George Kuttab, overseer of Israel, and for Margaret Gaines and Milton Hay, missionaries.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 4 *Read:* Matthew 28, note verse 20. *Think:* Those who obey the missions commission have the promise of Christ, "Lo, I am with you alway"; or in other words, "I will be with you; to develop you, to direct you, and to demonstrate my love." *Pray:* For William Henry and Cecil Coward, missionary-teachers, International Bible Seminary, Switzerland.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 5 *Read:* John 20, note verse 21. *Think:* "So Send I Youth"; God has a responsible position for teens to fill in His world missions teaching and training program. *Pray:* For Lambert DeLong, overseer of Germany.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6 *Read:* Luke 24, note verses 47 and 48. *Think:* List two ways in which teens are witnesses of the power of the gospel and of the grace of Christ. List two ways in which they can be witnesses in foreign countries. *Pray:* For Lovell R. Cary, superintendent of the Far East.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7 *Read:* Matthew 24, note verse 14. *Think:* This verse provides an in-depth understanding on why it is so urgent to be militant and to be aggressive in preaching the gospel in all the world. *Pray:* For Martha Smith, missionary to China.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8 *Read:* Matthew 9, note verse 38. *Think:* In your opinion, does the admonition, "Pray ye therefore," embody more than just praying that God would bless the world missions cause? Support your opinion. *Pray:* For Harold L. Turner, William Pospisil, and Robert T. Reesor, overseers of India.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 9 *Read:* Psalm 2, note verse 8. *Think:* "God gave the blueprint for evangelizing the world, but you and I must carry out the plans." *Pray:* For Arthur W. Pettyjohn, James Proctor, F. F. Cortez, and E. B. Ford, missionaries to the Philippines.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 10 *Read:* Acts 16, note verse 9. *Think:* The call, "Come over and help us," is echoed by many countries today. The commission of Christ, however, must be obeyed even when an invitation is not voiced. *Pray:* For William Pratt, principal of Indonesia Bible School, and for Larry Bonds, teacher.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 11 *Read:* 1 Chronicles 30, note verse 9. *Think:* The work of a missionary also includes training children, admonishing those who have turned from the faith, and administering spiritual medication to the depressed and weary. *Pray:* For Jack Pope, overseer of Brazil, and for Ruth Crawford, Janet Carter, Bryan Hersey, and Phillip Shearer, missionaries.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12 *Read:* 2 Peter 2, note verse 5. *Think:* Noah was a missionary; he preached righteousness and warned the people of God's stan-

dard and wrath. This is the ministry of missionaries today. *Pray:* For Alejandro Portugal, Jr., overseer of South America.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13 *Read:* Acts 8, note verse 4. *Think:* To preach Christ "everywhere" today, a teen believer must have an insight and become involved in his denomination's world outreach ministry. *Pray:* for Paul Childers, Overseer of Peru, and for Roberto Rodriguez, missionary.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 14 *Read:* 1 Corinthians 15, note verse 34. *Think:* "For some have not the knowledge of God" is a statement that portrays over half of the world's population and should incite missions planning and action. *Pray:* For William R. McCall, superintendent of Mexico and Central America.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15 *Read:* Paul's first missionary journey, Acts 13 and 14, note verse 2. *Think:* God separates some teen-agers to become missionaries. A person is made aware of this separation through spiritual ambitions, study, and opportunities to serve. *Pray:* For Denzell Teague and Oscar Castillo, overseers of Guatemala, and for Thomas C. Rhyne, principal of the Bible School.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 16 *Read:* Paul's second missionary journey, Acts 15:36-18:22, note verses 37-39. *Think:* John Mark had not proven that he was dependable; God's world work is retarded by division and contention when believers are not dependable. *Pray:* For C. C. Hargrave, overseer of Panama.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 17 *Read:* Paul's third missionary journey, Acts 18:23-21:15, note verse 13. *Think:* The fact that God's power and peace cannot be received through the experience of another person adds fuel to the urgency of "going with the gospel" into all the world. *Pray:* For Virgil F. Wolf, overseer of Costa Rica.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 18 *Read:* Psalm 93, note verse 3. *Think:* As a teen-ager, you can help declare God's glory by taking an active part in the 1969 YWEA project, Bible school, Bahama Islands. *Pray:* For Fermín García, Jr., overseer of El Salvador, and for Wilfredo Calderon, principal of the Bible school.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19 *Read:* Ephesians 6, note verse 12. *Think:* Missionaries not only battle against prejudice and superstition but they also fight against the things outlined in this verse. Remember to pray for them daily. *Pray:* For T. R. Morse, superintendent of the West Indies.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20 *Read:* Isaiah 59, note verse 16. *Think:* Christ is calling for volunteers to fill the position of foreign missionaries. Will you answer His call? *Pray:* An intercessory missionary is a person who dedicates himself to pray daily for specific mission fields, missionaries, and native workers.

Continued on page 25

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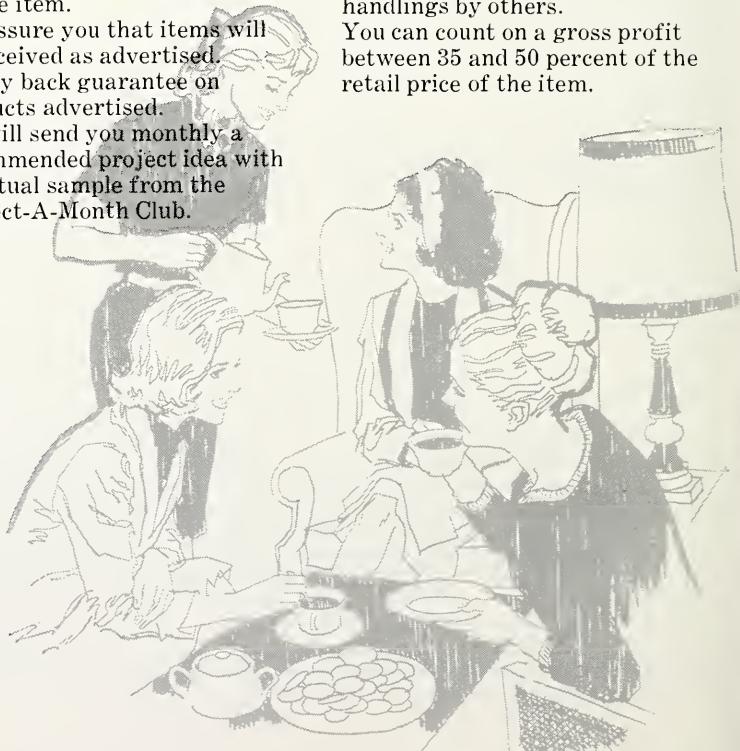
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LIGHTED

Pathway

MARCH + 1969



TWIN
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See special section of this issue

THE STIGMA

A sinner cannot flee forever
The punishment which is his due.
The hand of God will surely sever
The wrong from right, the false from true.

Think not you will escape God's wrath,
Or recompense for all the pain
You strewed along your wayward path.
Your brow now bears the mark of Cain.

—Roy Z. Kemp

NO SIZE OR COLOR

Did you ever tell an untruth, friend,
And knowing well it wasn't right;
You try to justify the act
By calling it, "a little white"?

I don't believe that God will see
The different colors of a lie
But only think of it as sin
That we have tried to classify.

Too often when we do a wrong
We think of it as big or small
And passing time reduces size
'Til it doesn't seem so bad at all!

God looks upon the human heart
And seeing evil thoughts therein;
He judges not by color or size,
But labels all wrongdoing "sin."
—Lena Sprague

FORWARD IN FAITH NEWSFLASH

Sunday, February 2, 1969, was a memorable day for "Forward in Faith." The official radio voice of the Church of God was released over 301 stations. We are deeply grateful for God's blessings upon "Forward in Faith" during the past ten years.

If you would be interested in having the "Forward in Faith" broadcast in your city, please let us know. Many doors of opportunity are being opened; and when a door is opened by God the Father, no man can shut it. We covet your prayers in this outreach for the unreached.

—Floyd J. Timmerman, minister

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LIGHTED Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

March, 1969

Vol. 40, No. 3

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Sunday School-

TODAY'S OPPORTUNITY

THE MINISTRY OF Christian education is simply the ministry of the gospel of Christ—usually within a classroom. With the Bible as its textbook, it is education which teaches that God is the fountainhead of life, love, power, and peace. Though Christian education embodies all the educational processes of the local church, its chief function is the ministry of the Sunday school. Using the Bible as its book of study, the Sunday school is the greatest agency for winning souls that the church has yet devised. During this hour of teaching the unconverted student is often convicted by the Word, and the believing student is strengthened and challenged to do Christian service. What an opportunity Sunday school affords!

THE MESSAGE

In a sense, the message of the Sunday school is one of simplicity. Reduced to its lowest terms, the message is the impartation of the news of the saving and keeping power of Christ. This good news which the worker proclaims is not his own—it is the message of God. The great doctrine of salvation is of singular concern to the worker, and he is careful to teach the student the truth of it. He teaches, in terms understandable to the age being addressed, that God loves us so much He sent His Son to the earth and that the Son gave His life for us that we might be saved. The compassionate worker makes the truth unmistakably clear that the student can and should repent of his sins, believe on the Lord Jesus, and receive Christ into his heart. Further, his message contains the awesome truth that, without conversion, Christ cannot offer a full life here nor eternal life hereafter.

THE MESSENGER

In his letter to the church at Galatia Paul pointed out that teaching is a God-given ability to be used for the building up of the church. The responsibility of imparting God's Word in the Sunday school rests solely with the teacher. Good organization, adequate facilities, or high attendance are of little value

to the student, whatever his age, if his teacher does not teach him God's Word. Great responsibility rests upon the teacher, yet this very important work is too often taken lightly.

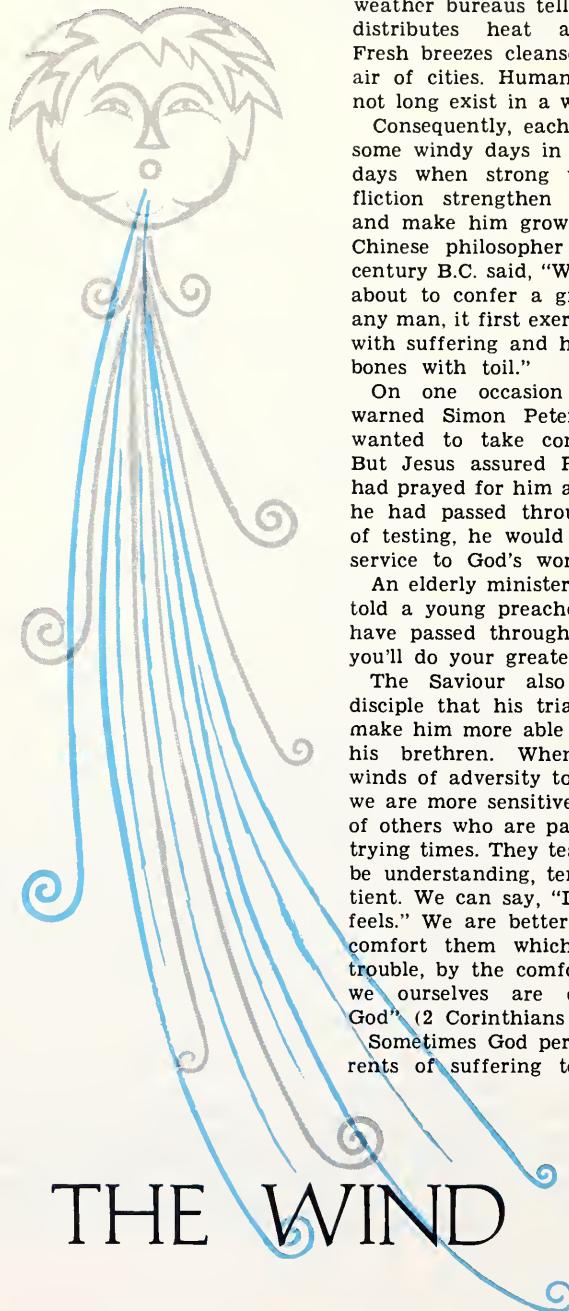
A good teacher is a growing Christian. He possesses a consistent daily testimony which demonstrates that what he teaches can be lived—with joy. He is sensitive to the leading of the Holy Spirit, is a constant student of the Word, and is thoroughly prepared when he stands before his class. After studying the lesson from the Bible, he carefully studies the lesson materials and goes to the class prepared to teach.

THE MATERIALS

A good curriculum is very important to the teacher. Since 1917 the Church of God has prepared its own Sunday school materials. Presently the church is creating and producing a totally new curriculum under the name, *New Life*. These materials will eventually span all departments, including Nursery, Kindergarten, Primary, Junior, Junior High, Senior High, and some areas of the Young Adult, and Adult. We began our work on Kindergarten materials (ages 4-5) several months ago, and these will be ready for use in the churches in September, 1969. As speedily as creation and preparation will allow, we expect to follow up with new Primary materials, and then with new materials for the Junior, Junior High, and Senior High Departments—in that order.

Building a new curriculum is a task of gigantic proportions, both in financial cost and also in man-hours. Nonetheless, the Church of God has always been imbued with the aim to improve, if the improvement would make the church more effective. We believe that the development of this new curriculum will increase the church's effectiveness and is therefore within God's will. We have writers with the maturity and ability to create and produce some of the best Sunday school materials on the market. As the reader examines these new materials, we believe he will agree that they are some of the best available. They have been especially designed by us for our particular needs. ●

By VIVIAN BOITER



MARCH IS THE month characterized by strong wind. How often we wish the wind would stop blowing. Its vigorous puffs blast things out of their customary place.

But the wind was created by God for a purpose. Officials of weather bureaus tell us that wind distributes heat and moisture. Fresh breezes cleanse the polluted air of cities. Human beings could not long exist in a windless world.

Consequently, each person needs some windy days in his life. Some days when strong whiffs of affliction strengthen his character and make him grow spiritually. A Chinese philosopher of the third century B.C. said, "When heaven is about to confer a great office on any man, it first exercises his mind with suffering and his sinews and bones with toil."

On one occasion the Saviour warned Simon Peter that Satan wanted to take control of him. But Jesus assured Peter that He had prayed for him and that when he had passed through the gales of testing, he would be of greater service to God's work.

An elderly minister of the gospel told a young preacher, "After you have passed through Gethsemane, you'll do your greatest preaching."

The Saviour also reminded a disciple that his trials would also make him more able to strengthen his brethren. When the sharp winds of adversity touch our lives, we are more sensitive to the needs of others who are passing through trying times. They teach us how to be understanding, tender, and patient. We can say, "I know how it feels." We are better prepared "to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God" (2 Corinthians 1:4).

Sometimes God permits the currents of suffering to sweep over

our lives because He wants to purify them. Peter said, "He that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin" (1 Peter 4:1). By suffering patiently for well-doing the power of sin is broken in one's life.

In the days of the first church at Jerusalem, God allowed blustering gusts of persecution to scatter the church members "throughout the regions of Judea and Samaria" (Acts 8:1). We today sometimes become so confined to daily routine that we get in a rut. Then the Lord lets a flurry of calamities force us to make some sort of change in the everyday system. He pushes us into witnessing at another place of need.

A group of missionaries were placed in a Japanese concentration camp in 1943. One of them prayed that this removal from his field of service would be a means of furthering the gospel. Several months later he saw forty young people accept Christ as Saviour. These young people were children of wealthy business people and had never felt a real need for God until they were placed in prison.

Finally, the stormy winds of hardship must tear into our lives because a loving heavenly Father is using them to help mold us into the image of His Son. A little girl, born crippled, asked her mother, "Why did God make me like this?" Wisely, the mother replied, "God hasn't finished making you yet. This is only part of His plan."

All during our lives, we shall have windy days. These are a part of God's plan. If the windy atmosphere should threaten to overwhelm us, we can take courage from the fact that Jesus was able to command the winds to obey Him. God walks "upon the wings of the wind" (Psalm 104:3). Their tempestuous movements are under His control. ●

WHAT DID YOU learn in nursery school today?" I asked my four-year-old. She started singing in her sweet treble voice: "Amazing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now I'm found, Was blind, but now I sleep."

"Sleep?" I gasped. And then I thought, "How true that is of so many of God's people!" We come to Christ and rejoice in His amazing grace; it is so sweet and precious to us. We were once lost and blind; and after our initial experience with His saving grace we are full of zeal for the Lord for a while but then we go to sleep.

We yawn while the hymns are being sung. We daydream during the pastor's prayer. We doze while the preacher delivers the message. And we suddenly revive when it is time for the benediction!

As we get into a routine of performing church duties, we sometimes fall into a state of lethargy. We become indifferent, spiritless, and impassive. Regular attendance almost becomes a chore. Where is the enthusiasm with which we once sang the wonderful hymns, went before the throne of grace in the company of our fellow Christians with all our petitions, and drank in the Word of God? Are we sleeping? Yes, Satan has slipped us the pacifier of luke-warmness, and we placidly say to ourselves, "Well, I'm saved now!"

The Apostle Paul wrote to the Ephesians: "Awake thou that

ARE YOU SLEEPING

BROTHER JOHN?

By MURIEL LARSON

sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light. See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise. Redeeming the time, because the days are evil. Wherefore be ye not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is" (Ephesians 5:14-17).

How often the people in a church have gone sedately along with their fruitless routine! Then, suddenly, when some soul-winning livewire came along, they were astonished at what he did for the Lord. Even one wide-awake livewire who is "tuned in" and following the Lord's direction can awaken many sleeping ones. As he leads souls to Christ in a Sunday school class, others become aware of the opportunities which they are passing by.

If a livewire should start a vacation Bible school in a church that has none, then others can see what can be done through this medium. One woman did start such a school in a small church and trained twelve workers to help her. There were ten decisions made for Christ, and the people of the church have had a vacation Bible school every year since. Some of the women have been soulwinners ever since that first Bible school experience.

The saints are sleeping and not redeeming the time! Neighbors, friends, and relatives are lost; yet

there is seldom a request heard at Wednesday night prayer meeting for these lost ones! We talk with them day after day, or write to them—but it is perhaps only by accident that any mention of the Lord gets into our conversation or letters.

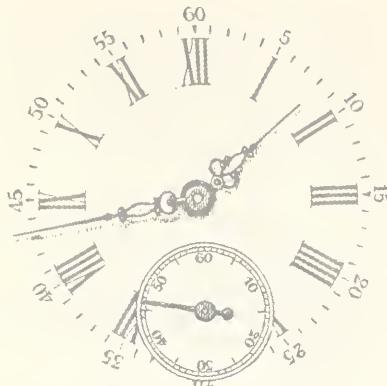
We spend time on committee meetings and socials, but there is no time to visit the sick in the hospital or conduct services for old folks or prisoners. Our nap time is more important than doing these things!

When we sing "Amazing grace how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me," let us think for a moment just how sweet and marvelous His grace is. And as we think, with gratitude, about how Christ died on that cruel cross for our sins, of how He loved us, and how one day He reached down and saved us, let us not be content with sleeping our redeemed lives away.

Every moment is precious, and so is every soul that we meet. There is always someone who needs to be saved; or, if he is a Christian, he may need encouragement, comfort, prayer, money, instruction, kindness, friendship, or whatever particular help we may be able to give.

"I once was blind, but now I see." As we go forward with the Lord, He will continually lead us into thrilling new paths of service—"therefore let us not sleep, as do others" (1 Thessalonians 5:6). •





Waste of Time?

By JAMES E. ADAMS

DID YOU EVER think of quitting school?" "Not really."

"Well, I did. One day I went home so disgusted that I exploded to Dad, 'I'm quitting school.' He said, 'Go ahead.' I was surprised; I didn't expect such ready agreement. As a result, I now intend to graduate."

I overheard this conversation between two boys who had just completed their junior year in high school. Every summer my company employs a number of students on vacation. It occurred to me that the boy who had thought he wanted to drop out of school had a wise father. This was not intended as a private conversation, so I asked, "What did you think when your father agreed with you?"

"At first, I thought Dad didn't care," the young fellow said. "So if I should quit, I wouldn't be hurting or disappointing him. If anybody would be hurt, it would be me."

"Then, as I thought about it, I remembered what I had read—that it's difficult for a dropout to secure employment, and that the unemployment rate among dropouts is nearly double that for graduates."

"You said *at first* you didn't think your father cared," I prodded.

The young fellow continued, "As I was doing this heavy thinking, I realized the remark just didn't sound like Dad. He's always concerned about what happens to me, but he's pretty foxy. Guess Dad knows me better than I know myself. He just made me figure it out for myself."

However, there are three million high school dropouts in the 16-to-21-year age bracket in the country today. They didn't figure it out for themselves—that to become a plumber a high school education is almost a necessity. Even in service fields, from appliance repair to carpet installation, a high school diploma is usually required.

One employer penned his thoughts after he turned down a youthful job applicant:

"Dear John Doe, Jr.: I am sorry I had to turn you down this afternoon when you came to my office and applied for a job. You seemed like a nice enough young man—neat and polite and willing—but you didn't have a high school diploma. Apparently you skimmed over the line which read, 'High school Graduates.'

"The job you wanted has an excellent future. It offers unusual opportunities for advancement. I am sorry you did not qualify. And now I would like to give you one bit of advice. Go back to school and graduate. You may feel it is a waste of time; but take my word for it, it is the smartest thing you can do. Signed: The Man Who Had To Say No."

God needs people with a diploma to serve as church officials and teachers; they can do a better job. He needs graduates to accept His call to serve as pastor or missionary.

The day after a twenty-one-year-old man was discharged from the Army, he enrolled as a high school freshman. Some poked fun and others snickered. But he graduated not only from high school but also from college and seminary. Today he is a successful pastor and servant of God. Success in any field is practically impossible in these days for a dropout.

Education is never a waste of time; it can bring you eternal benefits. ●

MY MOTHER OFTEN went to the hospital for care, observation, and sometimes surgery. Each time she went I lived through the days as though they were completely dark. I prayed—but I was afraid.

One of those dark evenings I heard a speaker quote John 8:12. Before the reference slipped my mind, I looked it up in the Bible and read it over several times. As I did, I knew why Mother was not afraid or worried each time she went to the hospital, for I knew how much she leaned on Bible truths. This verse reads: "Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

A few days later when Mother again came home from the hospital, she gave me a well-worn little ten-cent notebook. I expect she has used a hundred note books in her lifetime for jotting down things—recipes, snatches of poetry, words that came to her during a busy day of homemaking, descriptions of flowers, trees, or the words of a song. This little notebook happened to be a collection of Bible verses—"My Courage Verses," she called them.

Some of Mother's verses were taken from Psalm 91: *Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the most High, thy habitation: There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a Stone.*

On another page Mother had written: *Sometimes when I can't understand God's ways, I read the words of Matthew, "Then touched he their eyes, saying, According to your faith be it unto you" (Matthew 9:29).*

When I praise God, I think of these words: "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together. I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears" (Psalm 34:3, 4).

Now I am starting a Courage Notebook like Mother's. Maybe you would like to do the same. With the Bible's promises, why should Mother—or you or I—be afraid? •

Mother's Courage Notebook

AFTER THE

By GRACE CASH

AFTER THE AUCTION sale she would tell him, Margaret Baxter decided, as Ben drove from her boarding house—that is, if she could think of an easy way to tell the man she loved that she could not marry him.

"Good day for Averys," he said, rearranging his long jean-clad legs and smiling lazily at her.

She glanced at his thick mop of blonde hair, straight as wheat straw, and shining clean. "Why?" she asked, wondering if all the Averys were as neat and relaxed as this one. Somehow he had managed to acquire a Phi Beta key while appearing to care for nothing but the simple things of Sandy Cross—the church, the Bible, and of course, the Averys. "Why is today good for the Averys?"

"Sunshine after rain," he answered. "All the Averys I know are of the earth earthy."

Some are teachers, she thought grimly. There was little left to doubt that she had not been born of the Avery lineage, and this she must tell Ben—after the sale. Let him—and let her—enjoy one more half-day together. Then he must know what her mother had revealed to her before she came to Sandy Cross to teach—that Benjamin Avery had given Margaret to Otto and Lucy Baxter, pledging

them to raise her from infancy as their own.

"Better to be earthy than some things I know," she said vaguely. "The Averys farm because they feel at home with the soil," he said. "I would suffocate in an insurance office or standing before a room full of potential scholars."

The Averys were genuine people, they were true-hearted Christians, the kind of people her foster parents, before they died together in a traffic accident a year ago, had told her to seek out. Yet she had not sought the Baxters, nor had Ben sought her. After she came to Sandy Cross to search for her true identity, she and Ben had met at a box supper and it was mutual love at first sight. From the first moment she had known that she could not marry him; yet she had dated him regularly for six months. It had taken that long for her to turn over every record at the county courthouse, to secretly hire a lawyer who made run-downs in neighboring counties. Nothing had been decided yet but the lawyer agreed that she probably belonged to the Averys, that they had some reason for wanting her birth kept secret.

"I don't know why I'm going to this sale," she said. "It grieves me to see a household broken up. I

miss Aunt Nora." She was not actually her aunt, yet she referred to her as such, following the community custom. "I went by to see her the last week she lived, and she read from her Bible."

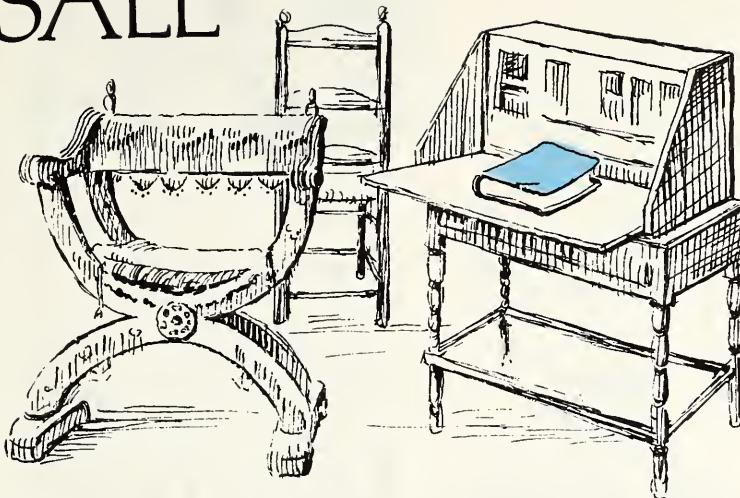
"What did she read?" he asked, changing gears to climb the red hill leading to the two-room cabin where Nora had lived alone the twenty years of her widowhood. "What part of the Bible?"

That's the Averys, she thought. The Bible was not merely a symbol, but a promise of God's hovering nearness. "Gold from heaven," is the way Seth Avery put it when he came, as one of the trustees, to Sandy Cross Elementary School to talk to her of a current problem. "She read from Daniel, how he said that when he was afraid, he would trust in God."

"See that you do," he said seriously, glancing at her, a slight frown lining his high forehead. "You've been jumpy ever since I met you, and I see no improvement. Maybe you're worse—tense as a tight rope. Maggie, what's worrying you?"

"Everybody now has something to worry about," she said. Later she would tell him—after the sale. It would be utterly foolish to marry an Avery when apparently she was

SALE



an Avery herself, born so. To change the subject, she asked, "Will Aunt Nora's Bible be auctioned off?"

His hands left the steering wheel, spread out like wide strong wings. "Everything," he said. "All the money goes to the church. That was in her will."

"Which Avery will act as auctioneer?" she asked.

He grinned. "Uncle Clabe."

"I think I could use her Bible," she said. She recalled that Nora had marked all "faith" passages with a blue pencil and all "promise" verses with a red pencil. "Tell your uncle I'm interested."

"It'll look good on the center table," Ben answered. "Mama's giving us the hundred-year-old center table for a wedding present. That's nice of her, isn't it?"

Afterward she remembered that she had not replied and that Ben looked puzzled. Before the sun, shining that day for the believing Averys, reached the tallest pine top on the ridge, Ben would know why she had not seemed enthusiastic. Of course, the cherry table was a rare beauty but not as rare as the family devotion the Averys had managed to cultivate and keep in tender growth like an evergreen tree. She loved Ben; she loved the

Averys; but, Monday she would tell the school trustees that she must resign. She knew not where her paths would lead, but she would trust in God—like Daniel, she thought, as she watched item after item auctioned off until only the Bible remained.

"Saved for the last," Clabe Avery said. "I've saved the most prized possession of this good Christian woman for the last. Who'll bid me a dollar?"

Margaret raised her hand.

"Who'll bid two dollars?"

Again Margaret raised her hand.

"Three?" he said.

"Three," she answered in a soft voice.

"Three I'm bid. Who'll make it four?" No one answered. "Who'll make it four? Sold—sold—sold to Miss Margaret Baxter."

Margaret carried the Bible to Ben's car to wait for him. Clutching the Bible for strength, borrowing from Nora Loggins' faith, she planned how she would tell him that she could not become his wife. When she opened the door, an envelope fell from the pages. It was addressed: "To Whoever Buys My Bible."

Her hands fumbling in impatience, Margaret opened the envelope and read the big-lettered

words on ruled paper: "Now I confess to what God knows I've wished I could tell all along. But it was a promise to my dying daughter. Bess married a soldier secretly and he wrote that he wasn't ever coming back to claim her. She died, her heart broke in pieces. But before she died, she arranged for her baby daughter to have a home. Little Margaret Atherton is now Margaret Baxter. Raised by Otto and Lucy Baxter, living at last count in Carnesboro. Somebody ought to search for the girl and let her know my daughter Bess was her sweet little mother."

"I sign this paper in the presence of God—

"Mrs. Nora Loggins, mother of Bess Loggins Atherton, and grandmother of Margaret (Loggins) Baxter."

Margaret folded the letter and carefully tucked it back in the yellowed envelope. Someday—maybe when they were married and there was a need for Ben to know—she would tell him. Right now it would require too much explaining. Right now all she wanted to do was to relax and accept God's promises, as had Nora Loggins, as did the Averys—so many trusting Averys that even the sun shone especially for them. ●

IT IS STRIKING how impassioned the Apostle James becomes when he talks about the tongue. He seems to have had considerable experience to be able to describe its workings so remarkably.

In rapid succession he runs through a range of graphic metaphors to give us his precise image of the little member. (See James 3.)

Some of the images are by way of contrast: we control horses by a small bit placed in their mouths. A man experiences a wonderful feeling of power to rein in a horse, to bid him turn to the right or the left—and to see the horse obey.

But few have their tongues under so perfect a control. The vicious tongue runs wildly about without direction or control, sometimes trampling the innocent or tearing up fields destructively.

As if that were not clear enough, James uses the image of the great vessel in the midst of fierce winds, brought to safety by the wise captain at the small helm. Yet, we do not seem to have such a governor at the helms of our tongues. And the fierce winds of rumor and confusion dash us against the rocks—all because our tongues are so unruly.

Wild beasts as well can be tamed, made to do the will and bidding of their masters—but not so the tongue. We have all seen the roaring lion or the snarling tiger stand obediently in the center ring, seated upon the tall stool. They stand in utter submission to the skillful tamer with whip and chair in hand.

But the wild beast of the tongue is rarely brought to such docility. Instead, it roars and devours and destroys.

But James also selects metaphors of comparison. The tongue is a fire. Some small word, idly dropped, may be like a spark which falls upon excelsior or in dried grass. It smoulders and crackles and sputters a moment—then suddenly it is a flame and the entire house is engulfed. All its inhabi-

tants are fortunate to escape alive.

That is a perfect picture of the tongue. A thoughtless word—one we may have felt was of no consequence—is passed from mouth to ear and mouth to ear until finally a reputation is destroyed, the fellowship of Christians is hindered, hearts are broken, and the innocent are slandered. The tongue is a fire.

And the tongue is a deadly poison. Think how tongues have destroyed the work of God in many communities. Nothing is more devastating than the poison of a vicious tongue. It is a monstrous arsenic that ravages the life of its victim, leaving him helpless in the grip of its death.

But the key to the whole problem is in two of the metaphors—the fountain and the fig tree. From a fountain issues only the water that is deep within it. The bitter words of a tongue reveal the bitterness of the heart. And a fig tree brings forth figs, not olive berries. Jesus said that we would



By BOB LAIR

A Little Member

be judged by our words, for they issue from our hearts and reveal our spiritual state.

The tree that is in God's vineyard bears good fruit. The life enlivened by the Spirit of God bears the fruit of love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.

Paul, speaking lovingly to the Ephesians, wrote: "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers. And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption. Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice: And be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you" (Ephesians 4:29-32). Every Christian ought to memorize these words and let them control his use of the little member. ●

IN JUST A few weeks two meetings of great importance to the Church of God will take place in the Anaheim, California, Convention Center, March 18-20, and on the Ohio State Fairgrounds in Columbus, April 8-10, 1969. These twin National Sunday School Conventions are sponsored by the General Sunday School and Youth Department.

Someone has observed that there is a positive correlation between America's Sunday school growth and America's Sunday school conventions. Recognizing this fact, the Church of God General Sunday School and Youth Department has ardently sponsored and promoted Sunday school conventions on both the regional and the national level.

Beginning with the opening session, each person in attendance at the twin National Conventions will have the opportunity to study new methods in Christian education. The conventions will provide opportunities for us to look at our strengths and weaknesses and at the challenges of today's world as they relate to the Christian church. These sessions will serve as occasions when church leaders and workers can consider many vital subjects—hear about them, discuss them, react to them, and share ideas about them.

The program will be designed to give our people practical help and inspiration for Christian education ministries in the local church. Leaders well qualified in theory and by practical experience will present the needs, challenges, and problems in many areas of Sunday school and youth work. The instructors for the sessions, who will be called workshop leaders, will be selected both for their knowledge and practical experience in their assigned areas.

The conventions will consist of several features: the general sessions with their dynamic messages and spiritual singing, a number of stimulating workshops offering Sunday school and youth work know-how, helpful packets of materials, a resourceful convention

encyclopedia, and a challenging convention theme, "The Sunday School: Today's Opportunity," around which the entire program will be built.

Each of the general sessions speakers is widely known and respected. Mr. Clete E. Raymond, executive secretary of the Michigan Sunday School Association, will be a guest speaker. The other general sessions speakers will be quickly recognized by our Church of God constituency. The General Overseer, Dr. Charles W. Conn, will conduct a special pastoral seminar in each convention, and two of our Assistant General Overseers, Dr. Ray H. Hughes, and the Reverend Wade H. Horton, will speak in the general sessions. The speakers, drawing from rich and resourceful backgrounds, will address themselves to the following subjects: "Opportunity for Evangelism," "Today's God: The Sovereign Trinity," "Opportunity for Nurture," "Today's Power: His Spirit," "Today's Authority: His Word," "Opportunity for Involvement," and "Today's Hope: His Return."

These twin National Conventions will be an inspiration as they have always been in the past. A program of exciting music, including the Lee Singers and other special groups, will sing at the conventions. The Thursday Youth Night extravaganza, pastors' seminars, exhibits (over 100), workshops (over 220), youth seminars, and outstanding lay speakers will be among the special features of these conventions.

It will be assuring to know that Christians from all over the United States and many foreign countries will be praying regularly that these conventions will serve as occasions for a fresh outpouring of the Holy Ghost and the beginning of a sweeping outreach for souls through our Sunday schools. As we give priority to the reaching and teaching of the unreached for Christ, many prayers will be making their way to the eternal throne room night and day in behalf of these conventions. ●

Looking Toward THE NATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTIONS

By CECIL R. GUILES
Assistant General Sunday
School and Youth Director



The Anaheim, California, convention center, located near famous Disneyland.



The sprawling city of Columbus, Ohio, site of the eastern convention.

Workshop titles prepared and submitted by Paul F. Henson, General Director, Sunday School and Youth

Twin National Sunday School Conventions

Pages twelve and thirteen carry a listing of all the workshops in both conventions. Persons who plan to attend one of the conventions should study the workshop titles and decide to attend those which would be most helpful.

—Editor

ANAHEIM, CALIFORNIA

TUESDAY, MARCH 18, 3:00 p.m.

The General Superintendent and His Work
Visitation, the Key to Opportunity
Motivating People to Work in the Christian Education Program
Planning and Directing the Vacation Bible School
Organizing and Directing the Nursery (2-3) Department
Organizing and Directing the Primary (6-8) Department
The Mission of Pioneers for Christ
The Ministry of Christian Camping
The Teaching Methods of Jesus
Pastors Seminar: The Pastor and World Missions

TUESDAY, MARCH 18, 6:00 p.m.

How to Start New Churches
Organizing and Directing the Junior (9-11) Department
Organizing and Directing the Adult Department
Church Budgeting and Financing
Understanding and Teaching Kindergarten (4-5) Children

How a Small Sunday School Can Do a Big Job
How to Spark Up Workers Conferences
What About Vocations for Christian Youth?
The Role of the Pastor's Wife
Pastors Seminar: The Pastor and Christian Education

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19, 10:30 a.m.
Organizing and Directing the Kindergarten (3-5) Department
Understanding and Teaching Juniors (9-11)
Organizing and Directing the Young People's (18-24) Department
Planning Effective Youth Meetings
Training Laymen to Be "Fishers of Men"
Enlisting and Developing Leadership
Effective Sunday School Records
How to Study the Bible in Lesson Preparation
How Churches Grow
Pastors Seminar: The Pastor, Man and Minister

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19, 3:00 p.m.
Organizing and Directing the Junior Hi (12-14) Department
Motivating Pupils to Memorize
Understanding and Teaching Nursery (2-3) Children
Understanding and Teaching Adults

Christian Education in the Small Church
 Teaching Missions in the Sunday School
 Attendance-Building Programs
 Scouting in the Church
 Reaching Children for Christ
 Pastors Seminar: The Pastor and Outreach Opportunities

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19, 6:00 p.m.
 Understanding and Teaching Primary (6-8) Children
 Understanding and Teaching Young People (18-24)
 Evangelism in a Changing Society
 The Work of the Board of Christian Education
 Through the Week Activities for Youth
 Family Training Hour Really Works for Us
 Helping Laymen Become Personal Witnesses
 Solving the Communication Problem for Teachers
 The Nurture of New Members
 Pastors Seminar: The Pastor and Public Relations

THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 10:30 a.m.
 Understanding and Teaching Junior Hi's (12-14)
 Understanding and Teaching Senior Hi's (15-17)
 The Apostolic Approach to Missions
 A Graded Choir Program
 New Horizons for Women in the Church
 Techniques of Counseling for Christian Leaders
 How to Share Your Faith With Others
 Teaching for Results
 Tips for Parents of Teens
 Pastors Seminar: The Pastor and Evangelism

THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 3:00 p.m.
 Understanding and Helping Today's Youth
 How Your Church Can Have a World Ministry
 How the Small Church Can Plan Ahead
 How to Build a Standard Christian Education Program
 Finding Prospects for the Sunday School
 How to Plan and Produce a Radio Program
 Effective Christian Leadership
 The Department Superintendent and His Work
 How to Become a Christian Writer
 Pastors Seminar: The Pastor, Selecting and Purchasing Church Properties

THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 6:00 p.m.
 Youth and Missions
 After High School, What?
 Properly Grading and Departmentalizing the Sunday School
 Using Art Techniques in Christian Education
 The Young Disciples Group in Family Training Hour
 Reaching College and Career Youth
 Best Teaching Methods
 How to Live With Your Teen-ager and Like It
 Christian Nurture in the Home
 Pastors Seminar: The Pastor and Youth

COLUMBUS, OHIO

TUESDAY, APRIL 8, 3:00 p.m.
 The General Superintendent and His Work
 Visitation, the Key to Opportunity
 Motivating People to Work in the Christian Education Program
 Planning and Directing the Vacation Bible School
 Organizing and Directing the Nursery (2-3) Department
 Organizing and Directing the Primary (6-8) Department
 The Mission of Pioneers for Christ
 The Ministry of Christian Camping
 How to Start New Churches
 Solving the Discipline Problem in Sunday School
 Guidelines for Sunday School Success
 How to Teach by Discussion
 Reaching the Young Marrieds
 The Ministry of the Teacher
 How to Conduct a Sunday School Enlargement Campaign
 Pastors Session: The Pastor and World Missions

TUESDAY, APRIL 8, 6:00 p.m.
 The Teaching Methods of Jesus
 Organizing and Directing the Junior (9-11) Department
 Organizing and Directing the Adult Department
 Church Budgeting and Financing
 Understanding and Teaching Kindergarten (4-5) Children
 How a Small Sunday School Can Do a Big Job
 How to Spark Up Workers Conferences
 What About Vocations for Christian Youth?
 The Role of the Minister's Wife
 How to Have Bible Study in the Home
 How to Involve Laymen in Evangelism
 Christian Education in the Small Church
 Sunday School Retreats and Socials
 Sunday School Attendance-Building Programs
 Involving Youth in World Missions
 Pastors Session: The Pastor and Evangelism

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 10:30 a.m.
 Organizing and Directing the Kindergarten (3-5) Department
 Understanding and Teaching Juniors (9-11)
 Organizing and Directing the Young Peoples (18-24) Department
 Planning Effective Youth Meetings
 Training Men to Be "Fishers of Men"
 Enlisting and Developing Leadership

Effective Sunday School Records
 Evangelism in the Classroom
 How Churches Grow
 Techniques for Conducting a Department Meeting
 How to Reach Your Community by Radio
 Testing Your Teaching
 Elective Classes in the Sunday School
 Establishing Standards for Teachers
 The Work of the Director of Christian Education
 Pastors Session: The Pastor and Counseling

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 3:00 p.m.
 Organizing and Directing the Junior Hi (12-14) Department
 Motivating Students to Memorize
 Understanding and Teaching Nursry (2-3) Children
 Understanding and Teaching Adults
 Using Art Techniques in Christian Education
 Teaching Missions in the Sunday School
 Organizing and Directing the Men's Fellowship
 Scouting in the Church
 How to Organize and Direct a Children's Church
 Organizing and Directing Young Adult Work
 Evangelism Through the Sunday School
 Making Your Church Training Program Vital
 Church Architecture
 Effective Long-Range Planning
 Helping Youth Solve Their Problems
 Pastors Session: The Pastor and Christian Education

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 6:00 p.m.
 Understanding and Teaching Primary (6-8) Children
 Understanding and Teaching Young People (18-24)
 Evangelism in a Changing Society
 The Work of the Board of Christian Education
 Through the Week Activities for Youth
 Family Training Hour Really Works for Us
 Christian Youth and the New Morality
 Solving the Communication Problem for Teacher
 The Nurture of New Members
 Public Relations and the Church
 A Graded Choir Program
 Eliminating the Small Church Concept
 Motivating Pupils to Learn
 Planning, Building, and Equipping the Christian Educational Unit
 How Your Church Can Have a World Ministry
 Pastors Session: The Pastor, Man and Minister

THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 10:30 a.m.
 Understanding and Teaching Junior Hi's (12-14)
 Understanding and Teaching Senior Hi's (15-17)
 The Apostolic Approach to Missions
 The Children in Family Training Hour
 A Prayer Ministry for the Christian Woman
 Techniques of Counseling for Christian Leaders
 How to Share Your Faith With Others
 Teaching for Results
 Tips for Parents of Teens
 The "Young Disciples" Group in Family Training Hour
 Effective Christian Leadership
 The Pastor and Christian Education Director—A Team
 Ministering to College Young People
 Organizing and Maintaining an Active Extension Department
 How to Start a Church in a New Area
 Pastors Session: The Pastor and Stewardship

THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 3:00 p.m.
 Understanding and Helping Today's Youth
 The "Junior Disciples" Group in Family Training Hour
 How the Small Church Can Plan Ahead
 How to Build a Standard Christian Education Program
 Finding Prospects for the Sunday School
 Making the Church Bulletin Pay Off
 How to Make a Home Visit
 The Department Superintendent and His Work
 How to Become a Christian Writer
 Kindergarten, Nursery, and Day Care Programs
 Every Layman an Evangelist
 The District Director and His Work
 Special Days in the Sunday School
 The Teacher and His Methods
 Meaningful Music in the Church
 Pastors Session: The Pastor, Selecting and Purchasing Church Properties

THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 6:00 p.m.
 The Holy Spirit in Missions
 After High School, What?
 Properly Grading and Departmentalizing the Sunday School
 Inner-City Evangelism
 New Horizons for Women in the Church
 How Teen-agers Can Serve Their Church
 How to Study the Bible in Lesson Preparation
 How to Live With Your Teen-ager and Like It
 Christian Nurture in the Home
 Reaching Unreached Children
 What Makes a Good Youth Sponsor
 Rescuing Teen Dropouts
 When Does a Church Need a Director of Christian Education
 How the Church Can Minister to the Military
 Ways to Curb Absenteeism

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Anaheim, California
March 18, 19, 20, 1969

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These National Conventions will be planned and conducted for
to take full advantage of today's opportunities for Christian

Sunday School - Today's Opportunity for

REACHING, WINNING AND DEVELOPING PEOPLE FOR CHRIST

By WADE H. HORTON, Assistant
General Overseer

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL today has the golden opportunity of reaching and winning people who could not be reached or won in any other way. However, it must be prepared and well organized, as well as deeply spiritual, if it is to meet this challenge successfully. Most assuredly the Sunday school is a God-given instrument; and when it is used wisely and vigorously, it becomes an efficient and effective weapon for God and His church.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL— REACHING PEOPLE FOR CHRIST

The Sunday school is a missionary opportunity to extend a helping hand to the unreached and unevangelized. While its primary concern is to teach the Word of God, its overall and overwhelming desire and passion should be to see the results of this teaching culminate in newborn creatures in Christ Jesus and in abundant fruit

bearing for the Master's vineyard. If properly administered, the Sunday school can be the greatest force, the most skillful weapon, and the mightiest arm of evangelism outreach in the church.

Its ministry is uniquely ideal for reaching the lost, because its environment and atmosphere is different from any other church service. It is different in that it is conducted in small separate groups, each containing persons of comparable ages, who have assembled not to hear preaching from a preacher but to hear a consecrated layman give biblical instructions and direct class discussions when time permits.

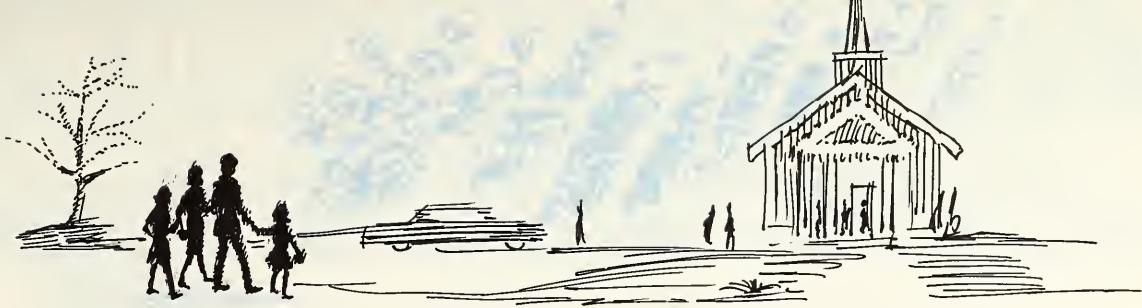
In each class are persons who think alike and understand each other. They are encouraged to discuss topics of mutual interest which they may readily comprehend. Therefore, it is not just another preaching session, but it is a time to teach, to study, and to

discuss the Scripture in a friendly, congenial, and communicative fashion conducive to continued interest and enthusiastic participation.

The teacher must be alert and spiritually sensitive. He holds the key that will open the locked hearts of those who do not know Christ. He must always, in every way, in every place, and in every circumstance, strive to be used in reaching, touching, and wooing the hearts of the wayward. He must pray and yearn to be skillful and tactful, lest he lose the prize from his grasp.

The Sunday school classroom is an ideal place for a teacher to reach people, for here he can become personally acquainted with each student in his class. This hand-to-hand, close range evangelism in an arena of friendliness, understanding, and acceptance, can be very effective. But the teacher's effort to reach must not end at the ringing of a school bell; it must extend to the home, to the shop, to the office, and even in the street—wherever the opportunity presents itself. May God pity the Sunday school official, and more especially the teacher, who makes excuses of having no time to prepare, to pray, or to participate in home extension, visitation of delinquent students, or door-to-door visitation of prospective attendants.

If Sunday school officials and teachers cannot be moved, they should be removed. This Sunday school business is a spiritual business that is endeavoring to reach eternal souls lest they perish forever. The uncommitted, the unconcerned, and the unspiritual should no longer be allowed to hamper and hinder our evangelistic outreach. In this day of all days, we must have spiritual, dedicated, intelligent people in places of leadership, lest we miss or waste this golden opportunity of reaching the lost before Jesus comes.



THE SUNDAY SCHOOL— WINNING PEOPLE FOR CHRIST

Many churches sing, "Win the lost at any cost"—and they really mean it, if it can be done by donating dollars and dimes. This, however, offers little proof of Pentecostal persuasion and passion in the affluent society of our day. Such action is like one's offering a lame lamb to God which is totally unacceptable unless it is accompanied by offerings of time and talent.

If its to fulfill its place in the church, the Sunday school must be a well-organized unit operation with a dedicated goal of winning all who enter its doors. Understandably, this takes much time, study, preparation, and prayer. A church should thoroughly understand that no untrained person be sent into actual combat. The end result could be embarrassment or tragedy for either the saint or the sinner, or at the worst for both of them. Each frontline Sunday school worker should be required to take all courses offered by the church, to attend workers meetings, to be completely loyal to all the teachings and practices of the church, and to be Spirit-filled and dedicated to the task of winning the lost.

When the Sunday school's house is in order, it will make—

- (1) a united effort to get *new people into the spiritual environment* of its classes and services. It will take a definite step toward winning them for Christ;
- (2) an all-out attempt to help visitors really know and understand the Christians and the church. When this is accomplished, a strong wall of separation will be removed, encouraging confidence, interest, and inquiry;

- (3) every effort to subject scholars to well-taught Bible lessons and to confront them with scriptural truth. The Word of God is "alive and powerful" and will do its convicting, convincing, and converting work in the hearts of the hearers;
- (4) an effort to get students to look on the compassionate face of a godly-looking, godly-acting, and godly-talking teacher as rivers of truth gush forth—soaked in tears—from a bleeding heart of love for the lost and wayward. When this combination of dedicated instrumentality, godly example, compassion, truth, and fervency of spirit is prevalent, the earnest pleas for the salvation of the lost will be rewarded. Let us direct all of our energies in this direction, for the time is short. The souls whom we let slip through our fingers today may not be with us tomorrow.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL— DEVELOPING PEOPLE FOR CHRIST

Christian development is perhaps the least spectacular service of the Sunday school, but this, by no means, diminishes its importance in the church's ministry. When the Sunday school has been successful in reaching and winning souls for Christ, it must turn its attention toward the arduous task of developing mature Christians. Many Sunday schools are weak and fail in this area

- (1) because of a lack of understanding of its purpose and responsibility;
- (2) because of a shortage of dedicated, biblically oriented, and spiritually motivated personnel;
- (3) because of its inadequate

training program; (4) and because it allows the classroom to be subjected to promotional gimmicks and extraneous, erratic, unnecessary, and unprofitable discussions. Such things should never be substituted for the Christ-centered, compassionate teaching of the gospel. No intelligent person wants a plate of worldly hash in the place of a plentiful supply of the heavenly manna. Any interested Sunday school can overcome this crippling handicap by a complete reorganization so that it may meet the needs of the church and the community.

There should be a sober reexamination, a reevaluation, and a reassessment of *its sense of spiritual values*. Reexamination should be focused upon the purpose of its existence. Reevaluation should be based on progress made in its function as a teaching agency of the church, and reassessment must necessarily be concerned with the potentials of a spiritual and progressive Christ-centered ministry. If these are ever fully comprehended by even the smallest church, its influence for good will be unlimited. The all-important sensitivity to spiritual values can be acquired even amidst the many pressures of a madly materialistic world.

The church and Sunday school must insist upon inaugurating a sound program so that it may develop newly won converts into spiritually mature Christians. If we fail in this, our whole profession, persuasion, and purpose is thwarted; we end up on a purposeless merry-go-round or on a one-way dead-end street. The Sunday

Continued on page 25

By BOB WHITLOCK

What is a DCE?

THE DIRECTOR OF Christian Education (DCE) is a man who wears many hats. More and more of our local congregations are hiring full-time Directors of Christian Education. These questions are often asked: "What do Directors of Christian Education do?" "What does his work involve?"

The DCE is involved in a wide variety of activities and responsibilities. If one were to take a peek at a DCE's memo for the week, he might see something like this:

- Review absentee follow-up program
- Meet with Young Disciples' sponsors for prayer and planning
- Prepare church bulletin
- Speak at Workers' Conference, Tuesday p.m.
- Meet with superintendent to continue work on Sunday School Standard
- Attend teachers' meeting
- Discuss new Sunday school materials with nursery workers
- Speak for district meeting
- Mail DCE report
- Get large record player fixed
- Participate in visitation program
- Begin work on Easter program
- Look over prospect cards
- Call Youth for Christ director about program

These and many more details might fill the week for a Director of Christian Education.

The first responsibility of such a director is the total education program of the church. The administration of this program is in his hands, according to the policies of the local pastor and congregation.

As the supervisor of all the teaching agencies of the church, the DCE is the overseer of the Sunday school, Children's Church, Young Disciples, and Family Training Hour (YPE). This means that

he is involved in the training of leaders. He might attempt this in a number of ways: in formal training classes, in workshops, or in personal counseling sessions and small group discussions.

As the resource person for Christian Education, the DCE endeavors to provide materials, ideas, and inspiration for workers in every department of the church. This means that he must give considerable time to study and research related to all areas of Christian education.

The director is always evaluating. He is constantly evaluating records, materials, and programs. He watches trends in order to counsel and give constructive suggestions to department leaders.

No matter how you look at the job of the Director of Christian Education, it is challenging and demanding. It demands the utmost in preparation and in personal dedication. •

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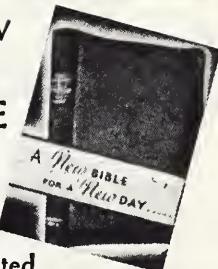
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Words of a Wanderer

BY ELIZABETH TEAGUE

ON MAY 11, WHICH is the day for honoring mothers, or "Mother's Day," in Guatemala, my husband and I visited a small hospital room. Although we had moved to Guatemala to minister to the natives, on this occasion we were visiting a young man who was a citizen of the United States.

We had met the man by chance a few months earlier in the "Austrian Tea Shop." Now, here he lay in a hospital. Although still in his twenties, he had collapsed the day before—apparently from nervous exhaustion. Our impression had been that he was an ambitious person who was courageous enough to try to make for himself a good life in a foreign country. A very personable young man, he was escorting two young "senoritas" that day.

Now as we sat with him in his hospital room, he remembered that we were missionaries and began to talk very freely to us. He told us that he had first left the United States because he was tired of the materialistic, grasping "humdrum" way of life and the pressure for conformity. His family was fairly well-to-do. They had given him money, a good education, and had reared him in a "religious" atmosphere. He had acquired a job as junior executive in a business firm which made possible a sports car, silk suits and educated friends; but he was unhappy and dissatisfied.

He decided that he did not want to live his life as his two sisters—"in air-conditioned cracker boxes" as he put it—and always performing routines without ever knowing the real meaning of life. Consequently, he decided to sell his sports car and his fine clothes, settle up all his affairs, quit his job, and go to the Far East.

After five years of traveling in several different countries, he de-

cided that surely things back home had changed and he could return in peace. He was back only a short time, however, when he saw that things had indeed changed, but for the worse. So he left and finally came to Guatemala. He almost immediately enjoyed success in business, but he had to work very hard and long hours. Perhaps it was the long, hard working hours that caused his collapse.

Now from his hospital bed he confessed, "I have always had this gnawing within which can't seem to be satisfied, and I am looking for something to stop the gnawing." Begging our pardon for what he was about to say, but explaining that he had to tell us just how he felt, he proceeded: "I am tired of hearing the word *God* thrown around in a careless manner. I am disgusted with the so-called religious people who are so self-righteous and pious and claim to know all about God."

"If Jesus were to come back, do you think He would sit in their big buildings and listen to all their hypocritical goings on? No. *He would come and sit down and talk with me, a sinner—not to save me, but because I would be honest with Him, and all those church people would not be.*" At this point I said to him, "You are right; He would come and talk with you; but you are wrong that He would not want to save you. That is why He came to this world—to seek and to save that which was lost."

I left the room very troubled as I thought upon the plight of this confused person. When I considered that this was not a so-called heathen but a citizen of my home country, "a Christian nation," I felt even more troubled.

Who is responsible for this attitude which is so prevalent in the world? I must admit that in my opinion, it is not the fault of the profligate sinner, nor a lack of

churches, nor a lack of preaching, nor even a lack of knowledge of the Word of God. It is instead the fault of church members failing to live a consistent Christian life. Mahatma Ghandi once said, "I would be a Christian today except for Christians." What a challenge this presents to us as Christians! What would be the result if we would leave the comfort of our living room once in a while to go talk, personally, with a sinner, or if we were willing to sacrifice just a few of our selfish desires in order to take time to show our love for one another?

It is easy to say we love our neighbor as ourselves. Just because we do not hate or dislike someone, however, does not mean we love him. If we love as Christ loved (and we must to deserve the name Christian), then we must demonstrate this love. The young and old of our day are seeking for love, concern, and peace as demonstrated in real Christian living. They do not want to hear us just preach the gospel; they want to be able to see us daily live what the gospel proclaims.

The young man I visited in the hospital said that he had a "gnawing inside him" which could not be satisfied. No doubt his soul is crying out and searching after God. In his efforts, he is looking for a people who live what Jesus taught. How will he ever find what he is looking for if the lives of professing Christians do not demonstrate the gospel in action and thus lead him to God?

God told Ezekiel "Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel: therefore hear the word at my mouth, and give them warning from me. When I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die; and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand" (Ezekiel 3:17, 18). This command of God is directed to us as well as to Ezekiel, and we must strive to obey not with just words but also by consistent Christian living. ●

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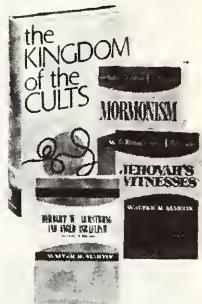
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J. Joel Harris, state director, and Clarence Batley present Mary McKinney with a check for her fine work.

CLOVIS, NEW MEXICO

The Family Training Hour (YPE) of the Clovis, New Mexico, Church of God recently held a Mexican enchilada dinner to raise money to pay off the mortgage on a beautiful red carpet for the church. Everyone worked hard in planning the dinner and selling tickets; and the dinner was a great success.

The two other churches on the district cooperated with the Clovis Church in sponsoring a youth banquet during which the results of the dinner ticket sales were reported by the pastor, Brother Clarence Batley. The person who sold the most tickets was also announced. Miss Mary McKinney, who sold a total of 101 tickets, was the winner. She was presented a \$5.00 check by Pastor Batley and the Reverend J. Joel Harris, state Sunday school and youth director of New Mexico.

Brother Harris was the speaker for the evening and the program was climaxed with the burning of the mortgage by Miss McKinney. This young lady, and the entire group of workers at the Clovis Church are to be commended for their labor.

—J. Joel Harris
 New Mexico State Director

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ROBERT, LOUISIANA

Early this year, the Young Peoples Endeavor (YPE) at the Robert, Louisiana, Church of God took upon itself the task of collecting coupons and stamps for the Church of God Home for Children. At this time they also worked hard to build and strengthen our YPE in finances and attendance and to add to the spiritual strength of the church.

Under the leadership of Miss Carol Elaine Arnold, our YPE president at that time, the children began their long search for all sorts of coupons and stamps. At the same time they invited everyone to church. This proved beneficial to young and old alike.

Approximately 22,500 Top Value Stamps and S & H Green Stamps were collected, as well as many hundreds of postage stamps and coupons. Our offering and attendance for those months showed how hard everyone was working.

Our pastor, a great youth pastor and counselor, is the Reverend J. Huey Jenkins.

—Nicky Perrin, reporter

FAMILY TRAINING HOUR (YPE)

By Paul Henson
 General Director

DECEMBER ATTENDANCE

Lakeland (Lake Wire), Florida	265
Huntsville (Virginia Blvd.), Alabama	247
Atlanta (Mount Paran), Georgia	224
Cincinnati (Central Parkway), Ohio	200
Buford, Georgia	192
Greenville (Tremont Ave.), South Carolina	174
Gaston (Ranlo), North Carolina	171
Hurst, Texas	162
Douglas, Georgia	154
Macclenny, Florida	149
Wyandotte, Michigan	148
Canton (Canton Temple), Ohio	144
Paris, Texas	142
Glendale, Arizona	140

Hamilton (Princeton Pike), Ohio	133
Wilmington (Fourth St.),	
North Carolina	131
Eight Mile (Indian Springs),	
Alabama	130
Saint Pauls, North Carolina	129
Swift Current, Sask., Canada	127
Dayton (East Fourth St.), Ohio	126
Lemmon, South Dakota	123
Lexington (Loudon Ave.), Kentucky	120
Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina	120
Dallas (Oak Cliff), Texas	118
Jackson (Bailey Ave.), Mississippi	114
Pasco, Washington	114
Baldwin, Georgia	113
Radford, Virginia	113
Naples, Florida	112
Princeton, West Virginia	112
Lorain, Ohio	109
Norfolk (Azalea Garden),	
Virginia	107
Decatur, Alabama	102
Poplar, California	102
Pulaski, Virginia	96
Rossville, Georgia	94
Xenia (Orange St.), Ohio	89
Cleveland (Mt. Olive),	
Tennessee	88
Graham, Texas	88
Kannapolis (Earle St.),	
North Carolina	87
Somerset, Pennsylvania	87
Conway (North), South Carolina	86
Cahokia, Illinois	83
North Ridgeville, Ohio	82
Somerset (Cotter Ave.), Kentucky	82
Fairfield (North), California	81
Jesup, Georgia	81
Pompano Beach, Florida	81
Portland (Powell Blvd.), Oregon	80
San Fernando Valley,	
California	79
Thorn, Mississippi	79
Winchester, Kentucky	79
Cleveland (Big Springs),	
Tennessee	78
Granite Falls, North Carolina	77
Uhrlachsville, Ohio	74
Covington (Shepherd Fold),	
Louisiana	73
Lancaster, Ohio	69
Monroe, Louisiana	68
Tampa (Drew Park), Florida	67
Washington Park, Illinois	66
Fort Myers (Broadway), Florida	65
Peoria, Illinois	64
Yazoo City, Mississippi	64
Flint (Kearsley Park),	
Michigan	63
Clarksdale, Mississippi	62
Vanceburg, Kentucky	62
West Frankfort, Illinois	60
Indianapolis (West), Indiana	59
Richmond Dale, Ohio	58
Sanford, Florida	58
Brownfield, Texas	57
Shelby, North Carolina	56
Bartow, Florida	55
Columbus (El Paso Drive), Ohio	55
Long Beach, California	53
Middlesboro (Nietown), Kentucky	52
Robert, Louisiana	52
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Texas	51
Thomasville, Alabama	51

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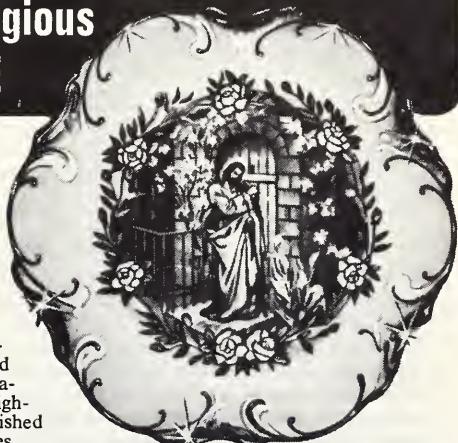
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WEST MONROE, LOUISIANA

Recently the Church of God on Montgomery Avenue, West Monroe, Louisiana, enjoyed an evening on the riverboat *Twin Cities Queen*, which was chartered exclusively for the congregation. It was the climax to the October Outreach drive and a kickoff for the November extension of this successful campaign.

A dinner of fried chicken, ham, and delicacies were enjoyed under moonlight on the second deck. A film on family problems was shown, followed by devotions on the main deck for the 131 passengers. Youth speakers for the occasion were Lowell Brannen and Wayne Wiggins.

—J. C. Dudley, pastor

OMAHA, NEBRASKA

The Kingswood Estates Church of God in Omaha, Nebraska, on Thursday, November 7, 1968, had Coronation Night for six young people. This event concluded a six-week contest which was organized to raise the annual love offering for the Aged Ministers program. Between the six contestants, 4,064 votes were registered (at one cent a vote, the offering totaled \$40.64). The final check sent to the General Secretary-Treasurer, which amounted to fifty dollars, also included an eight-dollar offering.

The members of this royal court, in the order of total votes received, are as follows: Mike Barber, king; Donna Rice, queen; April Conrad, princess; Jerry Rice, prince; Brian Watson, first page; and Bob Rice, second page. The gifts received were for participation in the contest.

The enthusiasm which was shown in this project is being seen in many others also. We are very proud of our young people.

—Richard Ussery, pastor

ADVANCE

From page 27

SUNDAY, March 23 **Read:** Isaiah 41, note verse 10. **Think:** Some of your most fruitful years will be spent at school. Christ will lead you in the development of school stewardship so that you may take full advantage of these years. **Pray:** For your school principal and office staff, and for school support by community leaders.

MONDAY, March 24 **Read:** 1 Corinthians 9, note verse 27. **Think:** Education and evangelism work hand in hand. Keep your body (actions) under subjection so that you will not be a campus castaway. **Pray:** For the Church of God General Board of Education: Dr. R. Leonard Carroll, executive director; H. D. Williams, chairman; and Dr. James Beaty, Robert E. Fisher, Albert M. Stephens, and Robert White—board members.

TUESDAY, March 25 **Read:** Romans 13, note verse 7. **Think:** You owe to your school respect, to your classmates loyalty, and to your teachers your best in your studies and discipline. **Pray:** For your classmates—for their salvation, their safety, and their success.

WEDNESDAY, March 26 **Read:** 2 Corinthians 5, note verse 5. **Think:** God wants you to make good grades. Depend on Him to issue you strength to study. **Pray:** School success is an indication of future achievements. As you enter the building each day, breathe a prayer of praise and ask God to help you to be alert.

Friendship Standards

THURSDAY, March 27 **Read:** John 15, note verse 14. **Think:** Some of the virtues of true friendship are loyalty, courtesy, respect, understanding, and companionship. **Pray:** For the Church of God Home for Children in Sevierville, Tennessee (143 children), and for the States of North Carolina (53 children) and South Carolina (37 children), who operate their own Home for Children.

FRIDAY, March 28 **Read:** Proverbs 22, note verses 24, 25. **Think:** Why do you think Solomon offered the advice given in these verses? List two reasons. **Pray:** In joint session with Christ, prepare a Standard Sheet to guide you in selecting friends.

SATURDAY, March 29 (Today repeat devotions for Friday, March 28.)

SUNDAY, March 30 **Read:** Matthew 11, note verse 19. **Think:** A Christian should be a friend to sinners in that he wants them to know and to accept Christ as their personal Saviour. **Pray:** For specific ways to show sinners that you "really care" and that Christ makes a big difference in the life of a person.

MONDAY, March 31 **Read:** John 4, note verse 4. **Think:** Your character, in the eyes of the community, is no higher than the type companionship you choose or the "pal" or the "gal" that you go with. **Pray:** Choose your friends carefully; do not allow anything to obstruct your Christian influence. ●

Sunday School—Today's Opportunity

From page 17

school's development program must be augmented and strengthened if it is to continue to expand into broader areas of the teaching ministry.

The primary need of the development program is the *training of soul-winning witnesses* to go beyond the walls of classrooms into the streets of our cities, towns, and communities. This is the pressing need of our day. Every Christian must be instructed to listen until the cries of lost souls are heard. They must be told in no uncertain terms that our Lord not only expects them to be soulwinners, but He demands it. This ministry is not optional, it is obligatory. It is a must—an imperative that cannot be avoided, evaded, or excused.

We must take the gospel to the people wherever they are, even into the highways and hedges, and into all areas and strata of our present-day society. We must go beyond "teaching the taught" and "feeding the well-fed." We must sow good gospel seed out in the highways and byways of this sin-sick world. We must take the seed to the soil.

It has been well said, "The gospel is not something you come to the church to hear, but something to go from the church to tell." The Sunday school is truly functioning properly when it is reaching the unreached, winning precious souls for the Master, and developing the undeveloped and the underdeveloped into sincere saints of God and directing them into paths of purity, power, and personal soulwinning. (No Christian is fully developed or spiritually mature who does not witness for His Lord.)

God alone knows the potentials of a properly functioning Sunday school ministry. May He grant unto us a measure of this comprehension and a commensurate amount of success for His honor and glory. ●

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Advance

Daily Devotions for Christian Teens

By Floyd D. Carey

DEVOTIONAL GUIDE FOR MARCH

Subject: Are Your Standards Showing?

Instructions: *Read* the assigned Bible chapters or verses. *Think* on the message and consider the devotional comments. *Pray* for the designated person or activity. *Check* each devotion in the provided square after it has been completed.

STANDARDS

SATURDAY, March 1 *Read:* 1 Corinthians 10, note verse 31. *Think:* In all of the events and endeavors of your life, Christ should be consulted and your standards of conduct should exalt (glorify) Him. *Pray:* Ask for constant supervision in forming values and in establishing social and spiritual standards.

SUNDAY, March 2 *Read:* Colossians 3, note verse 17. *Think:* Stick by your standards "in the name of the Lord Jesus." Standards that are like an accordian—that fold up when the least amount of pressure is applied—dishonor and displease Christ. *Pray:* Build your standards on the Scriptures and depend on strength from the Lord to live by them.

MONDAY, March 3 *Read:* Deuteronomy 13, note verse 4. *Think:* Standards serve as a force to detect, and to protect you from, false doctrine, questionable practices, and accusing conduct. *Pray:* Have you established standards in relation to your daily prayer life? If you have not, begin today.

TUESDAY, March 4 *Read:* Acts 5, note verse 29. *Think:* How does this verse relate to steadfastness in living by your standards? God will empower you to obey Him rather than men. *Pray:* For the members of your Sunday school class and for your teacher; pray that standards might be formed and lives changed as God's Word is taught.

WEDNESDAY, March 5 *Read:* Psalm 1, note verse 3. *Think:* What are some of the fruits of God-honoring standards? List two. Did you list "respect" and "appreciation by others"? *Pray:* For the President of our country and for his proposed program of trying to upgrade national standards relating to crime, morals, and law and order.

Speech Standards

THURSDAY, March 6 *Read:* Psalm 19, note verse 14. *Think:* Teen-ager, check your conversation! If you are not holy and clean in speech, why should anyone believe you are any different in other areas of Christian living. *Pray:* Make the prayer of David in Psalm 141:3 a personal request, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."

FRIDAY, March 7 *Read:* Colossians 4, note verse 6. *Think:* Salt in the New Testament refers to in-depth understanding, the ability to reason and the desire to assist. Season your speech—think before you speak. *Pray:* For spiritual salt and for instructions on how to use it properly.

SATURDAY, March 8 *Read:* 1 Timothy 4, note verse 12. *Think:* How can a teen believer be an example of a committed Christian in Word and in conversation? List two ways. *Pray:* Such expressions as "Lord have mercy," "my God," and "mercy Jesus" are a di-

rect misuse and abuse of God's holy name. Spend your prayer session in praise to God for the wonderful power in the name of Jesus.

SUNDAY, March 9 *Read:* Ephesians 4, note verse 22. *Think:* The conversation topics of a person after he accepts Christ are drastically different. Why is this true? *Pray:* Tell the Lord that you want to witness effectively to others about His love and about the life of His Son.

MONDAY, March 10 *Read:* 1 Peter 1, note verse 15. *Think:* Expressions such as "gosh," "darn" and "heck" are synonyms for God, hell, and other forms of profanity. Bywords and slang will cause your friends to doubt your dedication. *Pray:* Examine your life in prayer, make a list of seasoned words that you want to include in your daily speech.

Habit Standards

TUESDAY, March 11 *Read:* 1 Thessalonians 5, note verses 14-28. *Think:* The basic message which Paul set forth in these verses was that they should "watch their habits." Habits are actually guides for living. *Pray:* Review your habits. Good habits are the most influencing and strengthening force of your life.

WEDNESDAY, March 12 *Read:* 1 Corinthians 6, note verses 19, 20. *Think:* Good eating and sleeping habits are indications that a person respects his body as the temple of God. *Pray:* Tell God that you do not want to expose your body to danger and disease and that you want to stay physically fit to work and to live for Him.

THURSDAY, March 13 *Read:* Psalm 122, note verse 1. *Think:* One of the greatest and most rewarding habits a teen can form is that of attending church regularly. Church attendance provides a complete life: fellowship, activity, worship, and spiritual direction. *Pray:* Purpose to be faithful in church attendance and to invite others to attend with you.

FRIDAY, March 14 *Read:* Matthew 6, note verses 9-13. *Think:* Prayer is your direct communication with God the Father. Dating problems, homework, family difficulties—He will help you with all of these things. *Pray:* Make prayer a habit. Prepare a daily prayer list and try to establish a definite time to pray.

SATURDAY, March 15 *Read:* Matthew 5, note verse 16. *Think:* Politeness and courtesy are usually the two virtues that people use to form their first impression of you. Strive for good table manners, check your appearance, and respect your elders. *Pray:* Request that the sweetness of Christ be visible in your manners and habits.

Entertainment Standards

SUNDAY, March 16 *Read:* Colossians 3, note verse 2. *Think:* God's ways are happy ways, and God's teen-agers are happy teen-agers, if His will and work commands first place in their thoughts and actions. *Pray:* For wisdom to choose social and recreational activities that will not conflict with spiritual involvement or maturity.

MONDAY, March 17 *Read:* Hebrews 11, note verses 24, 25. *Think:* Refuse and choose. God has a master plan for your life. Worldly pursuits and practices can block this plan. *Pray:* With God's help form deep convictions regarding social entertainment and places which you will and will not attend, such as sporting events, et cetera.

TUESDAY, March 18 *Read:* Hebrews 4, note verse 15. *Think:* When Christ was a teen-ager, what do you think He did for entertainment? Do you think He formed entertainment standards? *Pray:* Christ is aware of your mental struggles and moods. He stands ready to help you. Convey your needs to Him.

WEDNESDAY, March 19 *Read:* 1 John 1, note verse 4. *Think:* Christian teens must choose with caution the places to which they go and the activities in which they engage. This does not mean, however, that they cannot have a good time. God wants their joy to be full. *Pray:* Ask God to guide you and your Christian friends in discovering exciting and wholesome entertainment activities in which to participate.

THURSDAY, March 20 *Read:* Galatians 5, note verse 8. *Think:* Participating in worldly pleasures is not real fun because one reaps guilt, depression, and weariness. Clean entertainment leaves one relaxed, refreshed, and renewed in spirit. *Pray:* For your youth leaders and for a satisfying and balanced local social program.

FRIDAY, March 21 *Read:* Philippians 4, note verses 7, 8. *Think:* Christian fun nourishes lasting friendship, joyous fellowship, and fascinating enjoyment. Avoid anything that may conflict with these rewards. *Pray:* For the members of your family, and for harmony and happiness in the social life of your family.

School Standards

SATURDAY, March 22 *Read:* 2 Timothy 2, note verse 15. *Think:* One's attendance at school is not a preparation for life, it is life. Almost one third of your life will be spent "battling the books." You must study. *Pray:* Tell Christ that you want to live, and to learn, for Him at school and that you want to be a campus champion for Him.

(Continued on page 24)

5

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558 The Gospel
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WORSHIP LP 801
Roosevelt Miller
Sings Triplet



SRLP 6013 Garden
of Melody—Speer
Family



SING LP 3212/SLP
3212 LeFevres Sing
the Gospel



SING LP 403/SLP
403 The Johnson
Sisters Sing Harmony



SING LP 2081/SLP
2081 The Ministers
on Campus



SKYLITE LP 6041/
SLP 6041 In the
Shelter of His Arms
—The Rebels



SKYLITE SRLP
5995/SSLP 5995 At
Home With the
Blackwood Brothers



SING LP 458/SLP
458 Rose Covered
Lane—Blue Ridge
Quartet



SING LP 9092/SLP
9092 One Day Late
—Sego Brothers
and Naomi



SING LP 4041/LPSL
4041 Down Home—
Wendy Bagwell and
Sunliters



SING LP 3005/
SLP 3005 Gospel
Rhythms—
The Prophets



SING LP 3214/SLP
3214 "First Lady of
Gospel Music—
Eva Mae LeFevre"



SKYLITE LP 6015/
SLP 6015 From the
Land of the Sky—
The Kingsmen
Quartet



SKYLITE LP 5971/
SLP 5971 God Will
Bless You All—
Florida Boys
Quartet



SKYLITE LP 5992/
SLP 5992 Sing I
Believe and Eleven
Other Gospel Songs
—The Rangers



SKYLITE LP 6040/
SLP 6040 The Solid
Gospel Sound of
the Oak Ridge
Quartet



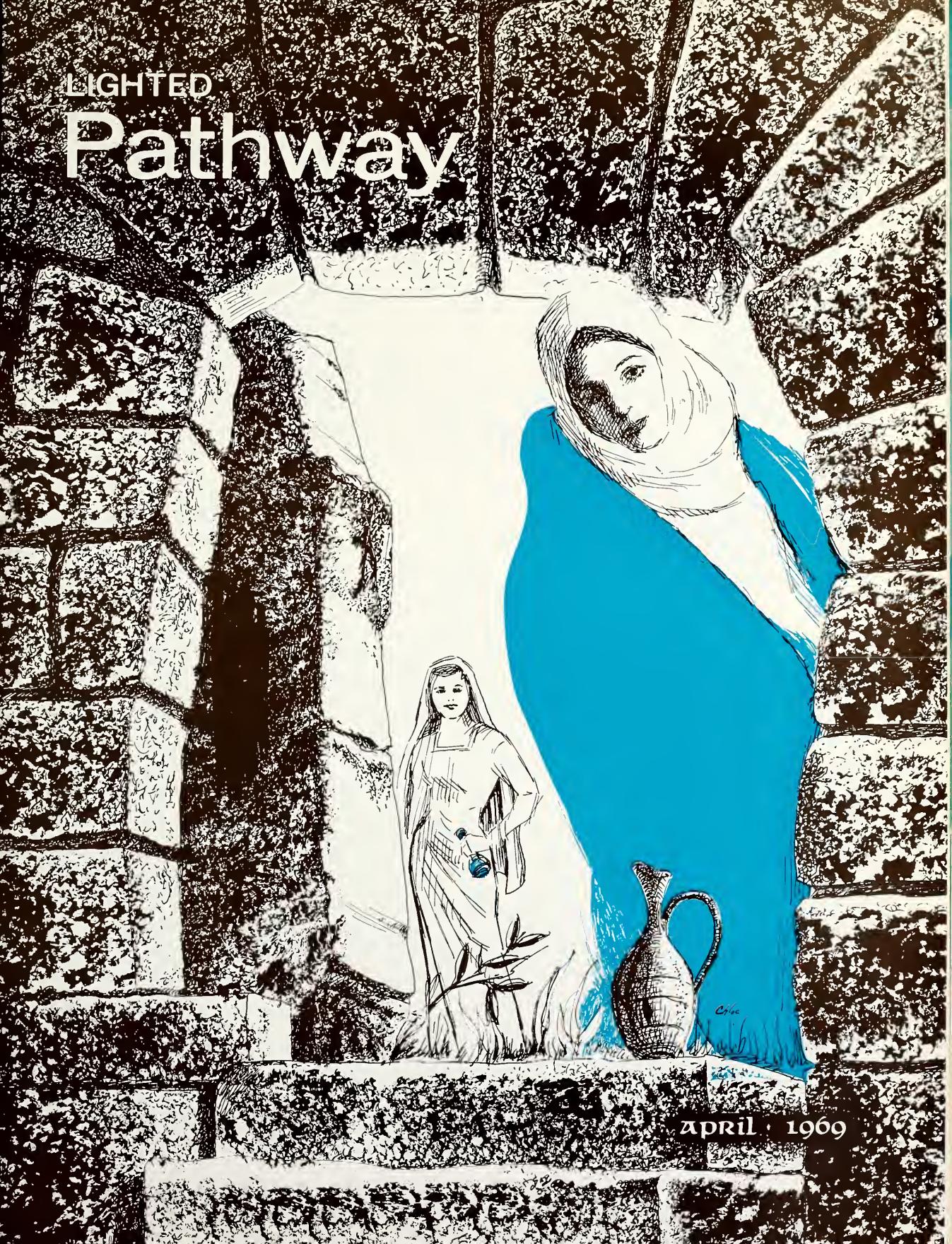
SING LP 602 "He
Touched Me"—
Connor Hall and
The Homeland
Harmony
Quartet



SKYLITE LP 6042/
SLP 6042 Colorful
Requests—Bob
Wills and The
Inspirational

LIGHTED

Pathway



APRIL 1969

EASTER

The cherry tree bursts into bloom;
Where lilies spill their sweet perfume;
Returning bluebirds gaily sing,
As we chant, "O death, where's Thy sting?"
—Earle J. Grant

HE IS RISEN

"He is not here, for He is risen"
Was the message long ago,
When the dismal tomb was opened
And the world became aglow
With the sweet prophetic triumph
Of that Resurrection morn,
When the curse of death was conquered
And eternal life was born.

"He is not here for He is risen"—
Timely message, now as then,
Covenant of rapt assurance,
Bringing wondrous hope again.
Jeweled promise, glad fulfillment,
When the stone was rolled away,
Evidenced in dawning glory
Of another Easter day.

—Joyce A. Inman

HE LIVES TODAY

Our Lord arose from death's dark tomb,
And showed Himself from time to time,
To anxious ones whose faith had waned,
And gave assurance, full sublime.

Above five hundred saw our Lord,
Upon a certain blessed day.
They must have shouted loud His praise;
They must have had a lot to say.

My faith grows strong each time I read
that He arose from death's dark grave.
I know full well the work was done,
to make a way, my soul to save.

But faith abounds within my heart,
Each time I find the Scriptures say
That He's ascended to our God,
And that He lives and reigns today.

—Wallace A. Ely

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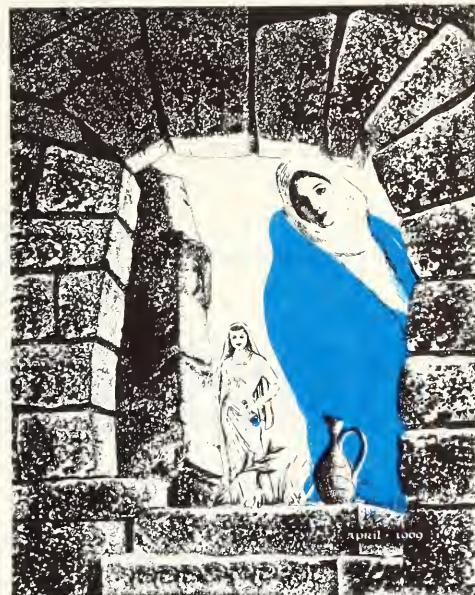
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The Empty Tomb

*Arise, O soul, this Easter Day!
Forget the tomb of yesterday,
For thou from bondage art set free;
Thou sharpest in His victory,
And life eternal is for thee,
Because the Lord is risen.*

—Author Unknown



MARY MAGDALENE STOOD at the threshold of the gloomy sepulcher as the grey morning was giving way to another day. The beauty of the spring morning was as meaningless to her despondent heart as the warble of the birds about her. She gazed into the dark, empty tomb.

But wait; was the tomb really empty? Objects began forming on either end of the cold crypt—they were angels! Mary, her eyes dimmed with tears, did not realize that they were celestial beings. She heard the voices of the angels saying, "Woman, why weepest thou?" Mary, being a victim of despair, still did not realize that heavenly beings were conversing with her. She gave the agonizing cry, "Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him" (John 20:13).

As that poor woman stood, probably sobbing, Jesus, the resurrected Christ, approached. Sorrowfully she turned to her Christ, thinking that He was the gardener of the rich Joseph, who had come to work the spring flowers. She said to Him, "Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away."

Mary was viewing and conversing with her risen Lord face-to-face. She was the first to see Him after His resurrection, but she failed to recognize Him. To her He was only a hired hand of Joseph! Was it not so with the disciples on the road to Emmaus? The risen

Lord was a stranger to them. In a sense, Jesus is a gardener. It was He, the preexistent Christ, who made the beautiful Garden of Eden. He placed the gorgeous roses, the lilies, and other flowers there. He is the Gardener, for He divinely cares for all the flowers in your garden and mine. Through His efficacious work at Calvary and His resurrection from the tomb, He opens the gates to the garden of heaven, where the fruit of the tree of life is free to all who choose to enter.

When Jesus spoke Mary's name, she recognized Him. The name *Mary* meant much to Jesus, for it was His mother's name, as well as the name of several of His followers. Also, the name of Jesus meant everything to Mary Magdalene on that Easter morning, for He had arisen! He was alive.

A little boy found a dead bird and asked, "Mommy, what's the matter with the little birdie?" "He is dead, dear." "What is 'dead'?" "His little life is gone out of his body." "Mommy, will the 'dead' come off the birdie?" was the little boy's final question.

So was our Lord totally dead. His body lay cold in the dismal grave for hours, but on the morning of the Resurrection when the Magdalene met Him in the garden, the "dead" had "come off Him"; He was alive forevermore. It is a glorious truth today—Jesus lives! Since He lives, all who will may live eternally, if they so choose. ●

Because He Lives

By MATILDA NORDETVEDT



MYRNA SAT IN the pew stiff and solemn in her new Easter outfit. She should not have come to church this morning, not after what had happened yesterday. Myrna blinked and swallowed to keep back the tears.

Louise usually sat beside her in church, but not any more. Louise was dead! Myrna shuddered. Why had she even looked at the lifeless form? Why could she not have remembered her friend as living and vibrant?

"Don't cry so hard," her mother had said gently. "Louise has gone to heaven. She's with the Lord."

Yes, Myrna told herself, *Louise must be in heaven. She was a real Christian. But what about me? Where would I be now if I had died instead of Louise?*

Myrna scarcely heard the organ prelude. She remembered the day eight years ago when she and Myrna had attended the neighborhood Bible Club. When the teacher had asked who wanted to be saved, Myrna had peeked through her fingers at her friend. Louise's hand went up, so Myrna put her hand up, too. The teacher prayed with them and read verses from the Bible. Mechanically, Myrna followed the teacher's instructions,

but it did not mean to her what it had meant to Louise.

Louise was different after that—kind and more thoughtful. When she did something wrong, she always said she was sorry. And beneath the teen-age giggles, boyfriends, and love of fun, Louise had something Myrna did not have.

"Yes, I'm saved," Myrna always answered when asked. But yesterday, when she saw Louise's lifeless form, she began to wonder.

Myrna's mind came back from its wanderings when elderly Mr. Adams arose to sing. He still had a powerful, clear voice. Myrna loved to hear him sing because of the radiance of his face and the expression in his words. "Open the Gates of the Temple," he sang every Easter.

For a few minutes Myrna forgot her sorrow and tormenting doubts as she listened, transfixed, to the words and music of the hymn. When the gray-haired man reached the last phrase, his face was a picture of glory and triumph. "Because I live," his voice rang out triumphantly, "ye, too, shall live!" Myrna pondered the words as he took his seat. It seemed as if a veil were being lifted from her confused mind.

The pastor opened his Bible. "My text is only one sentence," he said, "and you have already heard the essence of it in the song our brother just sang: 'Because I live, ye shall live also'" (John 14:19).

Myrna did not hear the rest of the sermon. She had heard enough to set her spirit free. Yes, she knew Jesus died and arose again. She had believed that for years—with her head. But as she sat there, desolate and forlorn, full of doubts and fears, God spoke to her *heart*. "Because I [Jesus] live, ye shall live also."

Myrna bowed her head. She could not stop the tears, and she did not even try. They were not tears of sorrow now, but tears of joy and gratitude. Jesus had died for her. He arose for her. And because He was alive, she, too, could live forever. With a heart full of praise she worshiped her risen Lord.

Later, when asked if she were saved, Myrna replied with assurance, "Yes, I am. For a long time I wasn't really sure, but the day after Louise died—that Easter morning—I knew for sure. The verse God used was, 'Because I live, ye shall live also.' " •

By J. E. DeVORE

THERE IS NO night so dark but that in it one may see the gleam of a distant star. The great Martin Luther said, "*Theologia crucis-theologia lucis*" which means that "the theology of the cross is the theology of the light."

Through early morning shadows two Marys and Salome made their way to the sepulchre. Why? To anoint Him. Which heart saw first the open door and the stone rolled aside? Who led the rush to the empty tomb? Which one first saw the young man arrayed in a garment of gleaming white?

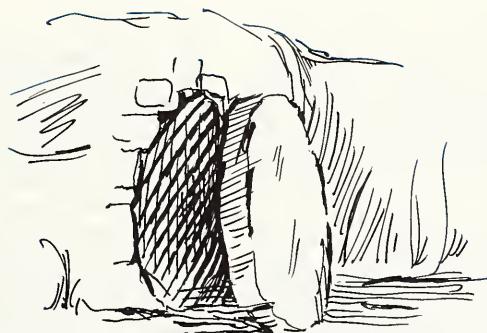
"Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here. He is risen. Come see the place where the Lord reposed in death." This is your guarantee, child of God, even though you die, you shall live again.

"Because I live, ye shall live also." Go into the graveyards of the world. You will read on the tombstones, "Here lies John Jones" or "Here lies James Smith." But go to the grave of Jesus. You will find it empty; and written upon the tombstone, in letters of life, you will find the words, "He is risen."

Thomas, called Didymus, heard that Christ had conquered death. He shook his head and said, "Except I see in his hands the print of the nails . . . I will not believe." Eight days later, Jesus said to him, "Thomas, reach hither thy hand, and put it into my side." The prince of this world's doubters could not lift his hand, but from his heart he confessed, "My Lord and my God!" Thomas knew that Christ was risen, alive forevermore.

A Christian woman lived in a community that had only one church. It was a Roman Catholic church, and though she was not Catholic, she worshiped there. One

The Risen Christ



After I am risen again, I will go before you into Galilee (Matthew 26:32).

He is risen (Mark 16:6).

The Lord is risen indeed (Luke 24:34).

day, as she lay dying, some of the members said, "Father, the lady who is so sweet and so Christian is dying. Go to see her."

The priest went as requested, and he said to the dying woman, "I wish you were a member of the church. If you were, I could forgive you of your sins before you die."

She looked up and said, "Please

let me see your hand." He thought it a strange favor but held forth his hand. She looked at it, turned it over, and then dropped it gently.

She said, "Sir, I appreciate your visit, but the Man who forgave my sins has a nailprint in the palm of His hand." The risen Christ opened the gates of grace with His nail-pierced hands for all who would believe on Him. ●

EVANGELIZE



I HEARD A lady in church the other day say that she was not much of an evangelist. She was thinking, of course, of lay evangelism. But all of her children are saved and active in the church. Is this not what counts, after all?

Dwight L. Moody, the famed evangelist who at the turn of the century preached to large congregations in many cities throughout our country, thought that this is what counts. When, one day, a woman with six children came to him and said, "Mr. Moody, I think I've got a call to preach," Mr. Moody looked down at her and smiled, "You're quite right," he agreed, "and your congregation is waiting for you at home—all six of them." Charity begins at home and so does religion.

What we are saying is that *the most fruitful field of evangelism is the home, or the family.* We be-

lieve in family religion. We have heard of group or family insurance. God's way is the family plan for religion.

Several passages of Scripture illustrate this truth.

One of the two which heard John speak, and followed him, was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother. He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messias, which is, being interpreted, the Christ. And he brought him to Jesus (John 1:40-42).

Andrew had caught the idea of family religion which we are talking about. He first found Jesus Christ in transforming power and immediately sought to share the treasure of his heart with his own brother. It was too good to keep to himself. The family plan for evangelism was actively instrumental in determining the original twelve

disciples of Jesus Christ.

At the time of the beginning of the Early Church in Europe, a certain Philippian jailer was converted by Paul and Silas. After a restless night, during which a great earthquake occurred and ruined his prison and he was about to commit suicide because he believed his prisoners had run away, Paul assured the jailer that they were all there and persuaded him not to kill himself. The Scriptures tell us,

Then he [the jailer] called for a light, and sprang in, and came trembling, and fell down before Paul and Silas, And brought them out, and said, Sirs, what must I do to be saved? And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house. . . . And when he had brought them into his house, he set meat before them, and rejoiced, believing in God with

YOUR HOME

all his house (Acts 16:29-31, 34).

Neither the Apostle Paul nor Silas was content until the jailer's entire family found Jesus as their personal Saviour. Paul and Silas became great missionaries of the home. The jailer became active in lay evangelism by using his influence to provide an opportunity for these two messengers of the gospel to speak to his family about Christ. Undoubtedly, later, the entire family became charter members of the local church at Philippi. The family, or home, was an important field for evangelism.

In the period after the Reformation, Susanna Wesley is a notable example of one devoted to family religion. By making the salvation of her children and the development of their Christian character her primary concern, she gave us a John Wesley.

It has been said that no great-

er man since Saint Paul ever came upon the religious horizon than John Wesley. We respect and honor him for discovering and bringing to our attention the long lost doctrine of entire sanctification by faith.

Certainly, Susanna Wesley's methods of lay evangelism and child-raising are worthy of our study and imitation. A swift trip to the library or book store could provide us with an account of them.

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it" (Proverbs 22:6) is often restricted to mean attitudes, traits, habits, or virtues, but it could apply to salvation as well. Training a child implies three things: precept, example and discipline.

If we apply this insight to the verses' proper interpretation, or

meaning, we will find that we should teach our children about salvation, live the life of salvation before them, and make them want that kind of a life more than anything else in the world by properly motivating them. We should never criticize the church or religion. We cannot run the church down and expect our children to look up to it.

If we fail in this field of evangelism, it is because we are failing to apply one or more of these points. It is possible to fail because, being human, we are not infallible. We are subject to inconsistencies, mistakes, and lack of knowledge. But we should do our best and leave our best in God's hands.

What other alternative do we have? Should we try to evangelize the world and leave our families unsaved? God forbid! The field is ripe for harvest. ●

EASTER HOME- COMING

By IRMA HEGEL

RICHARD DEVLIN crossed the field to look around the familiar airport he had left one year ago. Twelve months was a long time for a man to be away from his wife and two children. A phone call would tell them that he had arrived four hours ahead of schedule. Grimly, he passed the phone booths in the terminal. *Not yet . . . to brace himself first.*

A broad-shouldered, sandy-haired man, he swung through the terminal to the waiting string of taxis at the curb. "Please take me

to 4088 Cherry Road," Richard told the freckle-faced driver at the wheel of the first cab.

"Yes, sir!"

The taxi door slammed shut and Richard sank back on the plastic cushion of the seat. New leaves were unfurling on the trees and the grass in the fields was turning green. They passed a shopping center crowded with cars. A man-sized rabbit was hopping between the cars, passing out candy to children.

Easter tomorrow! He thought of

Kenneth, and his eyes blurred. Kenny was their fifteen-year-old son, crippled in both legs since that car wreck three years ago. He had been driving at the time—all his fault, though Janet had never once reproached him for the accident.

"Bless the catastrophe," Janet had said. "God has His plan."

Strange words to come from a mother who had shouldered the entire care of their crippled son from that day. God alone knew he had not helped her. His engineering work had taken him to South America, Pakistan, Liberia. They could not travel as a family anymore. Four surgical bouts for Kenny resulted finally in that last verdict from the doctors—"We can do nothing more for your son, Mr. Devlin."

They had written him, of course—Janet, Kenny, Nadine. At Christmas and on his birthday, they sent big boxes with their gifts.

"I'll get out here," Richard directed the driver when they reached Fir Hill.

The driver turned around, his freckled face questioning. "You did say 4088 Cherry Road, didn't you? Anything wrong?"

"No—no. I just want to get out and walk a bit." Richard paid the fare and tipped the driver, lifted his heavy suitcase, and strode along the tree-bordered sidewalk.

Somehow, somehow, he had to get out of this mood of depression before he saw Kenny. "Oh Lord," he sighed, "only You fully understand the plans I had for my son." Kenny was to have been an engineer, like himself—attend the same university, and work for the same company after graduation.

Crucified—every one of his dreams. They had crucified Jesus too, Richard reflected. He knew his Bible. He tithed unstintingly. Tomorrow they would attend church as a family. The choir would sing of the glory of the Resurrection morning. But a crippled Kenny would be sitting beside him in the pew.

Richard reached Cherry Road

and saw the sprawling white ranch house set back in a wide expanse of green lawn. The ramp was still out front for Kenny's wheelchair to roll easily out and in. The stout handrails were on either side of the ramp. No miracle had happened in his absence. A neighbor boy pedalled past on his bicycle, waving to him. "Glad to see you home, Mr. Devlin," the boy called.

He answered the greeting with a wave of his hand. His voice was too choked for speech.

With his passkey, Richard let himself inside the house, startled at first by the silence. Janet was not in the kitchen. Nadine did not

jump from somewhere to fling her arms around him. As he set his suitcase down, he heard Handel's, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth." It was a violin played by a master. The words from Job 19:25 filtered sharply through Richard's dull consciousness:

I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.

Someone was playing a record. That must be it. Richard hurried to his son's bedroom. Kenny was sitting in his wheelchair, drawing

the last sweet notes from the violin tucked beneath his chin. He looked up, seeing his father, and put the violin down. Beneath his tousled brown hair, his delicate face broke into a pleased grin. "Dad! We didn't expect you for another three hours. Mom and Nadine are at the store. How was the trip?"

Richard knelt beside the wheelchair and grasped the boy's long slender fingers in his own. "You were playing 'I Know That My Redeemer Liveth.' How, Kenny? If I hadn't heard it, I never could have believed it."

"Oh, Chuck Griffin accidentally left his violin here when he brought me some books from school. I picked up Chuck's violin and started playing. It sounded pretty awful to me, but Mom and Nadine thought I was a natural. The next thing I knew Mom had me taking lessons from Dr. Nicholson, and I love it. Even practicing isn't work. Last week I played at a hospital concert with the other kids. Tomorrow I play at church—the aria you just heard. That was supposed to be your Easter surprise."

"Easter," Richard repeated and squeezed his son's hands more tightly. "The cross came down from the hill and marched across the world, like your music will, Kenny."

Kenny smiled shyly. "I've only been playing a year, Dad. It's been hard not to spoil the surprise—I mean it was hard not writing you about the violin and how much I love playing. The kids often rehearse here along with me. I'm able to give something to others—at least, they say I do. That's everything."

"You'll go on giving," Richard promised. "You have all your life before you. I guess I'm the proudest father anywhere in the world."

He heard the back door click and then Janet and Nadine walking around in the kitchen. His heart swelling with happiness, he rose from beside the wheelchair and rushed out to greet his wife and daughter. •



IS GOD LOST IN SPACE

By DANIEL L. BLACK

DURING CHRISTMAS week Americans, and all the world, followed with keen interest the adventure of three men journeying to the moon. Before that journey there were many voices which said it could not be done. The voices, in many cases, were those of sincerely religious and well-meaning people who spoke out of fear that somehow man's venture into space would place their faith in jeopardy. Do man's space exploits really pose a danger to Christian faith?

The significance of the recent journey to the moon can be set in proper perspective in relationship

to the universe by considering the vastness of the great universe which God has created. Scientists tell us (and I believe them) that the universe is composed of millions of "galaxies." Each galaxy is a revolving mass of billions of stars and other heavenly bodies. Our sun is a "star" in the galaxy called the "Milky Way." Around our sun revolve nine planets, and around several of the planets revolve moons. The picture one gets is that our earth is a tiny microscopic speck in the universe. In fact, the universe is so large that it is virtually impossible for us to express or comprehend distances in space.

Scientists, however, have settled upon a unit of measurement called a "light-year" by which they seek to describe distances in space. A light year is approximately six trillion miles.

Our solar system, which consists of the sun and nine planets, forms a revolutionary circle in space which is only seven billion miles in diameter—much less than one light-year. The nearest star is four and one-half light-years away. Our galaxy, the Milky Way, is believed to be about ten thousand light-years thick and one hundred thousand light-years in diameter. Insofar as we know, there are mil-



lions of other galaxies as large as, or larger than, ours. This whittles man's 230,000-mile journey to the moon down to size. That penetration into space becomes finite when considered against the background of the immeasurable reaches of space. The heavens still declare the glory of God (Psalm 19: 1). How big is your God? Is He big enough to have created the universe?

While three men traveled to the moon, on earth men continued to hate and fight and kill. Men on earth remained entrenched in prejudice and pride and materialism. Men on earth continue to live

riotously and immorally. This is our moral dilemma. God is not lost in space; man is lost upon earth. While we speculate about the possibility of life on other planets, the one thing which could make life really worthwhile on earth has not been cordially accepted—faith in Jesus Christ.

Almost two thousand years ago God was manifest in the flesh upon our earth for the purpose of redeeming a marred creation. He was manifest in the life and teachings and death and resurrection of a young Jewish prophet who was, in fact, the Son of God. The centuries have passed, but neither

man's inventive genius nor his journeys into space have diminished in the least the significance of His message or the abundant life He imparts to those who accept Him as Lord and Saviour.

I cannot speak about the inhabitants or needs of other worlds, but I can speak of our world. It is a world which needs moral and spiritual healing, just as it always has. I cannot speak of what God has done in other worlds, but I know that He sent His Son to this world as a physician to heal our spiritual ills. God and faith are not endangered by space exploration. Man is endangered by sin and unbelief.

WITH SPIRIT AND UNDERSTANDING

Billy Graham has described prayer as a spiritual exercise and a two-way conversation

THE YOUNG BRIDE who lives next door complained to me recently that her husband had not received a promotion which he had desired very much. "And we prayed so desperately," she said.

When prayers are not answered, there is always a reason. Perhaps my young friends had asked amiss (James 4:3). Perhaps they wanted the new position only for the material things it could add to their lives. The Bible tells us to first seek the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things will be added unto us.

My neighbors had been desper-

ately, and no doubt their prayers were persistent and intense. But did they also pray with trust and humility? These elements of prayer are necessary, also as are charity and simplicity.

Billy Graham, world-wide evangelist, has described prayer as "a spiritual exercise" and a "two-way conversation." His admonition is that we listen to God's side of the conversation.

God talks to us in many ways. In His Word we are told all we need to know about worship, and prayer has been a part of worship since the days of Enoch (Genesis 4:26). In 1 Corinthians 14:15, Paul says,

"I will pray with the spirit and with the understanding also." In studying other teachings on prayer, and by following the Lord's example and His revelations in the four Gospels of the New Testament, we can find information on the nature of prayer and the aims and the methods of praying.

By persistence we demonstrate our faith in His willingness to provide. But we must not feel too sure that God will give us all we ask. Such overconfidence would be based upon our own judgment. We must trust Him to answer our prayers in the way that is best for us. And, sometimes, He is completely silent.

It is possible that His silence in response to the prayers of the young couple next door means only that He has better things in store for them. He was silent to Christ's first pleas that the bitter cup be removed, but what a wondrous salvation came about through His sacrifice! The silence of God is never the silence of indifference. All He sends or does is creative or positive. We see only a portion of the pattern; but, when all the pieces have fallen into place, the result is a glorious masterpiece!

Christ's teachings on the aims of prayer encompass more than our asking things for ourselves. Our aims should be to thank and praise God for the blessings He bestows

ways be uttering prayers. What it does mean is that we should always keep our hearts and minds attuned to God, and that we should always seek to do His will. And we should pray in Christ's name, for it is He who sits at the right hand of God making intercession for us. We pray to God, but we make our supplication "in the name of Jesus Christ."

Understanding why we switch prayers from God to Christ was very difficult for me when I was younger. As I matured, and as I studied the Bible, I learned that we have access to the Father through the Son. And this does not mean that God and Christ are two separate Beings. They are one, for Christ is God made manifest to us in the flesh. Actually, God is a triune Being—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. I learned this. I do not fully understand it, but God does not require that we understand all these things. We believe them because they are revealed to us in His Word.

We believe in prayer, too, but we often misuse and abuse the privilege. Many times our prayers

are only petitions—begging God to do something for us and forgetting that our heavenly Father knows our every need and grants us as much as is good for us (Matthew 6: 8). Real prayer, according to Mrs. Louise Eggleston, of a Maryland, spiritual training center, "is greater than all human powers—it is the greatest power in the universe."

Someone has said we should be careful what we ask for—we just might get it.

I knew a woman who begged God to let her dying husband live. "Don't let him die," she pleaded over and over. And God gave her what she asked for. Her husband did not die—neither did he live. He became a breathing vegetable; his body was crippled with an incurable disease and his mind was destroyed by suffering.

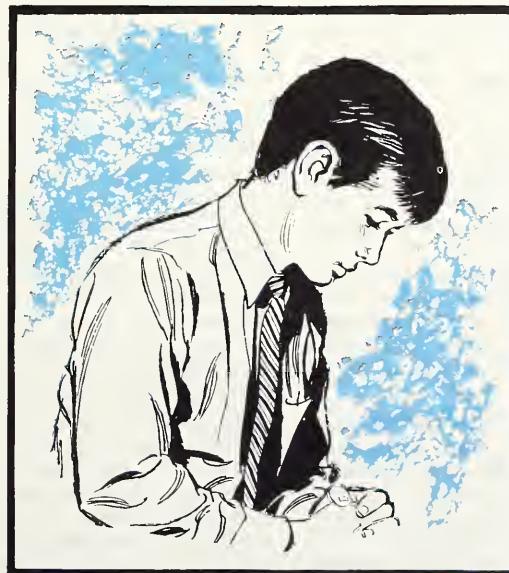
Because God does know best, and because, in His infinite wisdom, He can see into the future, we should be content to place our trust in Him, our lives in His hands, and pray as we are taught, "Thy will be done, in earth, as it is in heaven" (Matthew 6:10). •

By EVELYN P. JOHNSON

upon us, to ask forgiveness for our sins through Jesus Christ, to make intercessory prayers for others, and to pray for the gift of the Holy Spirit so that we may resist temptation and live in a manner pleasing to God. And we should try to pray in a manner pleasing to Him. Daniel prayed on his knees three times a day (Daniel 6:10). Peter went upon the housetop to pray (Acts 10:9). Christ "went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed" (Mark 1:35).

When I was very young, I thought there was only one way to pray—on one's knees. With my parents, I attended a church where the pastor and the deacons always knelt to pray. As I grew older, I learned that posture is not the important thing. We can pray while sitting, standing, lying down, walking, or driving. A recent newspaper story told about a group of Jews who prayed aboard a jet plane. Draped in prayer shawls, they knelt in the aisle of the Boeing 707 and prayed during most of the trip from New York to Tel Aviv.

Whatever our position and wherever we are, the important thing is that we have the right attitude toward prayer. Christ teaches us to pray alone and in secret, to pray without ceasing, and also to pray for others. To pray without ceasing does not mean that we must al-



... Posture is not the important thing

CALM IN THE

FEAR SUCH AS I had never known imprisoned my body. With each heartbeat every nerve screamed that this was the end that I would probably die. I had experienced this same fear four times before.

We have been on this island only one year, and this is the fifth storm were my thoughts. *If I live through this one, somehow I'll get out of this place before another one, my rebellious spirit shouted above the roar of the hurricane.*

Mother seemed to sense my anxiety and she pulled me close to her side. I longed to be cuddled in her lap, but I was twelve now and much too old for that kind of thing, so I pulled away to show her that I needed no assurance.

Just then a torrent of icy water poured over my entire body. *I'll drown! I'll drown!* was my first thought. *No, not me,* I quickly decided, *I'm getting out.* I jumped up to rush through the opening the water had made when Dad caught me by the leg.

"Take it easy sailor," he said. "A captain always goes down with his ship." Pride or no pride, I grabbed his neck and hung on for dear life. My heart was pounding so loud I could scarcely hear what he said.

"This shelter has just about outlived its usefulness" I dimly heard Dad say as he gently unlocked my arms from his neck. "We'll have to dig another one as soon as this is over."

"Come on, Reverend, give me a hand and let's get these boards back in place." It was not until that moment that I remembered that Reverend Allen and his family were with us.

When Dad and Reverend Allen had repaired the damage the water had caused, I slowly moved away from the door and curled up against the opposite wall in a blanket Mother gave me.

I began to think about Mark Allen and his family. Mark was my age. We played together and went to the same school. I remem-

bered Mark's telling me that the reason his dad had an artificial leg was because of one of these storms.

Why do they stay here? I wondered. They were Americans and could have been living in a nice warm house far better than this. We had to live here because Dad was in the Navy and was stationed here, but why would the Allens stay?

When the storm was over, they would probably never find all their things again. Their home might be completely destroyed. *They're silly,* I thought. *They'll never get me to stay on this dangerous island. I'll get out if I have to swim out.*

Just then a clap of thunder rolled across the black sky. It was so loud and so unexpected that I screamed. The thunder was followed by a streak of lightening so bright it penetrated the cracks in the roof and illuminated the entire shelter—it looked as though someone had turned on a light.

I opened my eyes wide, straining for a glimpse of someone or something to take away my fright. Straight across from me sat Mark. He was sound asleep. I blinked to make sure I was seeing right. *How can he sleep at a time like this?* I thought. *The storm has been blowing for two hours. Maybe he's dead,* I shuddered. *No, that couldn't be. He's simply sound asleep.*

I pulled my blanket tighter and

tried to relax. I tried to sleep, but each time I closed my eyes terror caused me to open them, searching for some bit of light in the dismal shelter.

I began to think about Mark again. His dad was a missionary. I had been to their church one time but it hadn't meant much to me. Mark was always inviting me to Sunday school and to their youth service, but I just never found the time to go.

I wonder if Mark's dad's being a missionary is why he is able to sleep. Maybe there is a special something you get that makes you not afraid.

"I believe it's over," said Reverend Allen as he peeked through the patched door. "We'd better wait a few minutes just to make sure though."

I sighed a heavy sigh of relief and promised myself once again that I would not be found on this island when the next storm came.

As the wind settled, everyone began to move around. Mom gathered up the blankets she had brought, and with very little conversation, everyone left to see what remained of his home.

Every day of the next two weeks I begged Dad to leave. I did not want it to be known why I was in such a hurry to depart, so I complained of homesickness, then of the heat, next of the food, and in final desperation, I exclaimed that the school was no good and that

STORM



I would never get to college unless I got back to the United States and got a decent education. Every day, however, Dad would pat me on the head, smile his knowing smile and say, "We'll see, son; we'll see."

It was Friday, and school was just dismissed, when I ran into Mark on my way out of the building.

"Goin' home?" he asked in his usual cheerful voice.

"Yeah," I said, "Mom told me to be sure and be home early."

"I haven't seen you around much lately," Mark said.

"I've been helpin' Dad fix everything up since the storm," I replied.

"Yeah, we had a lot of work to do, too," said Mark, as we strolled lazily along the dirt road toward home.

"Hey, Gary, how 'bout going to Sunday school with me Sunday? We're having a special speaker come all the way from the United States. I bet you'd like him. How 'bout it?" Mark blurted out with enthusiasm.

"Ah I don't know. I've never been to Sunday school much. Mom and Dad used to go, but we don't make it too often any more. Maybe I'd better not," I said hesitantly.

"Ah, come on, Gary. Just this once. It won't hurt you and you might even like it," Mark pleaded.

"Well, maybe just this once, but I'll have to ask Mon and Dad," I

answered. "I don't know though. I haven't been to Sunday school for so long I wouldn't know how to act," I said, already wanting to back out.

"Just sit still and listen," Mark advised, "and you'll be among the best scholars."

"Well, okay. Just this once," I said, as we came to the road where we were to part.

"I'll be by for you Sunday morning, Gary. Be sure and be ready," Mark shouted as he waved goodbye.

Bright and early Sunday morning, Mark was knocking on my door.

"Let's go," he said. "We sure don't want to be late this morning."

Our Sunday school lesson was pretty interesting. It was about a man named Jonah and how he was swallowed by a whale. "That's just about as bad as being in one of these storms," I whispered to Mark. Mark smiled, but he never said a word.

Sunday school was soon over and we went in for church. I did not much want to stay; but, since I was with Mark, I decided I would. The preacher said a lot of things I did not understand, but he kept talking about peace. He said everyone could have peace when everything was fine but that he could tell us how you could have peace when the storm was going on. I had never heard about that kind

of peace before, but I sure did want it. Pretty soon he said that all you had to do to have peace was to accept Jesus into your heart and live for Him. He asked everyone who wanted this peace to come forward.

I didn't hesitate one moment, but, immediately, I went to the front. I asked Jesus to forgive me of my sins and to live in my heart so that I might have His peace, just like the man said. Something wonderful happened to me just then, and I knew that I had at last found what I needed.

Time passed swiftly for the next few months. I became close friends with Mark, and we attended Sunday school and church together. The terrible storms had been almost forgotten when one night, just as I was getting ready for bed, Mother began to scream, "Run, run, we're in for another hurricane." I froze in my tracks for a moment and then I turned and ran. Everyone reached the shelter about the same time; and, one after another, we scrambled inside.

"I think this is the worst storm yet, Reverend," Dad said as we settled down.

"I believe it is," Mark's dad replied.

There was a long silence before anyone else spoke, and then I very faintly heard Mother saying, "The boys must have had a rough day, Mrs. Allen. They're both sound asleep." ●

IF YOU COME, YOU MUST GO

By VIVIAN BOITER

HAVE YOU HEARD Jesus calling, "Come, follow me"? Have you accepted His invitation? If so, you have also accepted the responsibility to go and to become a witness for him.

Jesus extends His invitation to individuals for a purpose. To Peter and Andrew, the fishermen, he said, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men" (Matthew 4:19). For some three years they were trained for this particular task. Then, on the day of Pentecost, Peter spoke so convincingly that three thousand souls turned to the Saviour.

Adoniram Judson was another person who recognized that Jesus' invitation "to come" is followed by the command "to go." So, in February, 1812, Adoniram and his wife, Ann, began their journey to India where they would serve as missionaries.

Shortly after their arrival in India, they were ordered to leave by the British government. They could have returned to America, but they chose, instead, to go to Rangoon, Burma.

In Rangoon the Judsons had to learn a new language without the aid of a grammar book or a dic-

tionary. It took six years for Judson to learn the language well enough to hold a public worship service. Only a few Burmese came to his services, because the people were afraid of being put into prison, or tortured, if they became Christians. When Judson finally left Rangoon, he had translated the New Testament into Burmese and eighteen persons had been converted.

Going to Ava, another part of Burma, Adoniram and Ann Judson had high hopes of beginning another mission, but war broke out between Burma and England and Judson was thrown into prison. He was released at the close of the war to serve as an interpreter in the peace negotiations.

During his years in Burma, Adoniram Judson translated the entire Bible, prepared a Burmese dictionary and grammar book and wrote several religious books. Most of all, however, he spent countless hours witnessing to the Burmese about his Saviour.

Another incident of one who, after he had "come" to Christ, decided to "go" and witness for Christ involves a teen-age boy. A few Sundays after Victor had accepted Christ as his Saviour, his pastor

was standing at the door of the church shaking hands with the members of the congregation as they left the sanctuary. Noticing a new family among the members, the pastor cordially greeted them.

The woman said, "Your church missionary invited us to come to this church."

A questioning look appeared on the pastor's face. "Church missionary?" he asked.

"Why, yes," she said, "Victor, the fine boy behind us, is our neighbor. He just about made us come to church this morning. Now we are planning to come back again."

This young boy had responded to Jesus' invitation "to come," and he had obeyed His command "to go" by seeking an opportunity to witness near his home.

To Zacchaeus, the rich man, the "chief among the publicans," Jesus said, "Zacchaeus, make haste, and come down; for to day I must abide at thy house" (Luke 19:5). Before the Saviour left, the publican told him, "Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken any thing from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold" (Luke 19:8).

After you and I accept Jesus' invitation to come to Him for salvation, we may never bear the official title of missionary; however, we are "witnesses" whether we choose to be or not, because the world will always judge the truth and power of the gospel by the lives professing Christians live. Twenty-four hours a day, by our words, actions, and attitudes, we are witnessing for Jesus, or against Him. God's Word says, "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned" (Matthew 12:37). "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me" (Matthew 25:40). "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me" (Matthew 25:45).

How effective and how far-reaching our witnessing will be depends upon how deeply we are committed to our Lord. ●



A PASTOR FRIEND of mine has an interesting little gimmick he carries to the pulpit at times. It is a simple bar of steel, worth less than a dollar on the junk market in its present form. Made into nails, however, its value increases a great deal. If shaped into needles, the price soars to several thousand dollars. If this same bar of metal is molded into intricate watch parts, its value goes up another hundredfold.

This pastor applies the same value technique to a different mass of raw material—you and me. You can be a very ordinary fellow, and your value is par, or below the market. But become a skilled technician, a doctor of education—or medicine—and you are no longer in the "bar steel" class. Your stock has soared.

What we make of ourselves is often the result of our own vision. We might remain humble, realize that we make many mistakes, and have a great deal yet to learn, but at the same time we can have faith, strength, and a determination to apply ourselves to the task at hand. The pull might be long and arduous; but, if we have determination and good judgment, we will usually make it. Perhaps the Lord knows that it will be for our good if we have a long, tough pull before the road gets easier.

I remember a group of Polish farmers who came to the area where we lived soon after the turn of the century. All the good land already had been taken and cultivated. These people had to buy

poor, hilly areas for their farms. They were advised by friends of the hardships, but they acquired the land, nonetheless. Then they went to work on this marginal soil and kept at it, sometimes at great cost. They built homes, and later churches. If one fell by the wayside, his neighbors helped him over the rough spots.

Today, these Polish farms are some of the best in the area. The hilly land has been cleared and fertilized until now it grows bumper corn crops, and equally good crops of wheat and soybeans. The critics said they could not make it, but they did.

What do you hold in your hand? Or what do you see in the tiny clenched fist of your child? Moses was asked what he had in his hand before he led the children of Israel out of Egypt. He became a great leader by his faith in God and his willingness to use what he found at hand.

Let us imagine a farmer with a handful of seed. He can feed it to his chickens, or he can cultivate it and bring forth more seed—perhaps a hundredfold. An itinerant painter can smear a bit of paint on a wheelbarrow: the skilled artist can create a masterpiece with the same materials.

Each of us has a decision to make: What shall I do with the life which God has given me? Perhaps we will procrastinate and do nothing. Perhaps we will drift with the crowd, floating along, content with the thought that someday the government will take care of us.

On the other hand, however, we find the man or woman, the boy or girl, who sees life as a challenge—who has a great vision and will never lose it. Some day, as they work diligently the vision will come into sharp focus and will finally become reality.

Today, some forty million Americans are walking because they enjoy it. They are seeking the solace of the high places, the seashores, the mountains, the quiet forests, and finding an escape from the rigid routines of their daily jobs. It is a good trend. Some of them find

The Long Hard Pull

By GROVER BRINKMAN

God as they linger in the solitude of a forest trail. Others suddenly realize that the earth was a mighty beautiful and clean place before man came along, discarding his rubbish and polluting the air.

We need more walkers and we need more people who have a determination to make something good of the life that their Creator has given them. •

MILITARY DAY

A Commendatory Service

By JERRI FOLINO

THE SERVICE BEGAN when the robed youth choir marched into the sanctuary and rendered a very effective musical program. The presentation of colors was made by the Jacksonville American Legion Memorial Post No. 88, followed by the National Anthem, sung by Etheus McGowan. The pledge to the American flag was led by Captain Danny Morrow. William Grant, Sunday school superintendent, read the Scripture and prayed. The youth choir and congregation then sang "America," and our hearts were moved as we proudly sang about this great land of ours.

The welcome address was delivered by the host pastor, who stated that he had also served in the Armed Forces of this country and that he was proud to see men today who love their country enough to serve and protect it. He encouraged the entire congregation to remember our boys in prayer.

Acknowledgement of letters and telegrams was made by Robert Bethune, assistant Sunday school superintendent. An introduction of visiting dignitaries was made by the host pastor, the Reverend Cheslie N. Collins. United States Congressman Charles E. Bennett addressed the large congregation that had assembled for this commendatory service, and he expressed his gratitude for those who were serving both God and country. Also, Captain Danny Morrow and Mr. Parsons, a representative from the major's office, expressed their appreciation and said they felt that this type of service should be conducted more often.

The Reverend C. Raymond Spain, executive director of military affairs, spoke to us out of his heart, and brought us face-to-face with

actual experiences from the battlefield. He told about the experiences of young men who had given their lives to Jesus Christ before going into battle, some never to return.

The church conducts a dynamic ministry to the military, with over forty servicemen's fellowships in Europe and a large number in the Far East. Full-time personnel are

dent, gave the roll call for all the service personnel. The wives, mothers, children, and widows of servicemen came forward and received a red and white carnation from the special floral piece that was designed like an American flag, with a dove and the word *Peace* in the background. Sentiment was high, and tears of grati-



C. Raymond Spain speaking (left) at the Commendatory Senior service in Jacksonville. Congressman Charles E. Bennett addressing the congregation at Jacksonville.



maintained in both Europe and the Far East; their headquarters are the servicemen's centers in Germany and Okinawa. The Church of God sends the *Lighted Pathway, Evangel*, and a monthly letter to our Church of God men in the military service. Brother Spain encouraged the congregation to send him the names and addresses of all servicemen so that he might place them on the mailing list.

At the close of the message, Etheus McGowan sang, "This Is My Country." Jack Spivey, assistant Sunday school superinten-

tude and appreciation were in evidence during the service. The benediction was prayed by Captain Danny Morrow of the Salvation Army.

What had inspired this meeting? The motivation was simple. We desired to let our servicemen, who are presently serving our country, know of our concern for them. We want them to know that they are appreciated for what they are doing to keep our country free, and that they have our support and prayers. The Springfield Church, under the leadership of the Reverend Cheslie Collins, found a way of expression! ●



NORTH CLEVELAND (TENN.) CHURCH OF GOD

The Junior Department of the North Cleveland, Tennessee, Church of God Sunday school enjoyed a Christmas party which was sponsored by the departmental superintendent and teachers on December 19, 1968. Billy Jones, leader of the Junior Choir, directed the group in singing Christmas carols.

The interesting manner in which the presents were distributed to

each junior proved to be a most enjoyable part of the party. Attractively decorated and tasty refreshments were served. At the conclusion of the gathering, the enthusiastic group of boys and girls became very reverent as the choir leader expressed thanksgiving to the Lord for their happy time together.—*Geneva Carroll*

PEN PALS

Terry McKinney, age 20
Parrish Addition
Eldorado, Illinois 62930

Dorothy Towne, age 14
Route 1, West 48th Street
Fremont, Michigan 49412

Gloria Beach, age 14
Route 1, Box 130
Summerville, South Carolina 29483

Susan Richards, age 13
550 Buncombe Street
Woodruff, South Carolina 29388

Wanda Sanders, age 17
216 Drury Lane
Mauldin, South Carolina 29662

Jane Norris, age 16
P. O. Box 1042
Greenville, South Carolina 29602

Carlene Grooms, age 16
13 Merrywood Drive
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I Never Use It!



By BOB LAIR

WHILE VACATIONING LAST summer in Florida, I took my wife's mother to a friend's home to return something she had borrowed earlier. Her friend lived in a beautiful new home and was eager to take us on a guided tour. She started in the kitchen and called our attention almost immediately to her General Electric dishwasher. It seemed strange to me that a table and chairs stood right against the door of the dishwasher, but I said nothing and followed her through the rest of the house. We ended our tour in the kitchen again, and she quickly referred a second time to her beautiful automatic dishwasher. Again, I said nothing.

It was not long before she interrupted her talk with my wife's mother about recipes and gardening to refer a third time to her automatic dishwasher. By this time I felt under moral obligation to respond. I thought and thought. Suddenly remembering that my brother had just such a dishwasher and that he enjoyed saving the day's dishes for one evening washing, I said, "Do you save all your dishes and do them once a day, too?"

The woman looked shocked. "Oh, no!" she said. "We never use our dishwasher. Our septic tank is too small. Why, we'd have all sorts of trouble with our drainage. We never use it."

Well, I must say that now it was I who was shocked. After she had called attention to the dishwasher three times, I was startled to think that they made no use of it.

Yet, I suppose I should not have been, since I was reminded of the lack of use many of my own possessions get. But it pointed out a spiritual lesson to me—the Christian ought not to let his spiritual gifts fall into disuse.

The Holy Spirit scolded the Hebrew Christians for failing to put to use their gifts. They ought to have developed into skillful teachers, He tells them; yet, they had remained babes in spiritual understanding, because they had not made use of their opportunities to study the Word of God or to discern good and evil.

He tells them that they have become dull of hearing because they have not listened, or used their ears as they should have. They cannot eat strong meat, because they have failed to grow, and strong meat is for "those who by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil" (Hebrews 5:14). A man's moral and spiritual comprehension grows as he exercises it. But many of us have let our moral and spiritual understanding disintegrate from disuse.

My wife and I love antiques. Most of ours are useful as well as beautiful. But we have a few chairs which are just not safe to sit on. "Oh, oh! Don't sit there!" we must caution our sometimes corpulent guests. The chair does not fill its function. It is never used. Sad to say, some Christians are like that. They never put to use the mind God gave them. They never lift an arm of spiritual support. They are simply dead weight in the household of God. •

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(YPE)**

*By Paul Henson
General Director*

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Buford, Georgia	167
Nassau (Faith Temple), Bahamas	166
Dallas (Oak Cliff), Texas	146
Baltimore (Brooklyn), Maryland	140
Wyandotte, Michigan	132
Jacksonville (Springfield), Florida	129
Warner Robins (Southside), Georgia	129
Windsor, Ontario, Canada	127
Naples, Florida	125
Radford, Virginia	122
Rossville, Georgia	118
Canton (Canton Temple), Ohio	117
Pulaski, Virginia	114
Cleveland (Mount Olive), Tennessee	112
Jackson (Bailey Ave.), Mississippi	110
Hurst, Texas	107
Swift Current, Saskatchewan, Canada	107
Dayton (East Fourth St.), Ohio	106
Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina	106
Newport News (Parkview), Virginia	104
Norfolk (Azalea Garden), Virginia	98
Wilson, North Carolina	98
Lorain, Ohio	95
Paris, Texas	93
Covington (Shepherd Fold), Louisiana	92
Lexington (Loudon Ave.), Kentucky	91
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Poplar, California	88
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Xenia, Ohio	82
Somerset, Pennsylvania	81
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Bartow, Florida	78
Pompano Beach, Florida	78
Conway, South Carolina	77
Princeton, West Virginia	77
San Fernando Valley, California	77
Fairfield (North), California	76
Jesup, Georgia	75
Cahokia, Illinois	74
Belle Glade, Florida	73
Middlesboro (Noetown), Kentucky	72
Columbus (Freibis Ave.), Ohio	71
Monroe, Louisiana	70
Lawrenceville, Illinois	70
Winterhaven (West), Florida	68
Chase, Maryland	66
Uniontown, Pennsylvania	63
Dayton (North), Ohio	61
West Indianapolis, Indiana	61
Buford, South Carolina	60
Pasadena (Pasadena Blvd.), Texas	60
Sanford, Florida	59
Brownfield, Texas	58
Portsmouth (Westhaven), Virginia	58
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That Sweet Story of Old



By GENEVA CARROLL

JEMIMA THOMPSON who wrote this beautiful hymn, loved children. She taught young people in both the English schools and in Sunday school. Miss Thompson was a very charming person and was dearly loved by all who knew her. While still very young, she was accepted as a missionary to India and was ready to go when her health failed, compelling her to abandon her plans. She edited *The Missionary Repository*, the first missionary magazine for children.

In the year of 1841, Jemima went to the Normal Infant School in Gray's Inn Road to learn about the school system. Mary Moffatt, afterwards Mrs. Livingstone, was there at the same time. Also there was Sarah Roby, whom Mr. and Mrs. Moffatt rescued from being buried alive when she was an infant and had brought up with their own children. Among the marching music played at Gray's Inn Road was a Greek tune, the pathos of which attracted the attention of Jemima Thompson. Later, she searched the works of Watts and Jane Taylor and several Sunday school hymn-books for words to suit the music, but she found none.

Some time later Miss Thompson went on a missionary business trip to the little town of Wellington, five miles away, in a stagecoach. It was a beautiful spring morning, and Jemima was the only passenger.

As she jogged along, the melody of the Greek tune began running through her mind, and in spite of the jolting of the stagecoach, she composed the words that have come to be loved both in her country and in America.

After returning home, Miss Thompson taught the song to her Sunday school class. Her father, the Reverend Thomas Thompson, was superintendent of the Sunday school at that time. Usually he encouraged the children to choose the first hymn. One Sunday morning they surprised the good man by singing "That Sweet Story of Old." The superintendent asked, "Where did that come from? I never heard it before." "Oh, Jemima wrote it," the children replied. The next day the father asked for a copy of the song and he sent it, without his daughter's knowledge, to *The Sunday School Teachers Magazine*, in which it was published. Except for the father's action, the song would probably never have appeared in print. The author tells us, "It was a little inspiration from above; it was not in me, for I have never written other verses worthy of preservation."

Two years after writing this beautiful hymn, Jemima Thompson married Samuel Luke of Bristol. For twenty-five years, until he died, she was a model pastor's wife and often this hymn was sung in the services where her husband

pastored.

While she was still living, the Reverend Carey Bonner was appointed musical director of the London convention of 1900. For this special convention he wrote a new setting for the hymn, and it was sung at the junior rally by twelve hundred juniors. Mrs. Luke was not well enough to be present, but she sent a letter to the children, which was read to them by another famous poet, Marianne Farningham. Copies of "That Sweet Story of Old," with the new music, were sent to some children in Newport, Mrs. Luke's home in the Isle of Wight, and they, with Mr. Bonner, sang the hymn in its new setting for the author.

Again, at the Baltimore Christian Endeavor Convention, where Mr. Bonner was the music director, the hymn was sung as part of the beautiful "Festival of Praise." Mrs. Luke wrote for the occasion a delightful message, which was printed and distributed to the audience. Some sentences from that message may well be taken as the summing up of her life.

Dear children, you will be men and women soon, and it is for you and the children of England to carry the message of a Saviour's love to every nation of this sin-stricken world. It is a blessed message to carry, and it is happy work to do. The Lord make you ever faithful to Him, and unspeakably happy in His service! I came to Him at ten years of age, and at ninety-one can testify to His care and faithfulness.

This beautiful hymn will probably live on in the hearts of Christians and will be sung all over the world, as long as time shall last. All children love the inspiring words and enjoy singing the hymn in their Sunday schools and junior churches.

Mrs. Luke lived to be ninety-two years old; she died in 1906. During her lifetime she received messages from people from all over the world, telling her of their gratitude and appreciation for her song. ●

NO GOD?

You say there is no God? Then all the wonders around you are accidental. No almighty hand made a thousand billion stars—they made themselves. No Power keeps them on their steady course. The earth magnetized itself to keep the oceans from falling off toward the sun. No one taught infants to cry when they are hungry or hurt—they teach themselves. No one invented the small flower from which we can extract digitalis for sick hearts—the little flowers just grew, accidentally.

The top few inches of the earth just happens to have topsoil, without which we would have no vegetables to eat and no grass for the animals whose meat furnishes us with food. It is pure happenstance that there is oil in the earth where it is preserved until we extract and use it. The wind, which carries the delicate seedling to a fertile place and thus insures reproduction, just happened. The inexhaustible envelope of air, only fifty miles deep and of exactly the right density to support human life, accidentally composed itself. Is it more logical to believe that creation of the earth was accidental rather than the handiwork of God?

Now let us ask ourselves: Who created the bank deposits of coal and zinc and iron and uranium? Could all these be the result of an accident? Water expands when it freezes, while other substances contract. This makes ice lighter than water and causes it to float. If this were not the case, lakes would freeze solid to the bottom and no fish could survive. Did no one thoughtfully, make this arrangement? Why does the earth spin at a given speed without ever slowing up, so that we might have night and day? Who tilts the earth so that we have seasons? No one really understands the why and how of the magnetic poles, but there they are! Who placed them there? How about the sugar thermostat below the pancreas? Its function is to maintain a level of sugar in the human blood sufficient to supply energy, and without it none of us could survive. Did no one create it? The sun stokes a fire warm enough to sustain us on earth. Who keeps the fire constant? Did no one create the healing rays emitted by the sun?

Electricity? What is it? Who causes it to travel at lightening speed, making right angles and twists on a length of wire without flying off? Who invented eyes to see light?

Do you know who? Surely, you do know.
—Joyce Wilson

Witnessing Follow-up

WEDNESDAY, April 23 **Read:** Romans 5, note verse 1, "We have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." **Think:** Salvation basics: Faith—Ephesians 2:8; Feelings—Romans 5:1; Facts—Psalm 119:28. **Pray:** For the new converts in your Sunday school class.

THURSDAY, April 24 **Read:** Hebrews 13, note verse 5, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." **Think:** Salvation assurance: His love—John 3:16; His promise—Revelation 3:20; His faithfulness—Hebrews 13:5. **Pray:** For the ministry of prison chaplains and for inmates who have accepted Christ as their personal Saviour.

FRIDAY, April 25 **Read:** John 1, note verse 12. **Think:** The convert's new relationship to God: child of God, new creature—Philippians 3:13. **Pray:** Magnify God and praise His name for the wonderful privilege of being His child.

SATURDAY, April 26 **Read:** Colossians 1, note verse 18. **Think:** The convert's new relationship to the church: "Christ is the head of the body, the church"; member of the body—1 Corinthians 12:27. **Pray:** Spend your prayer session in praise to God for the benefits and the blessings of His church.

SUNDAY, April 27 **Read:** Acts 2, note verse 38, "Repent, and be baptized." **Think:** After conversion, baptism is the first step of faith for the new believer and should be observed as soon as possible. **Pray:** Ask for fortitude to obey God's commandments and to keep yourself unspotted from the world.

MONDAY, April 28 **Read:** Matthew 16, note verse 18, "I will build my church." **Think:** The new convert is identified with the children of God and with the cause of God through church membership. **Pray:** For the teen members of your church and for their Christian commitment and growth.

TUESDAY, April 29 **Read:** 2 Timothy 2, note verse 15, "Study to shew thyself approved unto God." **Think:** Daily Bible reading is the bread, milk, and meat of the Christian life. New converts should be encouraged to read their Bible daily. **Pray:** Express thanksgiving for the authority, the guidance and the comforting promises of God's Word.

WEDNESDAY, April 30 **Read:** John 14, note verse 13, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do." **Think:** Prayer is fellowship with God. The new convert should be taught how to pray. **Pray:** The prayer pattern given by Christ (Matthew 6:9-13) embodies adoration, intercession, petition and confession. Include these things in your prayer life. ●

FRANCISCO AND THE VOODOOS

By MARIE MANIRE CHAPMAN

FRANCISCO, CAN YOU make arrangements for us to see a voodoo temple? My friend here from the States wants to visit one."

"*Oui*—yes." The Haitian boy remembered that the American visitor probably could not understand his French, even if Missionary Lehman Keener could. A teen-ager in Haiti had to learn, at least, some English; Americans did not have to learn French.

He led the missionary and the American to a temple the following day. Advance arrangements were unnecessary, he reasoned, so he had made none. They just walked in. He noticed how the missionary looked at his friend as they entered the weird interior. Francisco was also apprehensive. Objects of demon worship were pictured on wall tapestries. Snakes were abominable enough in a jungle—but to worship them! Francisco shuddered.

He followed the two priestesses who came to guide them, and the two Americans followed him. The two women were polite as they pointed out objects of worship in the wicked place. They displayed the various trinkets and beads used in their rites. Francisco recalled his church's use of beads, too—but they were not like these. And the priestesses' hard eyes reflected the wicked, immoral lives to which they



were dedicated in performing the rites of their devil worship.

The guided tour was soon ended, for the temple area was small. Then Francisco heard the missionary ask, "Where does Jesus Christ come in here?" At mention of Jesus' name, the anger in the eyes of one guide made Francisco roll his eyes. He felt the tension in the air.

"Spies!" the priestess shrieked. "You have come here to learn our secrets!" She continued with some French vindictives that Francisco understood well—and which made him quail. "You will remain here as prisoners until we get much money for your release," their captor announced.

Francisco heard the American suggest to the missionary: "Can't we just walk out? There are no doors in the place." He followed the missionary's glance to the doorway. People streamed toward the building, drawn by the sound of shouts. The terrified boy's brown skin took on an ashen undertone. He had not foreseen the possibility of danger when he walked in. No, there was no chance that they could just walk out. He realized that clearly.

"Have you got twenty dollars?" Brother Keener whispered to the American. Francisco was relieved to see the other nod. Maybe that much money would buy their freedom. His hopes were squelched when the missionary held out the twenty-dollar bill to the evil woman. She dashed the bill to the ground and spat on it. She marched haughtily in the direction of the wicked place. Soon the three victims heard the sound of a victrola grinding out a minor melody. Voodoo drums began to beat. Screams of the priestess added to the din.

Francisco felt the walls reel about him as hostile-looking men and women pressed nearer the door. Their shoulders heaved in time with the rhythm of the drums. He knew they were about to begin a ritual dance—and who knew what violence that might

trigger? He reached out to steady himself against the wall.

Now the missionary retrieved the twenty-dollar bill from the floor. He looked as though the whole business didn't bother him at all. He offered it again to the returning priestess. "Here it is. If you refuse it, that is your own fault."

"It is not enough," she cried. "I must have more!"

"This visitor is an American citizen," the missionary reminded her. "You could get into much trouble with the authorities by detaining him. You must allow us to see the military police, since there are no civil police here."

Francisco fervently mumbled a prayer to his patron saint. Maybe the American could get them out of this mess. He sweated more profusely when he heard the priestess reply: "All right, but you must leave your young guide as hostage."

He shrank into a dark corner and hoped the wall would hold him up until they got back. Finally, the priestesses, the white men, and the police returned to the weird prison.

For two more hours the trembling youth mumbled all the prayers he knew, while haggling and shouting and accusations rang in the air. The rumbling crowd pushed and shoved closer in their effort to hear all.

Francisco saw the American standing quietly with his eyes shut. He heard him say something like, "Greater is he. . . ." He—who? God? Yes, Francisco also knew that God is greater than all the power of Satan.

At last he saw the priestess open her hand and accept the twenty dollars, which she considered ransom for the spies. The youth forced his weak legs to hurry after the two white men as the police ushered them through the milling crowd.

Yes, God was greater than the evil power of the voodoo. And Francisco was cured of deceiving His missionaries by pretending to arrange tours. God knew about that, too. •

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Devotions for Youth

Emphasizing Pioneers for Christ Witnessing

By FLOYD D. CAREY



The Urgency of Witnessing

TUESDAY, April 1 **Read:** John 20, note verse 21, "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." **Think:** Christ included you—a teen-ager—in His commission to witness. **Pray:** Respond to the commission of Christ and then ask Him for grace and grit to be a faithful witness.

WEDNESDAY, April 2 **Read:** Matthew 9, note verse 37, "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few." **Think:** In your opinion, why is there a shortage of workers? Are you willing to go into the harvest fields? **Pray:** That God will send teen laborers into His harvest and that they will go quickly and boldly.

THURSDAY, April 3 **Read:** Isaiah 43, note verse 10, "Ye are my witnesses." **Think:** A Christian is a living

Instructions: *Read* the assigned Bible chapters or verses. *Think* on the message and consider the devotional comments. *Pray* for the designated person or activity. *Check* each devotion in the provided square after it has been completed.

witness of God's love, of spiritual liberty and of a new life. **Pray:** Lift up your hands in praise to God; pledge to Him that you will be a true witness.

FRIDAY, April 4 **Read:** Matthew 16, note verse 15, "And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world." **Think:** If believers do not go, there is no one else left to go. **Pray:** "Lord, as a teen-ager I will go, I will do my part and I will do my best."

SATURDAY, April 5 **Read:** Acts 16, note verse 9, "Come over and help us." **Think:** Almost one-half of the population of the United States is under twenty-five years of age. They are calling and they need someone to witness to them. **Pray:** For the growth and the outreach ministry of local Pioneers for Christ groups.

SUNDAY, April 6 **Read:** Matthew 5, note verse 14,

"Ye are the light of the world." *Think*: Check your conduct. You witness for Christ, or against Him, by your ways, your words and your works. *Pray*: For Sunday school effectiveness and enlargement in your local church.

Preparation for Witnessing

MONDAY, April 7 *Read*: Acts 1, note verse 8, "But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses." *Think*: The Holy Ghost baptism makes the difference between a winning witness and a weak witness. *Pray*: Yield yourself to God's Spirit and invite Him to direct your witnessing endeavors.

TUESDAY, April 8 *Read*: Proverbs 14, note verse 25, "A true witness delivereth souls." *Think*: You must apply yourself in study and in consistent service to be a true witness. *Pray*: For the youth leader, the youth program and the youth of your local church.

WEDNESDAY, April 9 *Read*: Proverbs 10, note verse 5, "He that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame." *Think*: Membership in the local PFC Club is not enough; one must witness and devote himself to harvest service. *Pray*: Tell God that you want to bring honor to His cause and that you want to be wide-awake in living for Him.

THURSDAY, April 10 *Read*: Psalm 126, note verse 6, "He that goeth forth and weepeth." *Think*: A person will not hear of Jesus from your lips unless he has first seen Him in your life. *Pray*: For two of your unsaved classmates, calling their names aloud.

FRIDAY, April 11 *Read*: 2 Timothy 2, note verse 21, "He shall be a vessel unto honour." *Think*: A Christlike witness will be a prepared witness; this will require a *clean heart*. *Pray*: Ask God to reveal to you anything in your life that might thwart your effectiveness as a witness for Him.

SATURDAY, April 12 *Read*: Romans 12, note verse 1, "That ye present your bodies a living sacrifice." *Think*: A Christian who will develop his witnessing talents will be an effective witness; this will require a *consecrated heart*. *Pray*: Pledge yourself to Christian service and then let God direct you in the use of your talents in His program.

SUNDAY, April 13 *Read*: 2 Corinthians 2, note verse 4, "That ye might know the love which I have more abundantly unto you." *Think*: Every Christian who will apply himself can become a winning witness; this will require a *compassionate heart*. *Pray*: For those in your neighborhood who are not Christians.

The Mechanics of Witnessing

MONDAY, April 14 *Read*: Romans 3, note verse

23, "For all have sinned." *Think*: The unsaved must first be convinced of their desperate need of salvation; they must be brought face-to-face with the reality of hell, of judgment, and of punishment. *Pray*: For your lost family members and kinfolk: brothers and sisters, aunts and uncles.

TUESDAY, April 15 *Read*: 1 Peter 2, note verse 24, "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree." *Think*: In witnessing to the lost, you must seek to inform the mind, appeal to the heart, and challenge the will. *Pray*: For patience and poise in explaining God's plan of salvation to the unconverted.

WEDNESDAY, April 16 *Read*: Ephesians 2, note verse 8, "For by grace are ye saved through faith." *Think*: Present the basics of salvation simply: Needed—because of sin; Provided—through Calvary; Offered—through faith; Accepted—life. *Pray*: That you will be able to witness *positively*—with courage and certainty.

THURSDAY, April 17 *Read*: Romans 5, note verse 8. *Think*: Christ's part in salvation: "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Christ died—that is history; Christ died for me—that is salvation. *Pray*: That you will be able to witness *plainly*—with clearness and correctness.

FRIDAY, April 18 *Read*: John 6, note verse 37. *Think*: Man's part in salvation: "And him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." A person must be willing to be saved. *Pray*: That you will be able to witness *politely*—with courtesy and calmness.

SATURDAY, April 19 *Read*: Romans 6, note verse 23. *Think*: God's part in salvation: "But the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." God's gift must be accepted. *Pray*: Make a prayer list of your unsaved friends; call their names in prayer every day for the next week.

SUNDAY, April 20 *Read*: Romans 3, note verse 23. *Think*: The ABC's of salvation: A—"All have sinned." A person is a sinner from birth. *Pray*: For witnessing groups and for PFC leaders.

MONDAY, April 21 *Read*: Revelation 3, note verse 20. *Think*: The ABC's of salvation: B—"Behold I stand at the door." Christ invites the lost to be saved. *Pray*: For a youth revival in your local church and for youth dedication.

TUESDAY, April 22 *Read*: Isaiah 1, note verse 18. *Think*: The ABC's of salvation: C—"Come now, and let us reason together." Christ will forgive the lost if they will repent. *Pray*: For witnessing teams that go out from our colleges (Lee, West Coast, Northwest) on the weekends and conduct crusades.



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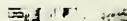
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THE BEST OF
THE LEFEVRES



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THE BEST OF
THE LEFEVRES



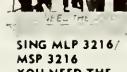
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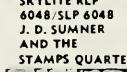
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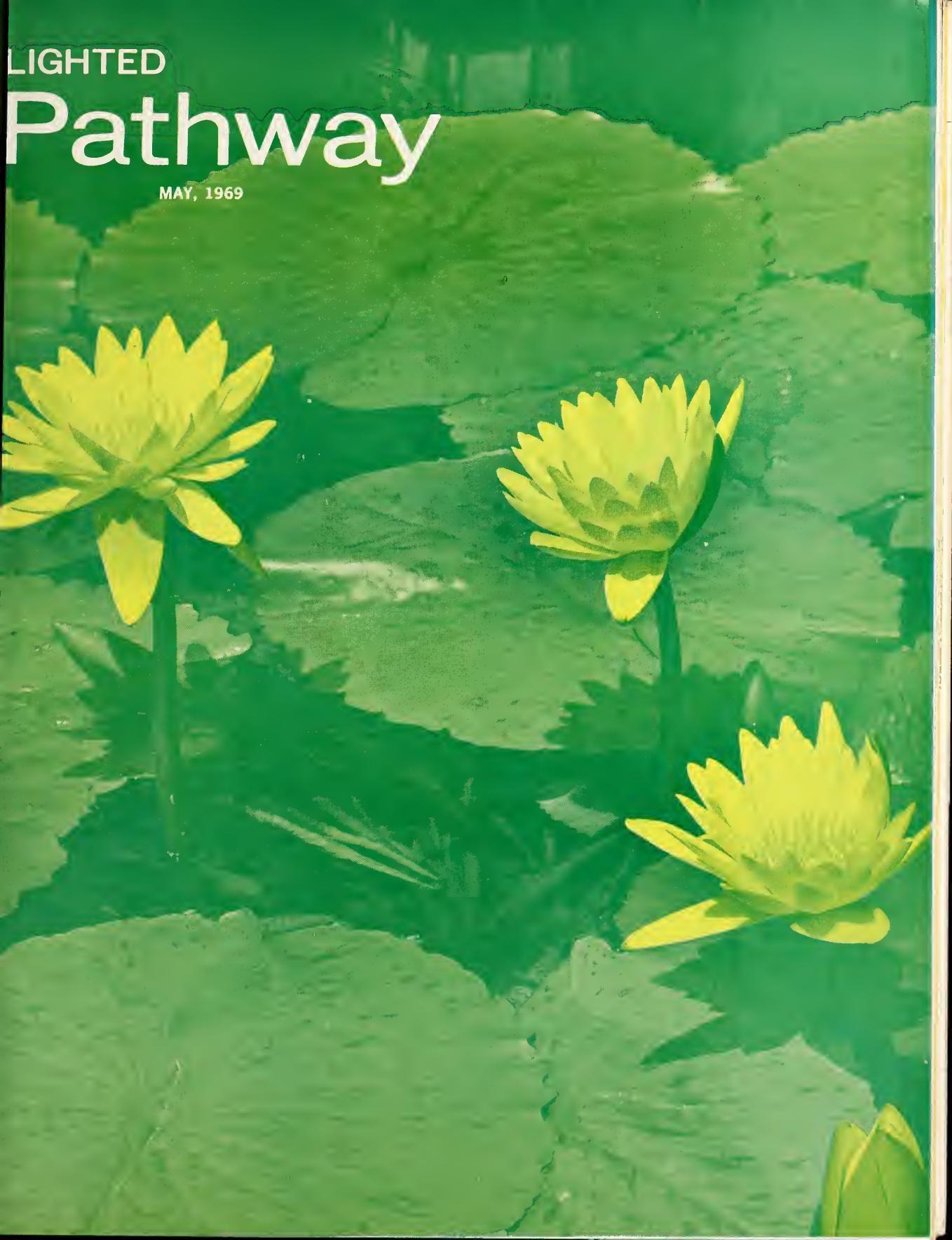
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ALL DAY
SINGING—
THE
BLACKWOOD
BROTHERS



LIGHTED

Pathway

MAY, 1969



OUR ROSE GARDEN

I planted a little rose garden,
God furnished the land;
Gently I worked and toiled it,
It was watered by God's hand.
I trimmed and pruned so proudly,
God sent the sunshine and the dew;
In each and every little blossom,
The face of God came shining through.

—Alma May Hopkins

MOTHER

When young, I told her things that hurt me most;
There was no grief that I could never tell.
She always listened to the words I said
Attentively—she always listened well.

She gave me comfort and she brought me peace,
Her soft hands gently fingering my hair.
My grief was lessened, and she gave me strength
Because of her love and still presence there.

Now, aged, I find the need to still confide
And tell my grief when it will not depart.
Though she is gone, fond memories remain
And bring sweet gladness which stirs my heart.

—Roy Z. Kemp

LINES TO A DEPARTED LOVED ONE

The grasp of death is gentle after all.
Until this hour I had not thought it so,
But when life's dauntless Reaper bid the call
You slipped away as peacefully as though
The summons tendered respite, and relief
Was in the fevered contour of your face.
Such reassurance helps estrange my grief
Which saltish tears fail, somehow, to erase.

Almighty was the hand proferring balm
Anointing blest cessation from all pain
As graciously as rainbow-tinted calm
Of sunlight following torrential rain,
Redeeming you from earth-confining bars
For perpetuity beyond the stars.

—Joyce A. Inman

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May, 1969

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Staying With A Task



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SEVERAL years ago, I spent an exhilarating summer on a ranch in Western Canada, where I lived with a remarkable Christian family. They were a hardworking, happy, purposeful family unit. Prayer, Bible reading, church attendance, and conversation about Christian living was an integral part of their everyday life. The father, a strong, compassionate outdoorsman in his sixties, called me "colonel." He explained, without smiling, that anyone from the Deep South was a colonel. Apparently he had learned early in life that humor is a sustaining part of a full life.

Perseverance was a marked attribute of this father. When he started a task, he kept at it until it was finished. For example, thirty-five years before my visit in his home, he had gone nine miles upstream on a creek that flowed through the ranch and had begun digging an irrigation ditch. He wanted to irrigate his fields where he raised hay for his livestock, as well as wheat and barley for home and market. For twenty-seven years he worked on the ditch whenever time permitted. He plugged away at the seemingly impossible task with a team of horses and a land scoop—one lone man, digging a ditch nine miles long and deep enough to carry water. The project seemed preposterous,

but he kept digging. Passersby must have thought his actions were absurd, but he kept digging. He worked away year after year at the Herculean task of getting irrigation water to his ranch.

At the end of twenty-seven years he finished digging the ditch; and for eight years before I visited with him, he had raised bumper crops. During the summer that I was there, the rich, moist ground, irrigated from the ditch, grew acres of beautiful barley that reminded me of the rippling sea as the western wind swept across it. That fall he harvested load after load of fine alfalfa hay and many bushels of wheat and barley, while his neighbors complained of a drought-filled summer that had cut their yield almost to zero. But my friend had persevered years before. While neighbors had visited or done other things, he had dug away on his ditch. Now his hard work was paying rich dividends.

Buckling down to tasks and faithfully doing them puts fiber in our souls. All of us have a ditch of one kind or another to dig, and we ought to stick by the task. "The secret of success is constancy to purpose," stated Disraeli. An acquaintance of mine commented that when he was eleven years old, he began reading the Bible through once a year. Now he is

fifty-five and has read the Bible through forty-four times. He has stuck by his "ditchdigging!" A retired missionary stated recently that he had just finished his sixtieth trip through the Bible. What perseverance! During my childhood I knew a vibrant, forceful Christian who could be heard praying every morning and evening at his regular praying place. Month in and month out he maintained his prayer life. He was a great ditchdigger.

Ditchdigging always yields good dividends. In the case of my Canadian friend it made his farm productive. Furthermore, he and his wife were faithful in other "ditchdigging" efforts—including their attendance at God's house, their constancy at family devotions, and their maintaining a good Christian testimony. Today their children are followers of the Lord. Two sons are faithful laymen, another has been a missionary to the Philippines, and still another is a missionary to India. A daughter, with her preacher-husband, was a missionary to Africa for years; and another daughter is the wife of a pastor. It is evident that this father and mother persevered not only in digging a physical ditch to the ranch, but also in leading their children to the Christ, who offers rivers of Living Water. God is with those who persevere. •

AGNES MAXSON TOOK the silk rose she had bought at Thurman's sale and held the flower against her suit. In the mirror she saw her greying hair beneath last year's hat and her wrinkled face like time-grated Parmesan cheese. She lay the rose down.

"Flowers aren't for you, Agnes Maxson," she told herself. "You haven't any right to wear a rose to church on Mother's Day anyway. You—an old maid schoolteacher,

up for retirement in another year."

The doorbell sounded. I'm glad I dressed early, Agnes thought. She opened the door to see young Johnny Oakley grinning timidly at her. A particularly good-looking teen-ager, Johnny had thick blond hair and light eyes. He was wearing firmly creased slacks and a pressed sports jacket. A suitcase dangled from his hand. "I'm leaving Leesburg, Miss Maxson. I wanted to thank you for everything first

—that tutoring you gave me for free, and for signing me up for the scholarship. I won't need the scholarship now."

"Indeed you will," Agnes protested. "You come in here, Johnny Oakley."

"No time, honestly, Miss Maxson. I want to get out of town before Dad wakes up. Oh-oh—" He glanced over his shoulder as a car careened around the corner. "It's too late. Dad's followed me. Don't tell him I'm here." Johnny dashed for her kitchen and shut the door.

Agnes smelled trouble. She had faced it with many of her students before. She removed her faded hat from her greying hair, to stand prim and lank when John Oakley, Sr., stormed in. He was a tall man, over six foot, and broad in proportion to his height. His rough and ready face scowled down in hers. "I saw him walking this direction. Where is he?"

"Sit down, John. What's all this about?"

"He set off another flying saucer last night and scared the neighborhood half to death. The sheriff traced the saucer to our yard. I told the sheriff that I would send Johnny to my brother's farm upstate where he could work and get this nonsense out of his head."

"Johnny is not a farmer," Miss Maxson remarked.

"What is he then?"

"A boy who's won top honors in science and is going to make his mark in the world."

"That's one teacher's opinion. I'm due in Mechanicsburg at noon. I haven't time to argue with you. Since Laura died a year ago, I've been trying to raise that boy myself. My work keeps me on the road. I'm selling the house and discharging the housekeeper."

Agnes saw the kitchen door tremble. "Come out, Johnny," she called.

John, Sr.'s, rough face flushed darkly as his son advanced, suitcase in hand. "Running away, were you?" he roared.

"Sit down, John," said Agnes.

By IRMA HEGEL

A ROSE FOR MOTHER'S DAY



"Johnny's not running anywhere. He'll stay with me to complete his junior semester in high school, and go on to his senior year and college. Your Laura lived with me every fall, winter, and spring for three years while she was in high school. The bus didn't run then, and her folks' farm was clear off in Coon Hollow." She put her hand on Johnny's and drew him down on the couch beside her. "Do you want to take your mother's room, Johnny? Enough other teens have used that room too. Two exchange students will be coming on in June."

Johnny gulped. "That would be keen—" He eyed his father warily. "I do have a summer job promised, Dad. I could pay Miss Maxson for my keep."

"You two talk it over," Agnes proposed. "I'll make us coffee."

A few minutes later she returned from the kitchen, a tray of filled cups in her hands. "Well?" she asked.

"I'm not in the habit of asking favors from women," John, Sr., remarked. He flung a ring of keys on the coffee table. "But all right. There's the keys to our house, in case Johnny wants anything he didn't pack. We'll see how it works out till I get back again." He drained his coffee and grasped

Johnny's hand. "You mind Miss Maxson, do you hear?"

"Yes, sir."

John Oakley rose, and the door closed behind him.

"Tell me about the flying saucer," Agnes urged, sitting back and sipping her coffee. "We've got half an hour before we start for church."

"Aw, it was crazy," Johnny apologized. "This Annie Murrell who lives next door to us—well she made a Mother's Day card in kindergarten. Annie wanted to send it to her mom in heaven. She asked me to put it in one of my flying saucers so I made her one up."

"How, Johnny?"

"I put the card in a plastic bag from the vacuum cleaner. I had candles on the circle of the cardboard. The candles filled the bag with air and off zoomed the flying saucer. It wasn't any fire hazard, Miss Maxson. Those teensy-weensy birthday candles burn out too quick. It just happened to be a dark night, and some of the neighbors panicked and called the sheriff."

"Did you tell your father this, Johnny?"

"Are you kidding? Dad gets sore, and he won't listen anyway. I guess I understand how it is

though—he's only home a few days at a time. It's foolish to keep up the house and all that. I like a home. I'm sure grateful you took me in. I'll try real hard to keep in the groove."

"I'm sure you will, Johnny. Now I'll just put away these dishes and we'll leave for church."

Johnny was gone when she returned to the living room. Agnes looked about her and saw him standing at the open door, a fresh red rose in his hand. "First one from our garden," he explained. "I kept it under my coat, intended to give it to you when I left. Will you wear it for Mother's Day? It's from all the kids you've helped through the years—me included."

Agnes pushed the flower into the buttonhole of her suit, straightening proudly. "Thank you, Johnny. The rose reminds me of a poem by Herrick. 'To work a wonder, God would have her shown, at once, a bud, and yet a rose full-blown.' I've had so many buds, Johnny. This is my first May rose full-blown."

She smiled then, thinking of her coming retirement. She would have more boys and girls to help in her added leisure. The good Lord, in His wisdom, had a use for old maids too—yes, even on this day set aside strictly for mothers. •

IT WAS WHEN I saw Grandma's empty rocking chair that I realized how irreplaceable was the one now gone from us. The old chair was in its usual place in the kitchen chimney corner. The spot that Grandma had loved best in all the house.

One rocker on the old chair had been repaired with a piece of baling wire: Father was no carpenter, but he had tried to please her. The arms and the seat of the chair were worn free of all stain or paint. The patchwork cushion was flat and frayed around the edges. I slid my hand across the tall back and felt a sudden wave of utter loneliness.

It was the only chair in the house that Grandma had ever sat

in, except at mealtime. She always had her Bible open on her lap or close at hand. When I was a little girl, I used to think that the chair was magic. It could take on so many different forms.

When Grandma had talked of crossing the plains in a covered wagon, the old chair had wheels instead of rockers and I could almost hear the wind flapping the canvas overhead.

When she set out for town with her butter and eggs, the old rocking chair became the canoe. I could see Grandma as she was then, young and strong, fighting the mighty river current.

The greatest miracle of all was seeing my mother, a tiny baby being rocked in this very chair in

Grandma's arms. Once while Grandma was rocking my mother to sleep, my Aunt Jenny, who was three years old at that time, slipped around and tied Grandma in the chair by her apron strings. Grandma could not get loose until Grampa came in and untied her.

I remember some of my older cousins complaining that Grandma lived only in the past and that they were sick of hearing her old stories. But for me they were always new and exciting.

When I was young, the Bible was hard for me to read or understand; but its people and places really came to life for me, as I sat beside Grandma's old rocking chair.

Now the old chair was empty. None of the family wanted it, but I could not bring myself to stack it on the pile my sisters were making of Grandma's few personal belongings to give to the Salvation Army.

"I think that I will keep Grandma's old rocking chair," I said, and, as I knew I would, I heard the chorus, "Whatever for?"

I took the old rocking chair home and put it in the attic. It is still there gathering dust.

If angels ever get tired, I hope the one that spent so many years in that old rocking chair, reading her beloved Bible or telling stories to make a little girl happy, will come and rest awhile.

Senior citizen housing and retirement homes have replaced the chairs in the chimney corners, once so loved by our Grandmas. So to all you unfortunate children who will never know the joy of a Grandma with a Bible in her lap, sitting in an old rocking chair in your chimney corner, I send this invitation. Come in quietly and journey with my grandma across a wild country. Where once buffalo grazed and a friendly Indian gave a little girl a necklace made from bear claws. All I ask is that you make room for a small girl with black curls and blue eyes, of long ago, for I would like to hear all the old stories once again. ●



Grandma's Old Rocking Chair

By NORA ANN KUEHN

WHEN WE WALK in the Spirit, we may be assured of a certain future and a blessed hope. Let us give our attention to a very suggestive Scripture, "For I know the thoughts and plans that I have for you, says the Lord, thoughts and plans for welfare and peace, and not for evil, to give you hope in your final outcome" (Jeremiah 29:11).

It is astounding to know that we are in the merciful thoughts and deliberate plans of the mighty God. This issue is to give us an expected end—a desirable future and a radiant hope! We may, therefore, live today triumphantly and anticipate tomorrow confidently.

This scripture emphasizes that God focuses on our *present condition* and relates efforts to results. It is, therefore, the task of the Church of God to evaluate its present efforts in the light of how well it is achieving its primary purposes in the earth. Further, it is the grave responsibility of the leadership of the Church to pray and to structure a plan whereby holy intentions may be more than enamored dreams, vain confidence, and disappointed despair. It is time for the Church of God to exert a greater degree of spiritual leadership in the world. We must break through the sound barrier of a verbal profession and discover entralling new dimensions in service and holiness.

The quality of our efforts for the decade ahead, if the Lord tarries, is that we must not only measure each step which is to be taken, but with aroused energy bring a willing and dedicated stewardship to the task. Our designed efforts must be resolute and importunate! Lost time and loose living go together.

In this very moment, we are charged to do more than "just keep house" for the church. Simply *responding* to problem situations can produce a stalemate and an inconsolable despondency.

Upon what is our hope of peace and progress based? First, that the Lord of glory has thoughts of peace and welfare concerning us. Second,

A Certain Future and a Blessed Hope

By R. LEONARD CARROLL, Ed.D.

First Assistant General Overseer

that we call upon and seek the Lord with all our hearts. Third, that we expend energies disciplined to the "yoke of the Lord." Fourth, that we involve ourselves in a definite and planned scheme of operations for the days that lie ahead.

There are two questions which confront each of us today: How wholehearted is our individual commitment to Christ and His Church? and, How courageously are we implementing the work of the Lord? May it be long remembered that the Christians who move the world are those who never let the world move them!

We are confronted with a demand to perform effectively in rebellious and undisciplined real-life situations. My friends, when you are confronted by a situation which seems to completely outmeasure your ability, remember the elementary, yet exciting, story of the loaves and fishes in Matthew 15:34. Proceed according to the pattern provided there. Let us observe briefly the framework of the pattern.

Step one: Identify the problem area. Then make an inventory of what resources and abilities you possess. Jesus inquired of the disciples, "How many loaves have you?" And they responded with a factual evaluation of the situation. They counted seven loaves and a few little fishes.

This is always Christ's question when dire circumstances confront us. Identify what you do have, and make an inventory of your assets so that you will yield them to the Lord.

Step two: Recall what the Lord has already done for you. Memory is a gift from God, and it can incite courage.

Step three: Take whatever you have and enter into a holy partnership with Jesus. The shining fact is that the disciples happily turned their resources over to Christ and allowed Him to *control* them. Total-life commitment is the way to an effective stewardship.

Step four: Practice what you believe to be the will of God. The disciples cheerfully and immediately responded to His instructions. Obedience is a key to receiving further direction from the Lord.

Step five: Go forth step-by-step in the brave use of your consecrated resources. Christ "gave to the disciples, and the disciples to the multitude." The happy result revealed, ". . . they were all filled." Jesus multiplied these resources and made them sufficient.

If we confront life as the disciples did, we will find God's grace more than abundant, His guidance sure, and the results eternally blessed. May God bless us as we look to and plan for the decade ahead! ●

Is it Nothing to You?

By KATHERINE BEVIS



THE EARLY MORNING sun, diffused through a gray haze, shone brightly over the surrounding country.

A lone man stood on a hilltop overlooking his beloved city. On this springlike day, in anguish of heart, he cried out: "Is it nothing to you?"

The man, the last preexile prophet, was God's prophet Jeremiah, who had repeatedly told the inhabitants of Jerusalem what the future held if they did not mend their ways. Jehovah had said, "Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings" (Isaiah 3:22). But they had refused to change.

They knew that Jerusalem always staged a comeback.

Jerusalem had existed for thirty-three centuries. It had suffered at the hands of man and of nature. It had gone through twenty sieges and blockades. It had had eighteen periods of reconstruction and two eras of desolation. Six times its religion had changed and its people had been slain or exiled. But Jerusalem had always survived. So they saw no reason why they should listen to this overzealous prophet and his cry, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" (Lamentations 1:12).

Was not Jerusalem doing quite well—with plenty of money, commerce and trade? Was it not still the meeting place of the East and West. The caravans came and went—and were they not large and many?

Let the simple ones worry and work—and the smart ones cash in on their efforts. Jerusalem was eternal! Jerusalem would always survive!

Today, as I look around me, I am disturbed. I certainly am not a prophet Jeremiah, but as a Christian, as a church member, I am disturbed. I wonder if many of us who call ourselves Christian are not lapsing into a state of indifference and apathy. We need a Jeremiah today!

We need someone who will cry out, "Is it nothing to you?"

Is it nothing to you that every time you stay Sunday night service or the midweek prayer meeting, you have no desire to be in God's house. You stay at home—excusing yourself by saying, "Oh it isn't too important that I attend. There will be others there, and I'll not be missed." And then you remember a scheduled sports event on TV that night or a good play that you want to see.

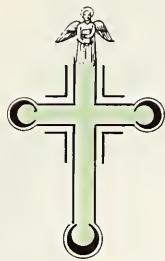
Is it nothing to you that every time you stay away from a service you miss a blessing, you miss the Christian fellowship, you miss the chance of hearing God speak to you through His speaker?

Is it nothing to you that you do not visit that one who needs God—that by your failing in this business of representing Christ and His work, you are forcing some other Christian to do your work?

Throughout the past, numberless Christians have given their time, their money, their prayers, their talents. They know that serving God is worthwhile—that for every effort they have given, they have been repaid a thousandfold with the personal satisfaction of knowing that they are pleasing God.

Is it nothing to you that this world is suffering from an apathy which has overtaken men and has made a mockery of their good intentions to serve God.

May God give us a *Jeremiah!* And may his question, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" arouse us from our state of indifference and apathy and cause us to give ourselves unreservedly to Christ. ●



MY GOD'S BIGGER THAN YOUR GOD

By BOB LAIR

I SAW RECENTLY the title of a book which captured my imagination: *Your God Is Too Small!* I have not the faintest notion of the contents of that book (though I once heard it reviewed). I apologize to its author for my abuse of it, but the title intrigued me.

It reminded me that the pagans really were concerned with proving that their gods were bigger and more impressive than anybody else's. The Romans, for example, when they conquered a land, often set about the task of building temples to their gods. And the temples had one recurring characteristic: they always were made larger than the temples to the local deities, as proof that their gods were bigger and wiser and more powerful.

The Greeks as well admitted the possibility of lesser divinities (sea nymphs and wood spirits, etc.), but thought their Olympians supreme. Often the act of worship was a case of pitting god against god to see whose deity was the greater.

Even the modern civilized mind, having given up its beliefs in sun gods and fertility goddesses, sometimes looks at the world as though there were a contest of gods in it. Philosophers sometimes tell us that there is a great ruling force of good and a great ruling force of evil. The two contest against one another. We had better all get in and pitch for the good god,

they tell us, or he might get beat.

Such paganism! Surely there is an evil principle in the world. Satan is the power behind such perniciousness, and he assembles the demons of his kingdom in behalf of his wicked schemes—but he is no god.

Our Lord. He is God. There is no other!

The Apostle Paul tells us that those who make their offerings to idols, in reality make them to demons and not to God or to any beings which could properly be called gods (see 1 Corinthians 10:20; the word translated *devils* is actually *demons*).

Paul speaks specifically to the Corinthians of those whom the pagans call gods, "But to us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we in him; and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by him" (1 Corinthians 8:6).

There is one God and one Mediator, Jesus Christ. He is sovereign, omnipotent, omniscient. He is King of all kings and Lord of all lords. He holds the monarchs of the world in His hands. Is any like unto God?

The world's manufactured deities, its images of stone and wood, its gods of money and pleasure, of sensuality and worldly power, of armies and might—all must fall down to worship Him, all perish in His presence. He is God Almighty, Lord of all creation.

Let every knee bow and every tongue confess that He is God—not simply the greatest of all gods; for besides Him there is no other! ●

THE WORD declares, "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty" (2 Corinthians 3:17). Liberty is always where God's spirit leads; therefore, there are never two ways to freedom. There is only one—God's way.

Freedom is always the first casualty when we forget the government of God and make a God of government. As a citizen, we are not out of line as a Christian when we strive to remind our government and the American people that freedom is not the reward for a government to dispense nor is it a liberty that a despotic government may revoke.

Freedom is never the liberty to do as we please, regardless of the consequence. Rather, freedom is the opportunity to do as we ought for the exercise of wisdom and good will.

Our forefathers believed that freedom was something they wanted to do. They did not ask for freedom from want, worry, or war. They would have scoffed at the idea of trading the adventurous right to live free for the weak and sickly guarantee of a government-controlled security. The freedom they wanted was for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Patrick Henry wrote, "To preserve free government and its blessings, we need a frequent recurrence of fundamental principles." Justice Brewer has stated: "The American nation, from its first settlement in Jamestown to this hour, is based upon and permeated by the Bible."

One of our great sorrows today stems from a sickness of leadership. Today is no time for compromise, but for strong leadership in every national decision: it will be necessary to bring America back to God.

Evil men with evil plans threaten our existence on every hand. People seem to be filled with nothing but self-interest and greed. Hatred and violence have become a way of life in the United States. It is now time that we declare war upon the enemy of righteousness.

LIBERTY AND FREEDOM

By ROY Z. KEMP

Before we can have liberty and freedom again, we must restore the Bible to its proper place of honor in the very bulwark of our American Republic—the schools. Atheism, the religion of moral lepers, is being taught in our schools. The Bible has been taken away from the pupils; prayers have been abolished.

Once the standard of the world, founded upon Christian principles, our schools have become hotbeds of agnostic, godless teachings, where the basic theories of good government are distorted through atheism and doubt, and through being devoid of God.

As Christians, we must plead with America to come back to its national pride and sound fiscal management, knowing that sin is a reproach to any nation, but righteousness exalteth a nation.

God has showered America with blessings and opportunities that few other countries possess. The Constitution of the United States is the direct result of Christian faith and of God's guidance. Yet there are some who would rewrite it. The whole world recognizes the United States as a Christian nation, and our laws have their basis in the Scripture. But we are fast losing face with the world!

History teaches us that George Washington prayed in the snows in the winter at Valley Forge, asking for guidance in founding a new nation. And that Benjamin Franklin asked that each session of Congress be opened with prayer, declaring that "God governs the af-

fairs of men, and if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without notice, it is probable that an empire cannot rise without His aid."

This, to be sure, is a liberal period of history. The modern liberal feels that it is perfectly right to laugh and ridicule all that is holy to many others. Modern-day permissiveness is breeding a host of vices that formerly were never seen, rarely discussed, seldom thought of. All signs point to the day of the anti-god, the anti-religious, among the nations and their people.

There is nothing wrong with our enjoying freedom and great prosperity. The wrong is in thinking that these things are always going to last. Unless something drastic and effective is done by the leaders of our country, our present freedom and prosperity may be short-lived.

The New England Primer, the chief book used years ago in the training of younger children, has been called the "Little Bible of New England" because it abounds in quotations from the Bible.

We find that in 1650, Harvard adopted the motto, "To the Glory of Christ." The early Harvard students were required to read Scripture twice each day to qualify for a degree.

When schools were established in Maryland, it is recorded that they were for the propagation of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. And New Jersey schools were founded to give the youth a necessary knowledge of the principles of Christianity.

Our schools today, for the most part, are running under a different system! Many of today's students and teachers openly declare that they are the enemies of Christ, by both speech and action!

God gives a positive assurance to us when we read: "If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land" (2 Chronicles 7:14). ●



SORRY, BROTHER MOORE

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THE TELEPHONE rang — which is nothing unusual at our house. My eyes skimmed the rest of the sentence that I had been reading in my psychology book, and I made a mad dash for the phone. The church clerk wanted to talk to my dad—something else that is not unusual at our house. "Sure," I said, "just a minute, and I'll get him."

I thought I had seen my dad go into his study; so I started in that direction to tell him to pick up his extension. I knocked, and there was no answer; so I went on in. No one was there, but I heard something in the church immediately on the other side of the study. I quickly walked across the small room and noisily opened the sanctuary door. I stopped short. My dad was kneeling there before the altar praying. In his earnestness and involvement in his prayer, Dad had not heard me barge in.

There he was, his knees heavy on the wine-colored carpet, and his broad shoulders bent. His bulky body was bowed in humility, yet his face was lifted toward the One whom he was addressing. My eyes started to sting as I heard him ask divine protection and guidance for me. Then, he asked the same

for every other member of our family. He asked the Almighty for inspiration and help for the sermon that he would preach on Sunday morning. He asked that someone would maybe live just a little better the following week because of it.

I wished that every church member could see my dad kneeling here like this. Maybe there would be a little less whispering and a lot less daydreaming when he stands up to preach.

I looked to the pulpit where he would deliver that sermon, to the organ that I would be playing, and to the seats where the choir would be seated. All of these were sacred to my father—and to me. I glanced once more to his face—so sincere. The tired, brown eyes were squeezed shut below tense, bushy black eyebrows. I shivered in the cool darkness, but Dad did not seem to be aware of the chilliness, although his shirt was thin and had short sleeves.

I groped for the doorknob behind me and slipped back into the study. I picked up the phone and said quietly, "I'm sorry, Brother Moore, could Dad call you back later? I wouldn't dare disturb him just now." •

By PATRICIA LYKENS



MAMA'S ROSE CHINA PLATTER

By ALICE J. KINDER

WHEN WE MOVED to our new home the first thing Mama did, after walking across the threshold, was to hang her rose china platter above the mantelpiece in the parlor.

"There," she declared with a satisfied air, "it will help us over the knocks in life here the same as it did back in the old house."

Papa, carrying in a load of furniture, momentarily lifted his eyes to the rose china platter. He looked at it fondly but did not take time to stop and read the words anew. For like Mama, my four brothers, and me, he already knew them from memory. And he knew, too, the same as Mama, that the courageous lines had helped us climb many a mountain of trials and thorny obstacles.

Take the time, for example, when Aunt Noreen had been at the point of death. All night long Mama had watched by her bedside. During the stretched-out weary hours, at intervals she had lifted her eyes to the rose china

platter, which my great-great grandmother had brought from Scotland.

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," read Mama repeatedly from the Bible verse in Philippians 4:15 which was engraved on the platter.

"Christ, You can do all things," she prayed softly to her Saviour. In the morning Aunt Noreen's condition had improved considerably.

Then there was the time when the crops failed, and Papa feared that we would not be able to make ends meet through the winter. He and the boys worked extra hard, looking after the stock. Moreover, they went out looking for odd jobs that could be picked up here and there. Every night, in our devotional hour during that period, Papa read the verse from Mama's rose china platter.

"It helped us over the rough spots that year," he admitted later, "more than anything else."

Now, helping Mama straighten the room, I looked up yet again to observe the platter. It was long and oval shaped, all fragile-like with a picture of tiny roses circled around the surface. Inside the circle was the Bible verse. It was the loveliest platter in the world, I knew.

Absorbed with the platter and the memories surrounding it, I scarcely heard the noise of voices on the porch. Looking up, I saw the neighbors entering. They had come from all over Deep Valley to help us set the house in order and to assist with the farm tools and the stock.

But later, after everyone had left and we were preparing to settle down for the night, we discovered that a catastrophe had befallen our family. Mama's rose china platter was missing!

In subsequent days we inquired around, searching everywhere for our lost possession. We did it tactfully, of course, not wanting to accuse anyone.

"Surely no one would steal my rose china platter," wailed Mama. "Why, that would be like stealing the Bible!"

At length, we were forced to relinquish our search since, naturally, we had to continue living—despite the loss of our platter. And then other events developed calling for our attention. Events that tumbled about us in rapid succession.

That winter was a regular blizzard type. Water froze in buckets by the hearth, and school was closed for weeks. Old Mr. Trelawney died in his sleep all by himself—old Mr. Trelawney, the drunkard in our valley. The funeral was held on a snowy day in January.

When spring arrived eventually, we almost forgot the cold winter. With renewed hope we began planting crops and making plans for a bountiful harvest. But somehow, that spring it was not the same—making plans without the rose china platter. However, we still had the Bible and our faith in God and each other.

"And that's enough for anyone," asserted Mama staunchly. Yet, despite her firm conviction, her blue eyes strayed with longing to the vacant spot above the mantelpiece.

In the autumn the harvest was a good one, and we settled down to a second winter in our new home. Again Papa and the boys worked at odd jobs, while Mama made quilts to sell. Sometimes she asked Athalena Brown to come down and help her. Miss Brown had lost her sister who had lived with her, and she went around helping folks a mite now and then. They paid her what they could afford.

"Athalena," said Mama one afternoon, "you take these extra quilt pieces home with you. Piece a quilt of your own. I think I'll stop sewing for the winter."

"Oh, Betsey!" said Athalena, her brown eyes opening wide, "these lovely pieces for my very own! I've never had anything so pretty!" She coughed, hesitating for a

wisp of a second. "That is—except for one thing, a long time ago. The Bible my father left to Jane and me. It burned in the fire—along with Jane."

Her voice was like a faint echo heard from far away.

"I think I'll go to visit Athalena now and then," said Mama that night after prayers. "Growing old all alone with no close relatives—it must be terribly lonely. And I'll take our Bible to read to her when I visit."

Following Mama's decision, the friendship between her and Athalena ripened fast, like the corn in our cornfield.

"I never saw two women who could find so much to talk about," said Papa in a teasing manner.

"And just why shouldn't we?" asked Mama somewhat tartly. "When there's so much to consider in God's world?"

That same afternoon, however, Athalena failed to visit us, as she had promised. When Mama went to see about her, she discovered that Athalena had had a stroke. Mama brought her home with her to take care of her. Slowly Athalena began to improve. Yet all of us sensed that she would never be the same again.

"Betsey," said Athalena one rainy winter day, "you've been the best friend anyone could ask for. But there's—something I must tell you." She coughed, raising a thin, work-worn hand in a nervous gesture.

"Wait till you're stronger," advised Mama gently. "Whatever it is, the words will keep."

"No, Betsey," said Athalena wearily. "I've got to tell you—now. You see—I have your rose china platter."

"My rose china platter!" said Mama.

"Yes—but I didn't steal it!" cried the other, growing agitated. "That is—not really. Oh, I don't know!"

"Of course not," said Mama briskly. "No one with a lovely name like yours could possibly steal my china platter."

"But I—have it, Betsey. It was like this. When Sam Trelawney

died, I was the first to reach him. Beside the bed he lay all crumpled up—and trying to hang on to the platter in his hands." Athalena's voice sank to a whisper. "He didn't have a Bible either."

"No Bible!" echoed Mama.

"No Bible," repeated Athalena simply. "I guess that verse in the platter meant the Bible to him—that is, at the end anyway."

Slowly and deliberately Mama straightened the sheet on the bed.

"And so I took the platter home," Athalena went on. "And read the verse every night. Oh, Betsey!" Again the sick woman grew agitated. "Go get the platter! And put it back in your parlor again. I've repented over and over! Say it wasn't stealing, Betsey!"

"Of course it wasn't stealing," Mama spoke with calm assurance, "because the platter, Athalena, has always meant faith and hope to us. No one can steal such as those, you know, since they're to be shared with others—with your friends. And you are my friend," she affirmed positively.

"Oh, Betsey!" said Athalena Brown.

Mama held the platter lovingly when she brought it home from Athalena's that afternoon. Yet she did not hang it in the parlor. Rather, she placed it on a special table near the sick woman's bed. It remained there until she died a few months later.

Only then was Mama's rose china platter returned to its rightful place—the spot above the mantel in our parlor.

Hanging it there at last as a symbol of faith and hope for our family, Mama declared with a satisfied air, "There, it'll help us over many a future knock in life. More than ever now, since it's served as a Bible for two people departing this life."

Papa, at the time, was putting coal on the grate fire. But he took time to stop and read the verse anew.

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," read Papa, slowly savoring the words. ●

The broadcast is now on approximately 350 stations. Check the radio log below and listen regularly to this inspirational Church of God program.



Floyd J. Timmerman
Minister

Forward In Faith Broadcast



Max M. Morris
Program Director

Station	Call Letters	Time	KC	Wattage
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ALABAMA

Atmore	WATM	6:30 a.m.	1590	5,000
Birmingham	WSGN	7:30 a.m.	610	5,000
Butler	WPRN	2:00 p.m.	1240	1,000
Eufaula	WULA	2:00 p.m.	1240	250
Fairhope	WABF	9:00 a.m.	1220	1,000
Gadsden	WJBY	10:00 a.m.	930	1,000
Haleyville	WJBB	9:00 a.m.	1230	1,000
Marion	WJAM	10:30 a.m.	1310	5,000
Russellville	WWWR	7:00 a.m.	920	1,000
Scottsboro	WROS	9:00 a.m.	1330	1,000
Sylacauga	WFEB	6:00 p.m.	1340	1,000
Talladega	WNUZ	4:30 p.m.	1230	250
Tuskegee	WABT	1:00 p.m.	580	500
Winfield	WEZQ	8:30 a.m.	1300	1,000

ALASKA

Ketchikan	KTKN	9:15 a.m.	930	5,000
Kotzebue	KOTZ	9:15 a.m.	620	250
North Pole	KJNP	3:00 p.m.	1170	10,000
Sitka	KSEW	6:30 p.m.	1400	250

ARIZONA

Casa Grande	KPIN	7:35 a.m.	1260	1,000
Douglas	KAPR	7:00 a.m.	930	1,000
Holbrook	KDJT	9:00 a.m.	1270	1,000
Nogales	KFBR	7:00 a.m.	1340	250
Sierra Vista	KHFI	10:30 p.m.	1420	1,000
Winslow	KINO	9:00 p.m.	1230	1,000

ARKANSAS

Corning	KCCB	4:30 p.m.	1260	1,000
Hot Springs	KXOW	12:00 p.m.	1420	5,000
Jacksonville	KGMR	3:30 p.m.	1500	1,000
Malvern	KBOK	1:30 p.m.	1310	1,000
Marked Tree	KPCP	4:00 p.m.	1580	250
Paris	KCCP	9:00 a.m.	1460	500
Pine Bluff	KOTN-AM	7:00 a.m.	1490	1,000
	KOTN-FM		92.3	3,200

CALIFORNIA

Alturas	KCNO	7:30 a.m.	570	5,000
Bakersfield	KGEE	9:30 p.m.	1230	1,000
Bishop	KIBS	7:00 a.m.	1230	1,000
Dinuba	KRDU	4:00 p.m.	1130	1,000
Fortuna	KIXF	9:00 a.m.	1280	1,000
Hollister	KMPG	9:00 a.m.	1520	500
Los Banos	KLBS-AM	7:30 a.m.	1330	500
	KLBS-FM		85.9	3,000

Sandersville	WSNT	6:30 p.m.	1490	1,000
Valdosta	WVLV	7:00 a.m.	1450	1,000
Warner Robins	WAVC	9:00 a.m.	1350	5,000

HAWAII

Honolulu	KNDI	5:30 p.m.	1260	5,000
Makawao, Maui	KNUI	4:00 p.m.	1310	1,000

IDAHO

Payette	KYET	9:00 a.m.	1450	250
Moscow	KRPL	7:00 a.m.	1400	1,000

ILLINOIS

Kankakee	WKAK-FM	8:30 a.m.	99.9	6,600
Lawrenceville	WAKO-AM	7:00 a.m.	910	500
	WAKO-FM		103.1	3,000
Zion	WZBN	1:00 p.m.	1500	500

INDIANA

Goshen	WKAM	2:00 p.m.	1460	1,000
Michigan City	WIMS	3:30 p.m.	1420	5,000
South Bend	WJVA	7:45 a.m.	1500	1,000

IOWA

Des Moines	KDMI-FM	3:30 p.m.	97.3	115,000
Knoxville	KNIA	2:00 p.m.	1320	500

KANSAS

Arkansas City	KSOK	6:30 p.m.	1280	1,000
Chanute	KCRB	7:30 a.m.	1460	1,000
Larned	KANS-AM	7:00 a.m.	1510	1,000
	KANS-FM		96.7	910

KENTUCKY

Phillipsburg	KKAN	9:00 a.m.	1490	1,000
Albany	WANY	4:30 p.m.	1390	1,000
Bardstown	WBRT	6:30 a.m.	1320	1,000
Cadiz	WKDZ	1:05 p.m.	1110	1,000
Corbin	WYGO	7:30 a.m.	1330	5,000
Eminence	WSTL	8:30 a.m.	1600	500
Harrodsburg	WHBN	2:00 p.m.	1420	1,000
Lebanon	WLBN	8:00 a.m.	1540	1,000
Neon	WNKY	4:00 p.m.	1480	1,000
Madisonville	WFMW-FM	1:00 p.m.	730	500
			93.9	30,000

LOUISIANA

Haynesville	KLUV	9:00 a.m.	1000	1,580
White Castle	KEVL	8:00 a.m.	1590	1,000

MAINE

Madawaska	WSJR	8:00 a.m.	1230	1,000
Baltimore	WBMD-FM	1:00 p.m.	105.8	2,820
		(Sat.)	mc	
Bel Air	WVOB	7:00 a.m.	1520	250
Hagerstown	WARK-AM	8:30 a.m.	1490	1,000
		FM	106.9	2,200

MASSACHUSETTS

Westfield	WDEW	8:30 a.m.	1570	1,000
Detroit	WBFG-FM	6:00 p.m.	98.7	100,000
			mc	
Ishpeming	WCKD	1:30 p.m.	970	5,000
Lapeer	WTHM	8:30 a.m.	1530	5,000

MINNESOTA

Ortonville	KDIO	4:00 p.m.	1350	1,000
Saint Paul	KNOF-FM	5:00 p.m.	95.3	750
			mc	
Princeton	WKPM	7:30 a.m.	1300	1,000

HYSSOP FOR DELLA

A True Story As Told To Esther L. Vogt

IT WAS TUESDAY evening. I had just finished the supper dishes and hung the damp dish towel on the line when a frantic knocking sent me scurrying to the door.

"Troy . . ." my neighbor burst out. "Troy Davis has just been killed! And Della. . . ."

Yes, what about Della? Troy and Della Davis lived not too far from us. We had known them in a business way, for Troy was an implement dealer. Della and I were more or less casual friends and had visited each other a few times.

Today she had gone to visit her aunt; and when Troy did not return from work, she had jumped into the pickup and drove to the shop to see what was keeping him. Apparently he had been loading a tractor onto a truck by himself. Somehow it must have slipped, pinning him down, and crushing him into the tractor seat. Della had tried desperately to free Troy from the tractor, only to be forced to drive for help; but it came too late.

"Someone took Della, completely shattered, back to town," my neighbor, white-faced, finished her story.

I tried to convince myself that I did not know Della very well, that she was really no concern of mine. Yet in the morning I drove to her sister's home, where she was staying, and took a plateful of freshly-baked cookies.

Della was in bed when I arrived, and I left without seeing her.

That evening when the phone shrilled, I sensed its ominous summons. It was Della's sister.

"Della's been wondering all day why you haven't come, and she's

begged me to call you. She needs you. Can you come?"

Della needed me? But I hardly knew her. Somehow I sensed it was God who was sending me to her.

I hesitated only a second. "I'll be there immediately."

Pausing only long enough to tuck my Bible into my purse, I hurried the mile into town. Della rushed into my arms, shaking with grief. All I could think to say was to blurt out the tactless question, "Oh, Della, how can you stand it?"

The house swarmed with relatives, but gratefully they left us alone in the bedroom.

In our brief chats previously Della and I had discussed our religious beliefs. Although she had never professed Christ as her Saviour from sin, she was then in the process of discerning her husband's faith and studying the catechism of his church.

She had prodded me several times to tell her what I believed was "right." And now, utterly desolate, she was turning to me again. What could I tell her?

I spent the next days and nights with her, reading the Bible aloud to her and praying. She demanded to know the reason for her sorrow, but I could not tell her, for I did not know myself. All I could do was pray.

Thursday morning, tired and spent in trying to counsel with her, I went home to freshen up and to check on my family. When I returned, I learned that Della had been stubbornly determined to visit the mortuary to see Troy's body. Though she had to be carried almost bodily, the family had reluctantly agreed to take her.

When they had tried to bring her home, she had resisted des-

perately and clung to the door casing of the funeral chapel. It was only by sheer force that she was brought home and put back to bed.

Again I searched for the right Bible passage to strengthen and comfort her, and I cried aloud for the Lord to help her. It seemed so hopeless.

She began to weep and moan and claw at her eyeballs as though to tear away the awful memory of Troy's death. I did not feel that I was helping at all. I prayed. I was exhausted when I went home that afternoon to rest. Calling our pastor on the phone, I requested that they have a season of prayer for Della that night at prayer meeting, for I felt that the crisis was near. Della, in her torment, must die of grief or go insane.

When I returned on Thursday evening, she was fully dressed and sitting on a chair, looking miserable and stricken. She had not eaten for over two days.

"Take me back to the funeral home to Troy," she said dully, her voice gray and defeated.

The family refused, and she insisted almost violently.

They turned to me questioning-ly, and I nodded. "I'll go along," I said simply.

When we arrived at the mortuary, Della threw herself on the bier and pawed frantically at Troy, seeking to pull him out of the coffin as she screamed and wailed in tearing anguish.

We struggled to lead her to a chair, and finally she calmed enough so we could talk to her.

Again she clung desperately to the door when we tried to leave the funeral chapel. But after we led her down the chapel walk to the car, she grew suddenly very quiet.

By ESTHER L. VOGT

She stared straight ahead with blank, unseeing eyes as we drove back to the house, for she seemed to have entered a strange world of detachment.

The family members were beside themselves at this new development. Worn out from their own grief and from Della's disconsolate state, they carried her back to her bed and most of them left.

I remained with her, reading passage after Bible passage of God's promises, and singing one hymn of assurance after another. The hours dragged on.

The calendar reminded me that it was Friday. Della lay motionless, her eyes luminous and immovable with crushing woe. She was completely oblivious to anything around her.

Could nothing reach her? Had her mind snapped from overwhelming grief? Had all my praying been in vain?

"O God!" I wept bitterly. "You're able—abundantly able far above that which I'm asking. You've called me here. Yet I can't do anything for her but pray. So that's what I'm doing. Won't You help her? Won't You please release her from her agony and save her?"

I reached out and picked up her thin white hand, so limp and lifeless.

"Della," I spoke softly, "tell the Lord that you've come to the end of your rope—that He will have to take over your life because you can't go on any more in your own strength."

But Della lay motionless as in death.

Suddenly she sat up and began to babble hysterically. She searched frantically among the covers for something and seemed terribly worried about not finding it. Her

eyes were wild and stormy.

Her mother and a friend rushed into the room, and together we tried to quiet her. One of us tried to slip out to call the doctor, but she objected violently.

"Don't leave me!" she screamed. "I need—you! I must find. . . ." Again she searched restlessly among her covers.

We didn't dare leave after that. I walked wearily to the dresser and toyed with a sedative pill.

"Look, Della," I said on an impulse, "why don't you take this pill? Maybe—maybe it will calm you so that you'll be able to remember what it is you're looking for."

She looked at me with the pleading eyes of a wounded puppy. "Do you really think so?"

Assuring her, I lifted a glass of water to her shaking lips.

She took the pill and lay back on the pillow and closed her eyes.

I felt defeated, for nothing had been accomplished after all. Della was as unresponsive as ever.

All at once she whispered in a strangely calm way. "Peace . . . I have peace! I don't know what's happened, but I have God's peace."

She lay quietly and looked pensively at the ceiling. Then she turned to me. "Is there anyone here?"

The house had been filled with people, and she had not been aware of them!

"Yes," I said with a tired smile. "Your family . . . and Troy's . . ."

"And you. I should go and visit with them," she said in a voice full of sudden awareness.

Overjoyed, we helped her slip into her blue robe, and she walked unassisted into the other room.

Calmly she threaded her way among them, greeting family mem-

bers and friends, and smiling tremulously as she visited. She glanced wistfully at the food, brought in by friends, that was piled on the table.

"My, that looks good!" she said with genuine interest. "I'm hungry. If you don't mind, I'll have a bite."

It was her first meal in several days!

That night for the first time since Troy's death, Della slept naturally.

Suddenly I knew why God had called me to be there. To pray? Yes, of course. But more than that, just to be there when Della needed me.

Later, one of Della's sisters turned to me with a grateful look. "I believe now that God answers prayer!"

I too was so grateful that God had heard. I hope I will always be obedient when He needs me.

Della was not completely out of her forest of grief, for she had much to face; but she was able to bear it now, with the power of God sustaining her. She learned to love Psalm 51, for it seemed to be written just for her. It kept her through the difficult, lonely days that followed.

"Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness: according to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. . . . Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

Della and I still visit, and she tells me her problems and I try to help; but mostly I just listen and try to understand—to be there when she needs me. ●

THE OKINAWA SERVICEMEN'S RETREAT

Typhoon Della struck fiercely at the Island of Okinawa, grounding all air traffic for twenty-four hours. My flight was delayed in Hong Kong for this period of time, and I waited anxiously. Since this was the first retreat the Church of God had ever conducted on the island, I was eager that our program be a success.

When clearance was given, and I arrived, it was wonderful to be informed that the typhoon had merely changed and had not disrupted the program. Fortunately, the servicemen were able to remain an extra day; so beginning one day late, we followed the previously planned schedule.

The retreat was capably coordinated by the Reverend James E. Garlen, Far East representative, who was assisted by the Reverend Aaron C. Reaves, pastor of the Okinawa Servicemen's Center.

I am sure you will be encouraged when you read the following reports and testimonies.

—C. Raymond Spain, Executive Director

The retreat was a great success as God's presence was real from the first service until the last. Many souls that were hungry for God went away filled with spiritual refreshing.

The spirit of fellowship caused us to feel that this was only the beginning of a great move of God on Okinawa. The friendly spirit of all who came seemed only to increase the outpouring of God's blessings upon the worshipers. One young Holy Ghost-filled Methodist remarked, "It's just good to be in a place where I can say, 'Praise the Lord.'"

We desire your prayers that God will continue to bless Okinawa.

—Aaron C. Reaves

I ran from the Lord for about seven years. In 1962, God first dealt with my heart about the ministry, but I did not accept the call. This year, 1968, I gave my heart to the Master, and now it is my humble desire to serve Him.

I cannot afford to fall my Saviour. I have really enjoyed the

servicemen's retreat in Okinawa and the wonderful fellowship with God's people. I have never felt so much at home with them.

—SSgt. Carl E. Cribb

Attending my first servicemen's retreat on Okinawa was a deep and inspiring experience for me. The purpose of the theme was to strengthen us who are in the military in our walk with Christ. I enjoyed all of the Spirit-inspired sermons which Brother Spain preached. It was a soul-searching time for me as well as for many others. Souls were seeking the will of the Father in their lives. I could almost hear Christ say, "Take up thy cross and follow me."

—L/Cpl. Wallace Gilliam, Jr.

My main purpose is to stress the greater love I have attained by His Spirit through the Christian servicemen's retreat on Okinawa. I lacked faith that I would rise to newer joy, but I received a joy



not previously experienced when He poured out His Holy Spirit upon my life.

—Sgt. Richard D. Saylor

The questions come to mind, "How did this retreat benefit and stimulate me spiritually? Did I derive any blessings? Am I walking closer to God because of it?" If I cannot answer yes to these questions, then something is terribly wrong. But thank God, I can answer yes. My Lord has refilled me through and through.

When I arrived I was physically exhausted and so very, very tired from a year of labor in which we began four Chinese churches as well as the Christian Servicemen's Center and Church. This was accomplished while giving "Uncle Sam" five and a half days a week of my time. As you can readily see, God gave me the additional strength needed to accomplish this. My strength alone could never come close to meeting the need. I praise God for this, still I was tired and weary. My "spiritual" gas tank was registering empty!

Space and time does not allow me to tell of all the blessings I received—for they were too numerous. I just wanted to take a few minutes out to tell you of a few of the blessings I received at this retreat. I walked and talked with Jesus along the seashore. I communed with Him on my knees in the middle of the night. I sang praises to Him all day long. Yes, I can go back to my ministry in China with the "power of God" surging through my veins. I thank my precious Saviour for all the many blessings He poured out on me during this retreat.

—Benjamin A. Moore

Some Lee College Students who are **AVAILABLE FOR ASSIGNMENT**



William E. Tull, Jr., College Arms, Apt. 4, Centenary Avenue, Cleveland, Tennessee 37311. Single, major in Christian education, ready for full-time Christian service June 1. Prefers to work in the State of Ohio.



J. Randle Weeks, Box 661, Lee College, Cleveland, Tennessee 37311. Licensed minister of music, major in biblical education, single, available for full-time appointment June 1. Prefers to work in Alabama or other southeastern areas.



Norman D. Benz, 2814 Henderson Avenue, N.E., Cleveland, Tennessee 37311. Married, major in biblical education, ready for full-time ministerial appointment in June. Prefers to work in Indiana, Kentucky, or Tennessee. Wife has musical talent.



Charles Monroe Rush, Box 737, Lee College, Cleveland, Tennessee 37311. Licensed minister, married, major in religious education, ready for full-time appointment June 1. Three and one-half years' experience as evangelist. Prefers to work in Alabama, but will consider other offers.



William Franklin Waters, Jr., 1500 S. Ocoee Street, Cleveland, Tennessee 37311. Licensed minister, married, major in Christian education with special emphasis on music minor. Ready for full-time ministerial appointment June 1. Prefers southeast location, but would consider other areas.



Lewis Douglas May, 1820 Maple Street, N.E., Cleveland, Tennessee 37311. Licensed minister, married, major in biblical education, ready for full-time ministerial appointment June 1. Prefers to work in Alabama, but will consider other areas.



Loyd C. Corbett, 150 11th Street, N.E., Cleveland, Tennessee 37311. Married, major in Bible and Christian education, minor in music. Licensed, ready for full-time ministerial appointment June 1. Wife plays piano.



Linda Carroll Davidson, 5429 Shelburne Road, Cincinnati, Ohio. B.A. degree, ready for full-time Christian service June 1. Experienced in VBS, Sunday school, and PFC ministries.

Thomas W. Burton, 408 Sunset Drive, Cleveland, Tennessee 37311. Licensed minister, married, B.A., ready for full-time ministerial appointment June 1. Prefers to work in California, but will consider other areas. Husband and wife team with musical talents.

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GOD IS NOT PESSIMISTIC

By MATILDA NORDTVEDT

SOME OF THE men in the high offices of our land are pessimistic today. They are afraid, as they observe our nation, that our world will destroy itself.

The average man on the street is pessimistic, too. Who would not be, after reading a newspaper or watching a current telecast? But God is not pessimistic.

Jeremiah certainly believed that he had much to be pessimistic about. He is called the "weeping prophet," because of his grief over Judah's apostasy. "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people" (Jeremiah 9:1), he cried.

The condition of Judah in Jeremiah's time corresponds in many respects to the condition of "Christian America" today. Jeremiah lamented that although there was an outward return to the worship of God, the people were not turning to Him with sincerity but with feigned devotion. In our modern day we see a great deal of religion. Beautiful church buildings are being erected. People are going to church. But it is, for the most part, only an outward activity rather than true heart worship.

In Jeremiah's day people had lost respect for the Word of God. They called Jeremiah a traitor because he, speaking for the Lord, advocated surrender to King Nebuchadnezzar. He was imprisoned because of his preaching. King Jehoiakim actually cut in pieces and burned the scroll upon which Baruch, Jeremiah's scribe, had written the words of God.

In our country today even the majority of the clergy are turning away from the Bible as the infallible Word of God. At a religious gathering in Miami, Florida, in December of 1966, 33 percent of the delegates had doubts concerning

the existence of God, 36 percent had doubts concerning the deity of Christ, 31 percent questioned a life after death, and 62 percent doubted that miracles actually happened as the Bible said they did. Of the delegates, two-thirds were ordained ministers (*Christianity Today*).

In Jeremiah's day Nebuchadnezzar's forces were at the very gates of Jerusalem, ready to destroy the city and to carry the people captive. Today godless communism and nuclear weapons threaten to destroy America.

In prison because of his preaching of doom, Jeremiah received a strange message from God. He was instructed to buy a piece of land from his nephew. "Buy land now when Jerusalem was about to be destroyed? What a foolish venture," he thought. Yet, because God commanded it, Jeremiah made the transaction in the court of the prison before witnesses.

God was showing Jeremiah that even though Jerusalem was about to fall to the enemy, all was not lost. "For thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel; Houses and fields and vineyards shall be possessed again in this land" (Jeremiah 32:15). "Behold, I am the Lord, the God of all flesh: is there any thing too hard for me?" (Jeremiah 32:27).

God told Jeremiah that He would indeed punish Judah. The city would certainly be destroyed and the inhabitants would be taken captive to Babylon, but later there would come a day of restoration.

All was not dark for Jeremiah. God promised that He would gather and bring back Israel, that they would live securely, that they would again buy and sell fields. God would make an everlasting covenant with them. He would restore their fortune and build them up. He would bring recovery, healing, peace, and joy. He would cleanse them and give them a new heart.

The worship of the Lord would be restored, and the throne of David would be established forever (Jeremiah 33).

Even today God is beginning to bring these great blessings to Israel. After twenty-five hundred years, they have been restored to their land and are now recognized as a sovereign nation. With growing wonder we watch His great plan unfold in the land of Palestine. With growing excitement we wait for His return when all riots, crime, lawlessness, famines, and wars will be over.

At his Pittsburgh evangelistic campaign in 1968 Billy Graham listed ten signs which indicate that the coming of the Lord is imminent:

1. World perplexity—Luke 21:25
2. A permissive society—2 Timothy 3:1-5
3. A falling away in the church—1 Timothy 4:1
4. A time of world violence—2 Timothy 3:3
5. Increase in wars—Luke 21:9, 10
6. Peace conferences—1 Thessalonians 5:13
7. Famines—Luke 21:11
8. Increase in earthquakes—Luke 21:11
9. A psychological preparation for the Antichrist—2 Timothy 4:3, 4
10. Worldwide evangelism—Matthew 24:14

"Christians are the only people in the world who are sure of the future," stated Billy Graham, "Therefore Christians are the only people in the world who can be absolutely optimistic."

While languishing in prison before disaster struck, Jeremiah said, "Ah Lord God! behold, thou hast made the heaven and the earth by thy great power and stretched out arm, and there is nothing too hard for thee" (Jeremiah 32:17). Adoniram Judson, imprisoned in Burma, said, "The future is as bright as the promises of God."

Pessimistic? God is not! Why should we be when eternal peace and everlasting glory are just ahead. ●



THE AGE OF THE FOUR A'S

Four A's concern the youth of today—
Or so I've heard the wise ones say.
Anxiety, apprehension, agonizing and then
Aspirin—that solvent for all of them.
Just one big F would I give
To the youth of today, if they would live
Calmly and happily. Have *faith* in the good—
Faith in God, for you know where He stood.
Discard your fears and all the pills,
For they will never cure your ills.
Hold firmly to your faith, my son.
It will give strength till your battle is won!

—Grace Lyon Benjamin



CALL TO UNIVERSAL WORSHIP

In the verdant valleys, leaf-laced in beauty
Small beings are stirring to honor the king.
While trees lift hands in salute as a duty
The men are gathering to hallow and sing.

On plains where seas of ripe rolling grains
Nod gaily to pastures that smile through grass,
Is the busy traffic on hard ribbon lanes
As men come to worship on the Sabbath en masse.

Strong mountain men, on rock ladders climbing,
You look still higher to God on His throne.
The thin-air peak is your goal for subliming,
For kneeling in prayer that His mercy be shown.

On busy airways men pause while in flight
And astros in orbit lift hands of much knowing.
Yet higher on clouds lined in clear ether light
Wait angels in patience for the blessed bestowing.

See, the angels are parting the veil of the earth
That all men may view His glorified throne
Where long He has reigned in power of birth
And judges in wisdom, His real and His own.

—Harry A. Hunter

Devotions for Youth

(Continued from page 27)

command Christ ended His earthly ministry. The task of teaching, training, and spreading the gospel would now have to be carried out by His followers (the Church). *Pray:* For the members and the work of your State Sunday School and Youth Board.

TUESDAY, May 27 *Read:* Matthew 28, note verse 19, "Go ye therefore, and teach." *Think:* It is the commission of the Church to teach what the Bible says about sin, God's plan of redemption, holiness, hell, and heaven. *Pray:* For the members of the Executive Council of the Church of God (elected biennially at the General Assembly), which is composed of the General Overseer, three Assistant General Overseers, the General Secretary-Treasurer, and twelve counselors: "Their duty shall be to counsel with the General Overseer in all matters pertaining to the general interest of the Church."

WEDNESDAY, May 28 *Read:* Acts 2, note verse 47, "And the Lord added to the church daily." *Think:* The Church must always press to win the lost by promoting Sunday school attendance, revival campaigns and personal soul-winning efforts. *Pray:* For E. C. Thomas, publisher of the Church of God Publishing House and for H. Bernard Dixon, general sales manager.

THURSDAY, May 29 *Read:* Acts 1, note verse 8, "And ye shall be witnesses unto me." *Think:* The Church is a witness in the world—a witness of God's love, of spiritual liberty, and of a better life. *Pray:* For H. D. Williams, production manager, Church of God Publishing House, and for Flavius J. Lee, foreman of Printing Department.

FRIDAY, May 30 *Read:* Matthew 12, note verse 9, "He went into their synagogue." *Think:* Church attendance prepares a young person to meet the responsibilities and the emergencies of life. *Pray:* For the work and the members of the General Evangelism Board and the General Editorial Board.

SATURDAY, May 31 *Read:* Acts 13, note verse 14, "And went into the synagogue on the sabbath day." *Think:* Young person, church attendance is a wonderful privilege; take full advantage of it! *Pray:* For the members of the General Sunday School and Youth Board.

Church Care Chart

1. Attend church regularly, be on time, and invite someone to come with you.
2. Take an active part in the service, prepare yourself for personal worship, and enjoy the fellowship of other Christians.
3. Support church activities, share church obligations, and faithfully obey church teachings.

Illinois Ministers Seminar

By B. L. KELLEY

Monday, January 27, was a dark, cloudy day in central Illinois. The rain clouds appeared on the horizon as the ministers of Illinois headed for the East Bay Camp in Bloomington for the ministerial seminar that was to convene Monday evening through Friday morning of that week. Most of the ministers arrived in the early part of the afternoon. The excitement was running very high as fellow ministers greeted one another.

The seminar was well planned by our state overseer, the Reverend John D. Nichols. The theme he selected was very appropriate—"Communicating the Gospel in the Twentieth Century." The men selected to carry forth this theme were the Reverend C. Raymond Spain, general secretary-treasurer of the Church of God; Dr. James A. Brandt, head of the psychology department in Minot State University, Minot, North Dakota; Dr. Richard L. Stoppe, director of graduate studies and speech at Southern Illinois University; and the Reverend Robert B. Thomas, chaplain and faculty member of Northwest Bible College, Minot, North Dakota.

Before registration was over, about 75 percent of the pastors of Illinois had arrived. Monday evening was given over to important items of business of the State Council. On Tuesday, Dr. Stoppe set the pace for the entire meeting with his lecture on our theme, "Communicating the Gospel in the Twentieth Century." The Reverend Mr. Thomas lectured each morning. His lectures included such topics as: "Marriage and the Family," "The Minister and His Fam-

ily," and "The Method for Studying the Pauline Epistles." Dr. James Brandt lectured to us each morning on the "Minister and the Field of Psychology." The Reverend C. Raymond Spain presented two lectures on successive mornings. The first lecture was on preaching, or more specifically, "Expository Preaching." On the second day he lectured on "The Church's Ministry to the Servicemen."

Each afternoon was given to recreation and fellowship and many of the brethren played various games, while others thought of ways to entertain themselves. A number did some reading, while others were content to sit around talking about the Lord and the things that interest a minister.

At six o'clock each evening the dinner meal was served. From 6:30 p.m. to 7:15 p.m. the State Examining Board gave a workshop led by the Reverend Jack McClure, chairman of the board, and the Reverend Floyd Aldrich, a board member. The lectures were entitled "Personal Habits of the Minister" and "Successful Ministerial Practices."

The evening services were a tremendous success. Brother Spain's topic for the first service was "Preach the Word." His topic for the second evening was "Preach the Word With the Holy Ghost Power."

As Brother Spain preached to us on the last evening, I realized that Pentecost had advanced thus far because preachers were God's men who were anointed to preach the Word of God and because God confirmed the Word with signs following.

On Friday morning we awoke to a cold, snowy day; and after finishing breakfast, we set out to help each other to get our cars started and to head for home. The Ministers Seminar for 1969 is now history, but somehow I feel that it will never be forgotten. In the months to come we will benefit greatly by having been at the Ministers Seminar in Bloomington, Illinois.

WHOLESOME RECREATION FOR YOUTH

The Junior High and Senior High Sunday School Classes of the Church of God at Grand Junction, Colorado, have involved themselves in two recreational activities lately that have proven to be a blessing and a pleasure.

Monday, December 23, was a nice, snowy, winter day. That evening our classes sang Christmas carols to shut-ins, to older people who were friends of the church, and to other personal acquaintances. We believe that they were blessed by our singing and were happy to know that someone cared.

The snow which fell before Christmas lasted for a couple of weeks, and our class members went up on the mountain nearby and had a great time sledding. This too was a fine day of fellowship for the young people. Not all boys and girls live where they can go snow sledding; but no matter where they live a dedicated Sunday school teacher can find, or can help to organize wholesome activities for the youth to enjoy.

—Duane Scott

The ECHO

"I hate you," cried Mary
And wondered to hear.
"I hate you" flung back
From the mountain so clear.
"I love you," cried Mary.
Back floated her call,
"I love you." She got
What she gave and that's all!

—Grace Lyon Benjamin

FAMILY TRAINING HOUR (YPE)

By Paul Henson
General Director

February Attendance

Cincinnati (Central Parkway), Ohio	310
Buford, Georgia	221
Greenville (Tremont Ave.), South Carolina	218
Atlanta (Mount Paran), Georgia	215
Dayton (East Fourth St.), Ohio	186
Columbus (El Paso Drive), Ohio	185
Lakeland (Lake Wire), Florida	177
Dayton (Philadelphia Drive), Ohio	167
Huntsville (College Park), Alabama	162
Pontiac, Michigan	158
Wyandotte, Michigan	154
Hamilton (Princeton Pike), Ohio	150
Naples, Florida	145
Jacksonville (Springfield), Florida	139
Brooklyn, Maryland	135
Canton (Canton Temple), Ohio	129
Radford, Virginia	126
Norfolk (Azalea Garden), Virginia	124
Roanoke, Virginia	124
Jesup, Georgia	123
Jackson (Bailey Ave.), Mississippi	122
Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina	122
Lexington (Loudon Ave.), Kentucky	121
Princeton, West Virginia	118
Swift Current (Saskatchewan), Canada	118
Pulaski, Virginia	114
Rossville, Georgia	114
Paris, Texas	112
Lorain, Ohio	111
Hurst, Texas	107
Cleveland (Mt. Olive), Tennessee	106
Bakersville (Old River), California	104
Douglas, Georgia	99
Conway (North), South Carolina	98
Savannah (Garden City), Georgia	97
Cahokia, Illinois	94
Somerset, Pennsylvania	93
Clover, South Carolina	92

Poplar, California	92
Decatur, Alabama	89
Dallas (Oak Cliff), Texas	89
North Ridgeville, Ohio	88
Covington (Shepherd Fold), Louisiana	87
Xenia, Ohio	86
Graham, Texas	83
Somerset (Cotter Ave.), Kentucky	83
Fairfield, California	81
Winchester, Kentucky	81
Dade City, Florida	79
Columbus (Frebis Ave.), Ohio	78
Andrews, South Carolina	75
Bartow, Florida	74
Pompano Beach, Florida	73
Richmond Dale, Ohio	73
Beaufort, South Carolina	71
Avondale Estates, Georgia	70
Flint (Kearsley Park), Michigan	69
Benton Harbor (Southside), Michigan	67
Phoenix (Southside), Arizona	66
Cleveland (Big Springs), Tennessee	65
West Monroe, Louisiana	65
White Hall, Maryland	65
Hogansville, Georgia	63
Sanford, Florida	63
Granite Falls, North Carolina	62
Lawrenceville, Illinois	62
Corbin (Center St.), Kentucky	61
Vanceburg, Kentucky	61
Fort Myers (Broadway), Florida	58
San Antonio (Southside), Texas	58
Brownfield, Texas	57
Uniontown, Pennsylvania	57
Thomasville, Alabama	55
Cleveland (Northeast), Ohio	54
West Frankfort, Illinois	52
Adrian, Michigan	51
Brenton, West Virginia	51

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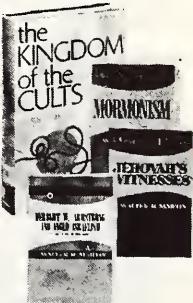
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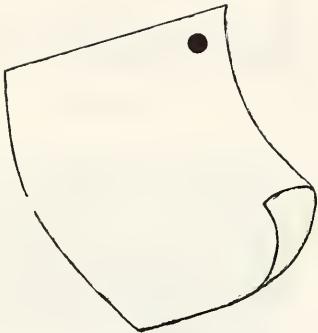
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By MARIE MANIRE CHAPMAN

The Black Mark

NOBODY COULD please him. His colleagues at Coyle Advertising Agency dreaded errands that forced them to knock on the door marked "J. Wellington Harless, Vice-President." They acted as though the vice was short for vicious.

The window washer put off doing the V.P.'s window till last—and hoped that he could escape before Harless pushed his horn-rims up by the nosepiece and glared at the glass. He would be sure to see the smallest smudge that huddled in a corner. And never comment on the fresh, clear view now visible through the shining pane.

The copywriter shuddered to have the horn-rims focused on a page of display advertising. When it was unavoidable, he tried to outsmart the negative complex by relating to him the pleased reaction of the client. Despite this effort, Harless downgraded the letter-spacing, the wording, or the whole layout. Not once in five years had he ever condescended to praise anything.

His secretary surreptitiously placed his transcribed letters on his mahogany desk when he was out—to avoid his adverse comment. It

was bad enough for him to return a letter for retyping because he considered it too high on a page, or the margin too wide, or something—just anything. Her speed and erasure-free work did nothing for him.

None of the office force envied his wife. He must have kept her in a pumpkin shell—how else? She could have told them what it was like to polish all the floors, and then hear him grumble about the ash trays; or to bake his favorite pie and have it ignored while he griped about the lack of salt in the gravy; or to don a stunning new gown and hear him complain about the style, the length, or the color.

And the kids—ten-year-old Jean and thirteen-year-old Ted—never knew which way to jump. It was sure to be wrong. They could not outguess him.

The neighbors, too, avoided him. Frank Sellers, on the right, hardly knew what to say if he met "the bear" at the daily paper box—never by design. J. Wellington had a "Yes, but—" for everything. And Larry Anderson, on the other side, always hurried up to his front door without a glance toward Harless, if they both arrived home from work at the same time.

Obviously, somebody should tell the guy where to catch the next boat for Outer Mongolia, or at least where to ship that negative quirk of his. At the office, no one cared to sacrifice a regular paycheck for the cause. The neighbors just avoided the issue, fervently hoping that, if ignored, he would go away.

Only J. Wellington's sweet-faced, gentle wife was attacking the problem. It overwhelmed her, so she sought higher help. Could not God do everything? If He could make a blind man see, He could help a man with eyes to take a good look at himself. Really—at *Himself*.

J. W. sometimes went to church—to the monthly men's fellowship dinner. It was respectable, and a busy man was not expected to endure the pastor's speech after dinner. The V.P. joked about the convenience of having a good meal without enduring the "commercial" afterward.

The gentle woman practiced the soft-answer technique, maintaining surface peace in the household. The kids found schoolwork and hobbies in their own rooms absorbing. Mealtime clashes were inevitable, but, eventually, Jean and

Ted discovered that a simple "Yes, sir" was the shortest route to blissful silence. It was through Jean that the Great Physician issued the effective prescription.

The man of the house exuded his usual good humor one evening, starting off dinner-table conversation with a tirade against an ink salesman who had made himself obnoxious. When he paused for breath, Mother Harless interposed a quiet question to Jean, to steer Daddy from his vindictive discourse.

"Dear, can you show Daddy the riddle your teacher asked in class today?"

"Show—a riddle?" asked Harless, quick to pounce on an error.

"Mmmm . . . yes, you'll see," his wife said quietly.

Jean stepped over to the coffee table where she had piled her schoolbooks. She came back to the table with a sheet of typing paper in her hand. She held it up.

"What do you see, Daddy?" she asked.

He looked at the paper, eager to display his negative talent. He pushed up the nosepiece of the horn-rims. Ah, yes—but of course!

"I see a black mark in the upper right-hand corner."

Jean laughed triumphantly. "That's just what our class said today. But we were all wrong—and you're wrong, too, Daddy. Look again—what else do you see?"

Him wrong? Preposterous. But the question forced J. W. to take a long, hard, concentrated look at the—

That was it! "I see a sheet of white paper," he said, proud of his discovery.

"Why, sure," said Jean. "It's so funny how most people look at that tiny little black mark and mention it—and never see the whole big white paper it's on!"

J. W. cleared his throat. "Why—yes. I guess so. Now that you mention it, it is strange."

He saw his wife's head bent over her plate. She made no comment.

"I'll just try that on my secretary in the morning and see how sharp she is," said Harless.

"See if she can guess what it stands for," said Jean.

"Stands for?"

"Yes, Daddy. Teacher said it shows that most people can see a very little thing that's wrong, but never seem to see the larger things that are right."

"Oh." He was silent. Then—"Yes, I guess that's so."

When he posed the riddle to his secretary the next morning, J. W. was pleased when her immediate reaction was the same as his. He was gratified to apply the moral. But he was unprepared for her answer—in the form of a question:

"Don't you think we would have a better office force if we all tried to look for the white paper around the black marks here, for a change?" He couldn't miss the *all*. This second dose in the cure was even more potent than the first.

It was after she returned to her desk in the outer office that J. Wellington Harless began to walk to the window—the nice clear, clean window—and look across the city toward his home. Then he would return to his desk and stare at the white paper. The third time around, he opened his middle desk drawer and took out a thumb tack. He took the white paper and tacked it to the bulletin board.

The V.P. sat at his desk. He pushed up the horn-rims and looked again at the white paper, his fingertips together in contemplation.

He spoke into the intercom: "Ask the copywriter to see me in my office at ten o'clock," he said.

That was when J. Wellington Harless designed the business card with his credentials in the lower lefthand corner. And nothing but a round black dot in the upper righthand corner.

He still gets a kick out of holding his thumb over the credentials when he presents a card to a client. "What do you see there?" he asks.

And his business card is being tacked on the bulletin boards of printing plants, in silent testimony to the new J. Wellington Harless—positive thinker. •

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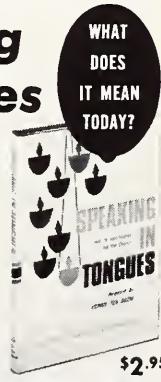
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Instructions: *Read* the assigned Bible chapters or verses. *Think* on the message and consider the devotional comments. *Pray* for the designated person or activity. *Check* each devotion in the provided square after it has been completed.

Church Commander

THURSDAY, May 1 □. *Read*: Matthew 16, *note verse 18*, "I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." *Think*: The Church is of divine design, built by Christ. It stands as a witness of His purity, His power to forgive sins, and His promise of eternal life. *Pray*: Express thanksgiving for the Church and for the privilege of worshiping and working with other believers.

FRIDAY, May 2 □. *Read*: Acts 20, *note verse 28*, "To feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood." *Think*: Christ gave His all to establish the Church. As the Founder, He is concerned about the attitude of youth toward church policies and practices. *Pray*: For Dr. Charles W. Conn, general overseer of the Church of God.

SATURDAY, May 3 □. *Read*: Ephesians 5, *note verse 25*, "As Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it." *Think*: The love of Christ was put into action for the Church; He still loves and directs the affairs of His Church today. *Pray*: For Dr. R. Leonard Carroll, assistant general overseer of the Church of God.

SUNDAY, May 4 □. *Read*: Ephesians 1, *note verse 22*, "And gave him to be head over all things to the church." *Think*: Christ is the Head of the Church, and we are members of the body (1 Corinthians 6: 15). The body should honor and be obedient to the Head. *Pray*: For Dr. Ray H. Hughes, assistant general overseer of the Church of God.

MONDAY, May 5 □. *Read*: Acts 4, *note verse 11*, "Which is become the head of the corner." *Think*: Christ is the foundation, the cornerstone and the framework of the Church. The Church cannot be destroyed by human hands or weapons of warfare. *Pray*: For Wade H. Horton, assistant general overseer of the Church of God.

Church Concern

TUESDAY, May 6 □. *Read*: Hebrews 10, *note verse 25*,

"Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together." *Think*: Why should teens be concerned about church attendance? List two reasons. *Pray*: For Dr. C. Raymond Spain, general secretary and treasurer of the Church of God.

WEDNESDAY, May 7 □. *Read*: Psalm 122, *note verse 1*, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." *Think*: The word *church* is the translation of the Greek word *ecclesia*, which means "an assembly." In simple terms, the Church is an assembly of believers banded together to live and to work for Jesus. *Pray*: For Paul F. Henson, general Sunday school and youth director.

THURSDAY, May 8 □. *Read*: Colossians 1, *note verse 24*, "Who now rejoice in my sufferings for you." *Think*: True church care requires a willingness to sacrifice and to stand firm in the face of opposition. *Pray*: For Cecil R. Guiles, assistant general Sunday school and youth director.

FRIDAY, May 9 □. *Read*: Acts 2, *note verse 46*, "And they, continuing daily with one accord in the temple." *Think*: In a divided world the Church brings people together in love, understanding and unity. *Pray*: For C. Milton Parsons, administrative assistant of the General Sunday School and Youth Department.

SATURDAY, May 10 □. *Read*: Psalm 84, *note verse 4*, "Blessed are they that dwell in thy house." *Think*: How can a young person dwell in God's house (church)? Church membership should be considered in answering this question. *Pray*: For James L. Slay, executive secretary of Church of God World Missions.

Church Customs

SUNDAY, May 11 □. *Read*: Luke 4, *note verse 16*, "And, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the sabbath day." *Think*: The Church is a spiritual filling station, you will not go far in life unless you attend regularly. *Pray*: For your local church leaders—the pastor, his council, Sunday school officials and teachers, and youth workers.

MONDAY, May 12 □. *Read*: Matthew 18, *note verse 20*, "For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." *Think*: "Blest be the tie that binds, our hearts in

Christian love; the fellowship of kindred minds, is like to that above" (John Fawcett). *Pray:* For Lewis J. Willis, editor in chief, Church of God Publications.

TUESDAY, May 13 □. *Read:* 1 Peter 2, note verse 5, "To offer up spiritual sacrifices." *Think:* As animal sacrifices were offered up in the tabernacle-church, we should offer sacrifices of praise, devotion and obedience. *Pray:* For your State Board of Councillors who are elected by their fellow ministers to assist the State Overseer in directing the church work of the state.

WEDNESDAY, May 14 □. *Read:* Isaiah 37, note verse 14, "And Hezekiah went up into the house of the Lord." *Think:* The church is a place of comfort and protection for young people in the midst of a troubled world. *Pray:* For Floyd J. Timmerman, national radio minister and for Max Morris, program director.

THURSDAY, May 15 □. *Read:* Acts 20, note verse 31, "I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears." *Think:* God teaches, guides and strengthens His children through the sermons of His messengers. Your pastor is one of His messengers, and he merits your confidence and respect. *Pray:* For Cecil B. Knight, general director of evangelism.

Church Conduct

FRIDAY, May 16 □. *Read:* 1 Timothy 3, note verse 15, "That thou mayest know how thou oughtest to behave thyself in the house of God." *Think:* Your church conduct serves as a scale to weigh your true feelings about God, your relationship to Him, and your reverence for sacred things. *Pray:* For the presidents of Church of God colleges; Dr. James A. Cross, Lee; Laud O. Vaught, Northwest; L. W. McIntyre, West Coast; Harold F. Douglas, International; and for the work and the members of the General Board of Education.

SATURDAY, May 17 □. *Read:* Leviticus 19, note verse 30, "Reverence my sanctuary: I am the Lord." *Think:* Reverence and respect are the two faith-forming principles that direct and control the actions of every committed Christian. *Pray:* For the work and the members of the National Radio Board.

SUNDAY, May 18 □. *Read:* Matthew 22, note verse 21, "Render . . . unto God the things that are God's." *Think:* God deserves and demands your best church conduct. Behavior that hinders others in worship is displeasing to Him and indicates weak dedication. *Pray:* For P. H. McCarn, superintendent of the Church of God Home for Children, and for E. K. Waldrop, assistant superintendent.

MONDAY, May 19 □. *Read:* Titus 3, note verse 1,

"To be ready to every good work." *Think:* Your conduct in church and your work for the church reveal your attitude toward God, your home training, and your standards of self-respect. *Pray:* For W. E. Johnson, world missions administrative assistant, and for T. L. Forrester, field representative.

TUESDAY, May 20 □. *Read:* Acts 9, note verse 6, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" *Think:* This verse contains an excellent pattern to use in responding to God's call to service and to follow as a standard of conduct. *Pray:* For Church of God missionaries and native evangelists around the world.

Church Covenant

WEDNESDAY, May 21 □. *Read:* 1 Chronicles 29, note verse 3, "I have set my affection to the house of my God." *Think:* Faithful church attendance and support enables a young person to assist in the total program of Bible Christianity. *Pray:* For the promotional and outreach ministry of your State Overseer and your State Youth Director.

THURSDAY, May 22 □. *Read:* 1 Corinthians 1, note verse 11, "For it hath been declared unto me of you . . . that there are contentions among you." *Think:* Strife among local church attenders not only retards progress, but it creates doubts regarding the salvation-experience. *Pray:* For the work and the members of the World Missions Board.

FRIDAY, May 23 □. *Read:* 1 Corinthians 12, note verse 27, "Now ye are the body of Christ." *Think:* The local church is composed of believers who have joined themselves together by agreeing on the teachings of the Bible, by pledging to live a holy life by faith in Christ, and by uniting in bonds of service and love. *Pray:* For Clyne W. Buxton, editor of the *Lighted Pathway*.

SATURDAY, May 24 □. *Read:* Matthew 11, note verse 29, "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me." *Think:* The more a teen-ager learns about Christ, the more he will advance in Christian maturity and church loyalty. *Pray:* For Aubrey Maye, national Pioneers for Christ director.

SUNDAY, May 25 □. *Read:* Psalm 84, note verse 10, "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God." *Think:* The Church provides courage, fulfillment, and spiritual contentment. Purpose to do your part in holding the doors of the church open. *Pray:* For the work and the members of the General Ladies Willing Workers Board and for Mrs. Willie Lee Darter, general LWWB executive secretary.

Church Commission

MONDAY, May 26 □. *Read:* Mark 16, note verse 15. "Go ye into all the world." *Think:* With this parting

(Continued on page 21)

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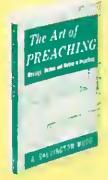
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June · 1969



LIGHTED Pathway

TREASURES

Is there a soul who died,
who died because of me?
Forever shut away from
heaven and from Thee?
Because I tightly clutched
my little earthly store,
Nor sent Thy messengers
unto some distant shore?
Author Unknown

Is your "treasure" a part of this perishing earth? Someone has aptly said that a fifteen-minute conversation with a man will tell you where his treasure is. Just talk to a businessman about ways to increase his sales and watch his interest grow and his eyes light up. Talk to an attractive college girl about lovely clothes, and you will have her immediate attention. Talk to a young man about that speedy new car he is driving, and then listen to all his enthusiastic comments. No, it does not take long to find out where a person's treasure is. I seriously wonder if many people today—yes, even Christian people—are not laboring for the meat which perishes. Are we not spending money "for that which is not bread?"

Thus, there are souls who are dying in sin, without Christ, because we are failing them. We have not been faithful in giving them the Bread of Life. Our treasure has been wrapped up in earthly things—things which will crumble into dust and ashes someday.

Christ said, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth" (Luke 12:15). Often the richer the man, the greater the poverty—of soul. "For they that will be rich fall into a temptation and a snare." They "pierce themselves through with many sorrows." But there are some riches that we cannot praise too highly, for they never pass away. These are the treasures which are laid up in heaven for those who truly belong to God and who give of their substance so that all the world may know of Jesus and His wonderful salvation.

—Helen B. Lyke

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June Bride

Editorial

Clyne W. Buxton

THE CHERISHED DREAM of many young women is to be a June bride when they marry, for traditionally June is the favorite month of matrimony. It is normal and proper for young people to marry. Socrates admonished his students: "By all means marry. If you get a good wife, twice blessed will you be. If you get a bad wife, you will become a philosopher!" The Bible states that, "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing [!] and obtaineth favour of the Lord" (Proverbs 18:22).

The task of choosing a mate is not easy, and it is evident that no single individual can possibly have all the insights requisite to a full understanding of such a high responsibility. In this vein one is reminded of the statement of Lord Shaftsbury, who said: "If the Pope had been married, he would never have thought up such a dogma as papal infallibility!"

Marriage is an institution of God and when two individuals become one at the altar, it is a sacred event. The couple about to be married dedicates themselves not only to each other, but also to God. Their oneness in Christ and Christian service completes the holy purpose of matrimony. Since God

intends that the Lord Jesus be the dynamic center of a happy marriage, it is easy to understand why the Bible admonishes: "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." The believer and unbeliever who marry cannot achieve oneness in Christ, for their will is not the same. In the beginning there was only one will—God's will. Adam and Eve were in harmony with God's will and as a result there was a beautiful relationship between man and woman, and between man and God. Then man erred and lost his closeness with God—thereby resulting in friction between man and woman.

Monogamous and indissoluble marriage is still God's plan for man and woman, though human sinfulness brings many pressures to bear upon that plan. A sinful and self-centered life cannot fully exercise the unselfish love that Providence intends for a marriage to have, and the lack of love brings about conflict. Too often marriages fail, though it is not God's will for them to do so. The divorce courts are filled with young couples, often heartbroken, whose marriages were built on faulty foundations and therefore did not work.

In marriages of couples under

twenty-one years of age, one out of two falls apart. So the chance of marital happiness is only 50 percent unless the young couple takes Christ into their relationship. If the union of two Christians fails, it could be because of their lack of understanding God's sacred purposes in marriage, or their unwillingness to commit themselves to His purposes.

Though marriage is an institution of God, too often it is entered into lightly—with an air of triteness and flippancy. In some areas a couple may meet and suddenly decide to marry—only moments later they are man and wife, at least in the eyes of the law. But this is not God's way: He places marriage on a much higher plane. Persons who do not prayerfully seek God's guidance in the choosing of a mate, may come to Him later petitioning providential intervention in a marriage that is falling apart. However, the marriage of a couple possessing dedication to Christ and to each other is destined to work. The most turbulent storms of life cannot upset such a union.

Basically, Christian marriage is more than finding the right person, it is also being the right person. Two persons who are related to the Lord Jesus and to each other in marriage have a union of which Christ is the center. That center is outside of themselves, transcending their wills with His will, and their love with His love. Just as they are united with Him, they will be united with each other. This is the holy and high goal Christ sets before Christian couples. ●

A Letter To my Son

In honor of all the high school
graduates this year

By VIOLETTA GAMMON

DEAR DAVID,
I am sitting in the same auditorium from which I graduated twenty years ago. My ears are occupied by the orchestra tuning their various instruments. How I wish they would be quiet—to let me reflect silently! My eyes gaze at the two large murals on the walls of the auditorium painted by three talented members of my class as a momento to our alma mater. One of the figures was modeled by a classmate whom I knew well. I wonder where she is tonight.

I know where you are. You are in one of the large study halls, donning your black cap and gown—the same room I dressed in. You are being lined up alphabetically, after rehearsing this several times, and I know you will be near the beginning of the long line. It does not take long to get to the G's.

I open my purse and hold my handkerchief because I am going to need it. I try to flick all serious thoughts from my mind by turning and nodding to familiar faces. (They could not have a boy or girl graduating!) But I have, and it is unbelievable.

David, this service is called Commencement, which, to you, means

the end of school, after a year of kindergarten and twelve years of progressing through the "A, B, C's" to senior math. Kindergarten! Why that seems like two years ago—not thirteen. I can remember when I looked down to part your hair before sending you off to school. There had to be a day when you were taller than I. When did it happen? Everything happens too fast, David, and I can hardly realize this myself, even though I am exactly twice your age tonight.

That is why I am holding my handkerchief—because I am going to cry. (I cried twenty years ago, too.)

Commencement means "the beginning"—not "the end." Look it up in Webster's Dictionary. I ask myself why we call the ending of school the beginning. It is such a contradictory title.

Well, David, the dictionary is correct. This is the beginning of a mature life where teachers and parents will no longer dictate to you. This appears to be a greatly coveted freedom—and it is, to a certain degree.

Yet, with this freedom and liberty come responsibilities which you and the several hundreds walking with you have never experienced. It is going to be frightening.

ing. Decisions will be made by you now that can affect yourself and others—with no one to fall back on for advice. Freedom is sometimes very lonely. You become a man on your own tonight.

Yes, this is the beginning of life, in a certain sense. You used to come home with a cut finger or bruised knee from playground activities. A few drops of medicine and a Band-Aid, plus a tissue for your tears, healed everything. But after tonight, I will cry sometimes because some of your hurts cannot be healed by a Band-Aid or a pat on the head.

There is no bed of roses waiting for you and your fellow graduates. There is no guarantee of a long, healthy, happy life. Life is what we put into the process of giving and loving others. If we put in nothing, we receive an empty feeling in return. If we give much, the same amount will be given to us.

Finally, the black-and-white-gowned graduates rise to proceed to the platform. The stack of diplomas decreases in size with a rapid, timed spacing. As you take yours in your hand, you look eight feet tall to me, and I feel a pride as equally large. Yet, a crushing feeling strikes my heart. So this is it!

The same sad recessional is being played, but I cannot see you through salty tears until you turn toward the door and your tallness and the familiar hair, ears, cheeks, pass out into the world.

I rise to leave, waiting patiently as the people gently and solemnly crowd toward the big doors and the warm June air.

I glance back at my seat number P2, and the only thing I see is a pair of apron strings I left. I wanted to rush back . . . to grab them; but the pushing of the crowd swept your dad and me toward the door.

We see you outside—a man now—and you ride off with a friend. We ride home alone in silence. May you always be the *man* I saw tonight.

With tender love,
Mom

MY DAUGHTER'S GRADUATION DAY

By NORA ANN KUEHN



DEAR LORD, HELP me today to remember that now my daughter is a woman. Let me find peace in the knowledge that I have had many years in which to gather the treasures of her childhood, and that I have a mind and heart in which to store them. Give me the courage it will take now to put aside my doubts, fears, and possessiveness.

Forgive me for the times when I was impatient with her for dawdling over her food, or getting dressed, or some chore that I had assigned her; and for the times that I was bored listening to her long-winded stories about school, her friends, and even her dreams. Let me forget the guilt of the times when she got on my nerves, when I was tired of being a mother and wanted to run away from all the

hubbub of a normal family life, and when I felt resentful and trapped.

Oh, thank You, heavenly Father, for the courage you gave me at those times when there were problems to solve that seemed hopeless. Thank You for the pleasure of seeing my daughter reach her goal of womanhood, clean in body and spirit.

As she stands now at the very threshold of adult life that is all her own, give me the will to step aside, knowing that there is a power far greater than my own to guide her. Give me the strength to stand silently by, while she experiences each heartache and problem of life on her own. Let me have the wisdom to know that she cannot profit by my telling her of my mistakes. Help me to remember that

she will have to make many mistakes of her own before she can know the truth.

I have tried to guide her mind to pure honest thinking. If my sincere efforts have failed to teach her the wisdom to understand the treasures of Your heavenly kingdom within herself, please, dear Lord, turn her footsteps upon the path of righteousness that leads to You.

Since, now, this chapter of my life has been lived, give me the strength that it will take for me to turn the page and start a new one.

Please have mercy on me, Lord, and fill my heart with love and honest compassion for all women who have never known the wonderful blessing of having a daughter. •

Apostles in Rubber

By DENZELL TEAGUE
Missionary to Guatemala

HE WAS NOT much to look at—perhaps thirty years old, of medium height and build. But he stood behind the china-paper decorated pulpit as if he belonged there. He was not an apostle in long, flowing robes, whipped by the wind. He did not even look like much of a preacher, for he had neither clerical collar nor tailored suit.

But there he stood—oblivious to his ludicrous (to the North American eye) appearance—with his faded blue pinstripe coat, worn and frayed. His brown slacks had been stuffed into the tops of high-topped, black, rubber boots—boots which had been repaired with a red rubber patch on the toe of one and a yellow patch on the other. Adhering to the boots was the soil of this new frontier of Guatemala. His feet were firmly planted on the rough-sawed planks of the improvised platform; but, when he began to preach, he did so with such power and polish that one forgot his personal appearance.

This young man is typical of those who leave their well-established homes and familiar surroundings to come to this northernmost section of Guatemala to

create for themselves a new life. And there are a few, who, like this young man, come with an evangelistic fervor burning in their breasts to promote the work of God among this desperately wicked people.

With my wife, Elizabeth, I had gone to celebrate the first annual district convention of the Church of God in Petén. Because traveling by land would have taken several days and included a costly seventeen hour barge ride which is always uncertain in its departure and arrival, we decided to go by air. Just one hour after taking off, from the modern international airport in Guatemala City, the rickety old DC-3 touched down on the dusty little dirt strip at Poptún, Petén, and the District Overseer, Julian Monroy, was greeting us with the Guatemalan *abrazo* and his big ear-to-ear smile.

Monroy is a man who, feeling the divine call of God, gave up a newly built church to come to this new frontier. For him it was not only an exciting venture into the unknown, but also a chance to put into practice the knowledge he had gained in Bible school and the several years of experience he had

accumulated while pastoring. Since coming here just a year ago, he had struggled against almost impossible odds in an area where other churches had failed. But because he had walked softly but faithfully before God, the Lord was now blessing him.

We found him in the midst of a Vacation Bible School program, the only one in this town of over 10,000 persons—and what a noisy crowd he had! We listened as he patiently drilled those little barefoot, dirty-faced children in their memory verses, asked them Bible questions, and taught them gospel choruses, which they sang at the top of their voices. He seems to realize what many have failed to see—that in order to have a church tomorrow, one must work with the children of today.

Later, as we talked, I sat and praised the Lord in my heart as Brother Monroy recounted his successes of the past year. He told me how he had hoped and prayed for a motorcycle to help him in his work, but that until it comes he is perfectly willing to don his rubber boots and slog through the mud and wet vegetation to keep

Boots



his appointments. He has been traveling on foot for a year now during which time he has managed to organize four new churches, and, through them, he has established several preaching stations. As a result, many are hearing for the first time the full-gospel message which brings liberty to the whole man; body, soul and spirit.

And here was Brother Monroy, after just one year of fruitful labor, calling the first Church of God district convention. As Christ's disciples sought out the proper upper room for the Last Supper, our Brother Julian Monroy, the apostle in rubber boots, went to work to arrange this convention.

Knowing that the little chapel where services were held each night would be too small, he made arrangements to borrow about thirty sheets of corrugated zinc roofing and made a temporary shed. Oh, it was not very pretty, to be sure, but it provided adequate protection from the heavy dew and the sudden rainstorms. No plush pews here, but he managed to borrow some wooden benches from somewhere and to improvise others by laying planks across two logs.

The cane-walled, thatched-roof parsonage was converted into a kitchen where, three times a day, the not-unpleasant sound of the "patta-pitta-patta-pitta-patta-pittas" of the tortilla makers could be heard. While the convention was in progress, large clay pots over open wood fires gurgled their invitation to sniff the sweet perfume of the *caldo*, or vegetable stew, into which had been thrown—in addition to the everyday tomatoes and onions—such exotic culinary delicacies as *guiquil*, *guicoy*, *uyca*, *zandorias*, and *chilieis*.

One day the cooks called me to the kitchen to see the meat offering which had been brought in by a young hunter. This, they told me, indicating a dressed carcass which weighed about eight pounds, was a *tepisquinte*. It looked like a small pig, but the front feet were like tiny hands. They roasted it over the coals and it was delicious. Actually, this animal, considered a delicacy here, is the paca or cavy, a member of the rodent family, and abounds in the jungle lowlands.

It was raining on the first morning of the convention. At about

8:40 a.m. an elderly couple, dripping wet, walked up and greeted us. After our 5:30 a.m. service, we had finished our breakfast of black beans, tortillas, eggs and sweet strong coffee and were standing under the tabernacle waiting for the morning service to start. With rainwater dripping off his gray beard onto his gnarled brown hands which tightly clutched his walking stick, the old man told us that they had, in anticipation of a great spiritual feast, left home that morning at 5:00 a.m. to come to the convention. I can picture them, along with many others, hobbling down through the pine woods, as the blood-red orb of the sun eerily swims with feathery fins through the early morning Guatemalan mists, burning, burning, its way through the fog until it is at last revealed in all its glowing golden tropical splendor.

This, in a word, is what can be observed with the spiritual eye on the mission field: the light of Jesus Christ gradually dawning in a sin-darkened land. While it is true that only a small percentage of the population are truly born-again Christians, there are among them some who will dare to let Christ shine through them and use them as apostles in a frontier land, to burn away the darkness and gloom which hover about the sinner until, at last, Jesus Christ is revealed in all His glory as the Forgiver of sin and the Giver of life and happiness.

The Bible-test of an apostle was that one must have been with the Lord and must have been a witness to His resurrection. It is true that these rubber-booted, relatively ignorant and unlearned Guatemalan peasants might never have seen Jesus in the flesh, but their lives testify that they "have been with Jesus." Their messages that "Jesus lives" testifies to His resurrection. Though poorly clad, poorly fed, and poorly educated, they are in the broad sense of the word, present-day apostles, though, in rubber boots. ●

THE TELEPHONE RANG, a harsh jangle that startled Granny Gresham; and, yet, it rang about this time each day. It had done so for the past month when the Academy cadet called Nadine. It continued to ring, like a chain of thunder, while Granny rolled her chair across the room, her face a grim, determined mask.

Nadine Gresham, expecting the telephone to ring at that moment, had come to the landing, and now she stumbled down the steps, angry because Granny had answered. Granny could not stand Bryson. She had never approved of him, but she always answered, unless Nadine risked her neck in the telephone race.

"Yes, Nadine's here," Granny squeaked into the receiver; and as Nadine bounded toward her, hand outstretched, she added, "She's coming, she's here." Her face clouded; she handed the receiver to her granddaughter and wheeled herself back to her corner. Her knees wrapped in a woolen afghan, she started knitting, her fingers manipulating the flying needles, as they shaped a baby's blue sweater.

Nadine regretted that she no longer appreciated the warmth Granny had added to the Gresham house during the three years she had made the Gresham home her home. Having Granny in the house

had been wonderful until a month ago when she met Bryson Allford, and then everything had changed.

Granny had taken one look at him when Nadine introduced him to the family, and the storm-lines had not left her face since that night. Trying to forget the various ways Granny had of saying that Bryson was not "right for this family," Nadine tried to sound cheerful when she said, "Hello, Bryson."

swered. "Bryson wants me to hear a lecture on 'Religion in the World of Today.'"

Granny's hands trembled until she could not hold the needles, and she laid aside her knitting. "Think that'll make you a better Christian?"

"I don't think it will affect me one way or another," Nadine answered sullenly.

"Ah, but it will," Granny said. "You've forgotten what I told you last night. You're running around with people too smart for you. I mean, they're smart like Satan is smart."

Nadine braced herself, wanting to run back upstairs, but knowing her parents would punish her if she did not appear respectful to her elders. She had been told a dozen times, since she met Bryson at the Academy, where she worked as a secretary, that "the serpent was more subtle than any beast of

ON ACCOUNT OF GRANNY



The rest they said amounted to only a few sentences, spoken in low confidential tones. Even so, it added up to a date at Barwick Academy. "I'll be there at a quarter of seven," he said; and she answered, "I'll be ready. Good-bye."

"Why not just say you're always ready to dash out the door when he calls?" Granny asked, as Nadine started back upstairs. "Where are you going tonight?"

"To Barwick Academy," she an-

the field which the Lord God had made." She expected to hear it repeated, but Granny surprised her with her next remark.

"Bryson's subtle," Granny said. "It's in his talk, it's in his walk. You'd better stop working at the Academy and take the church job. Pastor Freeman told me you could have the job if you wanted it. He said that by working there, you would meet hundreds of young people."

"I think I'll just keep my Academy job," Nadine said, her upper lip curling cynically. "I may be working in a jungle all right, but I'm good at jungle warfare myself."

"Honey, if I could only make you see," Granny said tearfully. "I know you're young, but that's all the more reason for not wanting to see my own grandchild blind—totally blind."

"Bryson goes to church," she said defensively. "His folks go to church in Newton where they live."

That seemed to end the argument, but later, as they drove toward the Academy, Nadine remembered her grandmother's worried face. At the corner of Main and Green Street, Bryson stopped at a red light, and she saw Pastor Freeman leaving the church. It was a high-steepled church, standing like a sentinel on a little rise above the streets. Somehow the pastor reminded her of Granny, her scrawny knees wrapped in an afghan, as she knitted her lonely hours away each day.

"Granny's hoping I'll garner something from the lecture tonight that'll make me a better Christian," she said.

Bryson laughed and when the light changed, he drove on. "It'll be a little different from what you hear at your austere church."

The lecture was entirely different from anything Nadine had ever heard at her church, or anywhere else, she later conceded. At least, the parts she understood had a strange sound. Having started to work the past June, directly after graduating from Barwick High

School, her vocabulary was limited. Yet, it was not so limited that she could not understand the undercurrent of such remarks as "Since God is dead, we can assume . . ." They discussed the New Morality, which was as vague to her as it would have been to Granny. It appeared that the students and faculty alike welcomed the theory that God had been buried, like any deceased man or animal, serpent or insect.

"How did you like the lecture?" Bryson asked, as they left Hampton Hall, crowded to capacity by students who bore the look of dreaded inquiry.

She did not know how to reply; and she did not have to do so, since at that moment Jesse Hogarth stopped them at the door. He whispered something to Bryson. Winking at Nadine, he said, "Excuse me, Bryson's an old frat brother, you understand," and returning to Bryson, he said, "Yours for the asking. Enjoy yourselves. Be my guests *in absentia*."

In the confines of her room, after the reluctant good-nights were said, Nadine wondered how much of the evening's events she could tell her family. For the questions would be asked—cautious, frank questions. She rehearsed several witty remarks she might use as answers, but next morning she was spared the expected interview. Granny had been sick all night; and now that she slept, her mother rested, too, while her father cooked eggs and made toast.

"We're trusting you to take care of yourself, Nadine," he said, when she started out the door. "We're leaning pretty heavy on God, too. In times like these it's hard to know who you can trust."

If he knew what she had heard, straight from the speaker's rostrum, he would be thoroughly shocked, she thought. She assured him that she had changed her views. "Some of them are true Christians," she said. Yet, she knew that Bryson was not; judging by his actions, he welcomed the trend toward paganism. What would it

be like married to a pagan, she wondered, and she spent the day trying to figure out Bryson's intentions.

He did not call her that night. Nor did he call all day Saturday and Sunday. Then, late Monday afternoon he called her at the office and explained that he had been busy entertaining his parents.

"You could have phoned me," she reminded him.

"I'm keeping you a secret," he answered. "My parents aren't in on everything I do. College widens the generation gap. You know what I mean. What Hogarth was talking about after the lecture. My folks would disown me if they got onto how I spend my free time. You understand?"

"Yes," she answered in a small voice. "I understand perfectly."

"I knew you would," he said. "I'll call for you at the regular time tonight. We'll discuss Hogarth's plan further."

"I understand Hogarth's plan already," Nadine said, the words tumbling out as they did when she sparred with Granny. "I know enough already, on account of Granny. Read the third chapter of Genesis, along about the first verse." She hung up the receiver and remained ten minutes overtime to type her resignation, which she left on Colonel Whigby's desk.

It started snowing just as she left the office. By the time she reached the white church, soft white flakes had blanketed the grassy banks. Apparently, Pastor Freeman was still there; the lights from his study beamed brightly. There would always be someone to help God's beacon lights headed out full force toward the straying—and the near-straying—she thought as she climbed the stairway.

Now she understood what Granny had tried to tell her. God needed workers to type the Word of God so that the truth might be sounded across a thousand islands unto the uttermost parts of the earth, she thought, as she knocked at the door to the pastor's study. ●

WE MUST FOLLOW OUR INSTRUMENT PANEL

By DAISY MARIE ELY



A LIEUTENANT IN the Air Force during World War II told how he delighted in doing tricks when he and his copilot were on training missions. Some of his tricks violated regulations for training mission flights. His copilot insisted that he conform strictly to regulations.

One of his pet tricks was to fly into cloud banks. He boasted that the instrument panel was not made for him. The thickest cloud formation did not make him lose his

sense of direction, so he flew without the aid of the instrument panel, he bragged.

One day, while they were on a training mission, a fast-moving cloud of great thickness moved toward the lieutenant and his copilot. The lieutenant flew into the cloud at top speed.

"Keep close watch on your instrument panel," the copilot begged.

Not heeding this plea, the lieutenant maneuvered his plane in

every direction. The closed windows did not let the cloud inside where the young men were. At last when the lieutenant decided to bring the plane below the cloud, he discovered that he had lost all sense of direction. The cloud proved to be a most unusual thickness.

The copilot, however, had kept strict check on the instrument panel, and it was this that saved them. The foolish risk of the pilot would have most likely cost them their lives if the copilot had not come to their rescue. He guided their plane to safety.

The copilot was a devoted Christian, but the pilot had never accepted Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour. "You are making a flight from time to eternity. Never have you heeded the warnings and instructions of your instrument panel," the copilot reminded his careless companion.

This proved to be the psychological moment to tell the unsaved man about God's plan of salvation.

"What is my instrument panel in my flight from time to eternity?" the lieutenant asked excitedly.

"The Bible is our instrument panel to life's other side," came the saved man's terse but true answer.

He was entirely correct. The Bible is the instrument panel that will guide us all to salvation from sin and tell us how we can live in the center of God's will. The Bible tells us how we can come into a saving relationship to God through His Son, Jesus Christ.

From the Bible we can learn the precepts and examples that Jesus Christ left for us to follow as a perfect way to do the will of God.

If we continually and continuously observe and follow God's instrument panel board, which is the Bible, we will make a successful flight from time to eternity. Eternity will find us with the saints of earth, with the holy angels, and with God. Heaven will be our eternal home. •



THE HIGH PRICE OF WATER

By BOB LAIR

RECENTLY SOME FRIENDS of mine returned from a tour of the Holy Land. They told some stories which enriched greatly my own understanding of the Word of God. It seems that throughout certain regions of the land there is a great premium on water.

My friends spent several days in the area about Jerusalem and were forced to pay a dollar and thirty cents for a quart bottle of water—so precious was it. This water had been imported all the great distance from Evian, Switzerland, on the shores of Lake Geneva—at least, that is what the label on the bottle said.

They learned a new respect for that thirst-quenching liquid. Suddenly, its value began to rise in their esteem. Reluctantly, they doled out their money for that which they previously had considered so lowly and so cheap in their native country.

It is easy for us to rush to the faucet and to let the water run

profusely until it is just the right temperature. Then we fill a glass, drink a few sips, and throw the rest away without thinking; for there is plenty more for later on, we are sure.

Or else, we get in the shower or tub and let the water splash and flow while we relax ourselves or prepare for a long comfortable sleep. It never occurs to us to be sparing with anything so plentiful as water.

And that is why we do not understand exactly what Christ meant when He said that giving a cup of cold water in His name was a deed which would be remembered. It is no difficult task for us to hurry to the tap, get a glass of water, and give it to almost any stranger who may pass by, with no thought or hope of repayment of the favor whatsoever.

But there are two things that must be taken into account. First of all, we must give the cup of water in His name. We are not to

offer it in hopes of reward or of having the favor returned, or to make men think well of us. We are to give it in His name, and He is to have any honor or praise that comes from the deed; for we are to do it for Him, not for ourselves.

We sometimes fail to take into account the value of a cup of water to a people to whom water is a precious commodity. There are many desert regions where water has been, and still is, scarce, and there can be no waste.

So Jesus' words were not given to stress the point that the slightest gesture in His name is to be remembered (although this may be true), but that we ought to be willing to make some sacrifice to bring such an offering to Him—even to that of a cup of cold water, precious as it may seem to those Palestinian Jews, in His name.

Inasmuch as we give such a gift in His name, He will put it to account, considering it an act of personal graciousness done Him. •

HE WAS IN the elevator when she entered it, and she bristled. The height and breadth of him dwarfed her smallness. From beneath the bushy brows, his dark eyes were smiling at her. "Good morning, Miss Bowen."

"Good morning, Mr. Avilinne," Joyce answered, her voice as cold as her expression. For three months she had been working for *The Daily Beacon*, writing the column of religious news in Rockport. Mike Avilinne was the sports editor—two different departments, like the two totally different people they were.

"You sent me a note yesterday," Mike remarked as the elevator stopped. "Something about the Shields' boy, and asking for contributions on my page."

"Rollin was badly injured in the football game last Saturday," Joyce remarked icily. "He's still in the hospital and medical expenses are mounting. The Shields' family has next to nothing—since that fire a month ago. And Mr. Shields is handicapped."

"Have dinner with me tonight and we'll talk about it," Mike suggested.

"More talk when it's action that's needed." Joyce shook her blonde head. "Please forget I ever mentioned the matter." With her straight-backed little figure erect, she stalked on to the city room of clacking typewriters.

At her desk, she rolled a fresh sheet of paper into her typewriter. Mr. Hagen, from obituaries, sidled over with the flash news of a diocese bishop. "Did you know Bishop Warren, Joyce?"

"I've only heard of him," she answered.

"Isn't it a pity?" Mr. Hagen continued. He was thin and gray-haired and spectacled.

"I mean we live in a world of faceless men and women. Even those we work beside can remain comparative strangers. We look at someone as distasteful and irritating for months at a time. Then,

THE FACELESS

one day, in a flash of beauty, we are permitted to see his soul. Nothing is quite the same after that. It's like a torch lighting up the darkness—a revelation of glory. You see, I saw the Bishop walk into an armed street one night. I heard him address the defiant, the hysterical, the bomb-throwers. . . .

"Oh, sometimes a prejudice is justified," said Joyce.

"Never, my dear young lady—never! Know that person, pray about him, and your prejudice goes up in thin air. Take Mike Avilinne, our sports editor; most people know him as the big football star he

was once, as a top-notch reporter. Few, if any, know him for the Christian he is."

"Mike Avilinne, a Christian?" Joyce repeated.

"Ah, there, you see, I've proven my point. Yes, indeed, Mike Avilinne is the finest Christian gentleman I've ever known. You might get an idea for your column from all this." Dave Hagen moved on.

Joyce began concentrating on her copy for the day. She had something to write on the *Good Neighbors' Club* of the Methodist church, who were doing such a



MAN

By IRMA HEGEL



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magnificent job visiting the oldsters of the community; on the interracial efforts of the Episcopalianians in the eastside district; on the evangelist who was speaking for one week at the Church of God. This man had influenced thousands of teen-agers in a decision for Christ.

Judson, her kid brother, stood unexpectedly at her desk. "We were let out of school," he explained, a grin spreading over his pepper-freckled face. "Something's gone wrong with the heat. I had to see you, Sis. All the fellows at school were talkin' about the faceless man who walked into the Shields' house last night."

"Last night was Beggar's Night," Joyce reminded her brother. "I imagine there were many beggars under masks going visiting in houses."

"You've got it all wrong," Judson interrupted excitedly. "This wasn't a kid. He was a great big man and he wasn't begging—he was treating. He handed the Shields a bag. In it was eight hundred dollars in bills and get-well cards for Rollin. Then out he walked, just like he came in."

"Eight hundred dollars? Are you sure, Jud?"

"Course, I'm sure. You can check the story if you want to. It's on the level."

After Judson left, Joyce remained seated at her desk in

thoughtful meditation. *Faceless*—it was the second time this morning she had heard the word. Dave Hagen had spoken of living in a world of faceless men and women. No one actually knew anyone else. Jud had spoken of a faceless benefactor, a big man, again unknown—or was he known? She pressed her hands to her temples. *Think, think . . .* that benefit football game for the orphans last year right after Thanksgiving. It had been cold in Rockport with snow on the ground. She and Jud had wrapped a blanket over them to keep off the chill wind. A man had come on the field in a hooded mackinaw, a stocking mask shielding his face. "Now who's that faceless ghost?" she had asked Jud.

"That's no ghost," Jud had explained, laughing. "That's the man from *The Daily Beacon* who got this charity game up. He's just out of the hospital, but I guess he had to come."

The next day in *The Daily Beacon*, a close-up photograph of Faceless Avilinne. How could she have forgotten all this till now?

Joyce rose and went at once to Mike's office. She knocked on the frosted panel door. "Come in," his gruff voice invited.

He was at his desk, his shirt sleeves pushed up, and a pencil stuck behind his ear. Seeing her, he rose quickly, striding toward her. "Miss Bowen!"

"Is your dinner invitation still open?" she asked.

"Well, sure it is," he answered bewilderedly. "What gives? Up to now I've been poison ivy to you or something."

"I'm grateful for what you did for the Shields last night."

"Me? Hey, you must have the wrong guy."

"Have I now? An old hooded mackinaw and a stocking mask from football days makes a perfect Halloween costume. While I've been doing the talking, you've been gathering the contributions."

He seized her hands. "Miss Bowen, don't say that; don't even whisper it. The Shields are proud as all get-out. They wouldn't want this caper made public. All the anonymous donors tucked their gifts in get-well cards for Rollin."

He was still keeping himself out of it, and she admired him the more for that.

"I thought," she said, speaking slowly and emphatically, "that I was a religious writer, and a very religious person. Maybe I had better start retraining with Dave Hagen in obituaries and Mike Avilinne in sports."

"Miss Bowen—Joyce—I don't know what you're talking about."

"Over dinner tonight, I'll tell you," she promised. "Right now I've got to finish a column that was interrupted. And how thankful I am for that interruption!" •



THROUGH THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL IS a wonderful, new adventure for me, a six-year-old. My mommy and daddy talked with me a long time and told me that I must be good, obey the teachers, and not give anybody any trouble. I was still a little afraid though, for I didn't know any of the other children. Mommy said that I would go to Sunday school on Sunday morning—just once a week. It seemed like fun.

Sunday came, and Mommy and Daddy drove me up to the door of a huge white building. They kept explaining that this was a church, but, of course, I knew all along that it was. My teacher in kindergarten had shown us many pictures of houses and churches, so I knew right away where I was.

Mommy took me to my class and said hello to the teacher. Before I knew it, Mommy was gone. It frightened me to think that Mommy had left me, but my teacher assured me that Mommy would pick me up after class.

I was all prepared to be good. Everyone was dressed up in his

good clothes. The only thing that surprised me was that everyone was so noisy. The teacher seemed very nervous. She banged on the desk with her Bible so that we would be quiet. When she made that loud noise, everyone stopped talking, only that was the time the teacher started talking to one of the parents and so the room again got very noisy.

After about twenty minutes, the teacher rapped on the desk with her Bible again, and quiet was restored. The class started to sing. I didn't know the words, but I was happy to hear the voices of the other boys and girls singing what seemed like such a nice song, "Jesus love me, this I know; for the Bible tells me so"

The teacher then read from the Bible. There were a lot of words that I didn't understand, but she had a very nice voice. Then she told everyone to fold their hands, and bow their heads and pray. I wanted so much to see what everyone else was doing. When I heard her praying, I lifted my head and looked around.

I found that some of the other children were also looking around. Then I started to laugh. The teacher stopped praying just then and looked at me. I felt very bad because she looked very angry. I thought she was really going to yell at me, but she didn't.

We were all told to sit around the table. She passed out paper and crayons and told us to draw something from the Bible. I didn't know what to draw. The girl next to me was drawing a big black thing that looked like a book, so I drew one too. One boy was drawing dots on his paper, so I drew dots on my paper.

Time passed so quickly. Soon I saw Mommy at the door. There were lots of mommies at the door, and everyone rushed from their seats and ran out the door. I was a little confused at first. The teacher didn't tell us to go. I was the last one left in the classroom, and the teacher went up to my mommy and told her what a good girl I had been in class and how well I had participated in everything. I wondered why the teacher

EYES OF A CHILD

said that? Hadn't she seen me laugh while she was praying?

I went to Sunday school many times after that. My teacher told us all kinds of stories. Most of them were very funny. I found that I could never understand what she read from that black book she called the Bible. One day, while the teacher was out of the room, I imitated her banging her Bible on the desk so the class would keep quiet. She came back just as I was doing it. She seemed very angry. However, she had never really yelled at me for anything, so I wasn't afraid.

But this time was different. She raised her voice very loud. She raised her voice so loud that everyone in the room stopped talking. She got mad because I had dared to bang the Bible on the desk. She talked to me for a long while about having something called reverence for the Bible. I was very confused, but I kept very quiet.

Finally she asked me if I understood. I couldn't lie, so I said, "No, I'm sorry, I don't understand."

When I told her I didn't under-

stand, she got angrier than ever. I started to run away, and she hit me with her black book. Tears fell down my cheeks. I talked very fast and asked her why she had hit me with the book that she had told me not to bang on the desk. She hit me again. I was told to go and sit in the corner until the class was over.

However, she still told my parents what an angel I was and how much I loved coming. I definitely felt I could no longer believe a word she said.

Suddenly, one Sunday, an announcement was made that we would no longer have our Sunday school class. I heard some of the parents talking. They said that our teacher had suddenly realized that she was not a teacher at all. They said that she had read in a book the proper way to conduct a Sunday school class and that she had discovered that she wasn't doing anything right. In desperation she had decided to resign. They continued saying all kinds of things, so I walked away down the hall.

Just then, I heard a lady cry-

ing in one of the empty Sunday school rooms. The door was open just a crack, and I peeked in. It was my Sunday school teacher. She was kneeling; she was crying; she was praying. She was confessing to God that she had indeed not known what she was doing when she had taken on a class. She asked for forgiveness for handling her class all wrong. She promised God that she was going to take some Bible courses and child psychology courses before teaching again.

She told God that she wanted to do a good job—the best job that she could do for Christ. She promised to pray for every student that had been in her class. She told Him that she was anxious to do her best and that she was willing to do what God wanted her to do and in the way God would lead her.

After she finished praying, she was quiet for a long while. She just knelt there with her eyes closed. Then she opened her eyes, and her face was shining. She seemed so peaceful. I ran into the room and put my arms around her neck. I couldn't help but love her. She seemed so concerned for all of us. She had asked God for help.

I had been very naughty in class, and I was so sorry. When I told her this, she smiled. We sat down together, and she told me all about God's forgiveness. God could forgive me for my naughty things, just as He had forgiven her for the mistakes that she had made in her class.

All I had to do was to ask God to forgive me. All I had to do was to want not to do it again and to ask God to help me not to do it again. We talked for quite awhile, and then I prayed to God and asked His forgiveness.

Our teacher will be back teaching our class in a few months. How I am looking forward to it! Meanwhile, I am praying—just like she taught me. I want to learn more about God. God helped my teacher to be good, and He can help me to be good, too. ●

A SCIENTIST WHO ASKED GOD TO HELP HIM

By WALLACE A. ELY



DO SCIENTISTS ASK God to help them discover the secrets that God has hidden in things and to let these secrets bless people? George Washington Carver did.

One Saturday morning Mr. Carver found that Walter, the boy who helped him, was about to carry some clay out of the laboratory in which he did his experiments.

"Where are you taking that clay?" Mr. Carver called to Walter.

"You are through with it, so I am taking it away," Walter told him.

Taking a handful of the clay, Dr. Carver let it pour slowly through his fingers. "What do you see?" he asked, looking at Walter.

Walter tried his best to see something that the great scientist wanted him to find. "I see little stones, weeds, and roots," Walter finally told him.

"Do you see the colors: red, blue, yellow, purple, and brown? Why are these colors in the clay?" Mr. Carver then asked.

Walter looked puzzled. He thought and thought. Then he answered, "That is just the way the clay looks."

"But why does it look that way?" came Mr. Carver's next question. "There is some reason why these colors are there. I will have to ask for help from God," he said solemnly.

Walter set the pan down and went away.

Dr. Carver walked out of the laboratory toward a swamp. He was tired and needed fresh air. He saw the bright colors of the flowers. There was a reason why they had colors of red, yellow, blue, and many other colors.

Dr. Carver's foot got caught in a vine. He stumbled and fell, landing in a mud puddle. When he bounced to his feet, he found sticky mud on his clothes. After he had rubbed hard with his handkerchief, he got the mud off, but a pretty blue stain shone on his hands and on his handkerchief. He washed his hands and handkerchief in the water of the puddle from which he

had just lifted himself, but the blue would not come off. He looked and thought and thought and looked. Then he said out loud, "Thank You, God! I now understand."

Rushing back to the laboratory, Dr. Carver examined some yellow clay. After putting some of it into a tray, he poured some water upon it and looked. He lifted first one end of the tray, then the other end. Thus, he washed the clay with the water. Grit, stones, and roots moved away, but the yellow part remained. "This is paint," he shouted.

For several days he allowed no one else in his laboratory. He worked hard and kept asking God to help him until he found a way to separate the clay according to its different colors. After washing these different colors, he heated them and made a powder of them. Some of the powdered colors of clay he mixed with hot water and then with cold water. At last he had a water-based paint. Mixing more of the powdered clay in oil, he made an oil-based paint. Next he painted wood and canvas. He had made a perfect paint.

Not many days after that, he was talking to a man. "The spring rains are ruining our church house, and paint costs so much that we cannot paint it unless we have very good crops," the man told him, looking unhappy about the need of the church. He knew of no way to supply that need soon.

"That is God's house," the great scientist said solemnly. "I asked God, and He helped me to discover a way to make the best paint that can be had. I will give you all of this paint you need to save God's house from the damage of the spring rains."

He did bring paint that he had made from clay. "God's colors will not fade," he assured members of the church.

From that time until now, blue, red, yellow, brown, and purple paint has been made from clay. People still find that God's colors do not fade. •

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TURN NOT AWAY

By LAVADA M. HAUPT

THE SUN FLASHED its morning rays across the bed, causing Monica to stir momentarily. Pulling the sheet over her head, she snuggled her face in her soft warm pillow. Moments later her alarm sounded, and she reached for it in exasperation.

"Monica," her mother called from the hallway. "You had better get up if you're going to Sunday school. You know what happens when you turn your alarm off and go back to sleep."

"Yes, I know, Mother," Monica replied sleepily. "Are you and Dad going?" Monica asked thoughtfully.

"No, not today. Your dad's still asleep, and I'm going back to bed for a few hours. It was late when we came home from the Jarretts last night, and we're both tired," Mrs. Croman replied nonchalantly.

"If you and Dad are staying home, I think I will too," Monica said as her mother opened her bedroom door.

"That's up to you," her mother said with indifference as she closed the door.

The chimes of the doorbell awakened Monica. Glancing at her clock on the nightstand, she was astonished to see that it was almost noon. Seizing a housecoat, she rushed into the living room and looked out the window. Nanette Kramm's car was parked in the driveway. Monica opened the door quickly.

"Hi, Monica, I thought I would stop for a minute to see if you are all right. We missed you in Sunday school," Nanette said with genuineness.

"I just couldn't make it this morning," she answered quickly. "Come on in," she said, stepping back.

"Monica, after our talk last week I thought that you would be in Sunday school this morning. When you didn't come, I became worried." Nanette spoke tenderly, but her disappointment was evident.

"I had planned to go, but I was so tired this morning. It was late when I got home last night, and I just didn't feel like getting up." Monica said with abashment.

"Whatever the reason, it is very serious. You can't just turn your back on God and pretend you never knew Him." The blank stare from Monica prompted Nanette to go further. "May I pick you up tonight for Youth Fellowship?" she pleaded, breaking the silence that hung heavily in the room.

"Yes, you can pick me up," Monica said without hesitation.

When Monica and Nanette arrived at the church, several members of their group had already arrived. During the discussion period, Monica discovered that she had missed this fellowship greatly.

Nanette led the closing prayer, and Monica fought the tears that welled in her eyes as she listened to Nanette's soft voice as she

prayed to God in reverence.

Driving home, Nanette spoke quietly. "It was nice having you with us again tonight. We've all missed you at Sunday school and at all our group meetings. How about prayer meeting Wednesday night and Sunday school Sunday. Will you go with me? Please Monica," Nanette pleaded, watching her friend closely.

"Yes, I'll try," Monica said with exuberance. She waved joyfully as her friend drove away.

"Mother," Monica called from the front door.

"We're in the kitchen, dear," her mother answered kindly.

"Mother," Monica blurted out without hesitation as she entered the kitchen. "Will you and Daddy get to bed early Saturday night so we can get up and go to Sunday school together?" Monica turned to meet her father's eyes.

"We'll see; that's a week away," Mrs. Croman said, without noticing the expression of deep thought anchored in her daughter's eyes.

"It's the only day I have to sleep late," Mr. Croman retorted.

"But Dad, you could sleep late Saturday morning and play golf Saturday afternoon," Monica said hopefully.

"Oh, no, I'm not giving up my Saturday morning golf game," he said soundly, immediately taking note of his daughter's distress. "We'll see about getting up a little early on Sunday and going to Sunday school with you, though." Mr. Croman said, dismissing the subject with a smile.

In the early hours of the morning the shrill ringing of the phone caused Monica to leap from her bed.

"Monica, this is Nanette's uncle. There has been a terrible accident. Both Nanette's mother and father were killed."

"Oh, no!" Monica whispered in disbelief. "What happened?" she asked, completely mystified.

"Mr. Kramm became ill," Nanette's uncle said. "Their doctor had been called to the hospital and Mr. Kramm wanted to go directly

there, rather than call another doctor. Apparently, the brakes failed, and Mrs. Kramm couldn't stop for a red light. They were hit in the side by a moving van. Both were killed instantly.

"Oh, poor Nanette," Monica said with compassion. "She must be in a terrible state of shock."

"She has mentioned you several times," he said. Without hesitation he asked hopefully, "Could you possibly come over now?"

"Of course, I'll be right over," Monica said, quickly replacing the receiver. She hurriedly explained the situation to her mother who had come into the hallway.

Monica drove slowly. "What am I going to say to Nanette," she wondered. "What words of comfort can I give her." Monica's mind searched for words from the Bible, but her knowledge of the Bible, which she had carelessly left dormant for many weeks, seemed distant.

Parking the car along the street, she slowly walked up the long path. Nanette sat in the living room, her eyes filled with grief. Monica sat beside her, placing an arm about her shoulder. Nanette smiled bravely, squeezing her hand gently.

No words would come from Monica. She was remembering the times that she had spent with the smart gang from school. She had thought that it was neat joining the chic crowd. But now, she remembered how fruitless it had been. How that she could not fit in. How that deep in her heart she really did not want to fit in.

Monica brushed at a tear that slipped onto her cheek as she recalled how terribly wrong she had been to sleep late on Sunday mornings and to neglect other church services which she had always attended so faithfully.

Nanette's uncle, pleading with Nanette to get some rest, interrupted Monica's thoughts. She nodded in agreement, turning to Monica.

"Come with me," she begged.

Monica sat on the bed beside Na-

nette. She was silent—still unable to find any words of comfort. Someone came in and spoke to Nanette. She followed them out.

Monica's mind raced as tears welled in her eyes and flowed down her cheeks. I risked losing eternal life for a few fun-filled hours, she thought. I put God aside for a few pleasures that can do me no good in a time of crisis.

She knew God was speaking to her, asking her to come back before it was too late. She slipped to her knees there beside Nanette's bed and asked God to forgive her.

She was standing by the bed when Nanette returned. "Are you all right?" Nanette asked, sensing, even in her deep sorrow, that her friend had been terribly troubled a moment ago.

"I'm fine now, Nanette," Monica said happily, unable to hide her deep joy at having returned to her Saviour. "Nanette," she said seriously now. "You won't have to worry about me anymore. I know I've been wrong during the past weeks. I realized tonight how terrible it would be if God suddenly called me. Drifting away from God is a dangerous and serious matter."

"Yes, it is," Nanette replied seriously.

"Nanette," Monica said thoughtfully. "Death is always a personal loss, but we can rejoice in the fact that those who die in Christ shall live."

Monica picked up Nanette's Bible from the nightstand. She opened it and began to read softly the words of Jesus, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life" (John 5:24).

Nanette looked at Monica, smiling faintly. "Knowing that Mom and Dad died in Christ makes it bearable," she said softly.

It was almost dark when Monica finally drove home. She wanted to have a long talk with her parents. Maybe through this tragedy they, too, could find God. •



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The Most Difficult Sentence

By JAMES E. ADAMS

I STILL REMEMBER the little fellow cringing in the alley, with blood trickling down his forehead.

We were six-year-olds and had had a childish quarrel. I picked up a small, flat piece of shale and threw it. The lad crouched, but the missile curved. I had not meant to hit him—only to scare him! Immediately I was sorry, but I was frightened too. He ran for his mother. I ran to hide.

If his mother had told my parents, they would have punished me and compelled me to go to his home and apologize. But neither he nor his mother told. Like all children, we were soon playing together again.

Now if I had expressed my sorrow, the incident would have been forgotten. But because I never said, "I'm sorry," I still remember.

Man through the ages has remembered and regretted his inability to muster enough courage to say, "I'm sorry."

Judas sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver. He was remorseful enough to admit his sin to the chief priests and elders, but he just

could not face Jesus and say, "I'm sorry." Jesus forgave the repentant thief on Calvary, and surely Judas, too, would be in heaven if he had gone to the cross and confessed.

But some people have this grace of expressing their regrets. Joe Bowman was using the phone on the desk next to mine one day. Evidently he thought I had overheard his conversation, but I had not. His face was red, and he explained, "I just called a fellow to apologize for cutting him off short when he called me this morning. I was under pressure and extremely busy at the time—which was no excuse."

"He accepted your apology, didn't he?" I asked.

"Yes." Joe bobbed his head. "He was very gracious, but I sure wish I hadn't snapped at him."

Joe was feeling blue. He had done the right thing and needed a word of commendation. "It takes a bigger man to say, 'I'm sorry,' than it does to just forget the matter," I said.

Joe heaved a sigh and smiled.

"Thanks, Jim," he said. And he went whistling down the hall.

But while a man may say to another, "I'm sorry," he still may be unable to muster enough courage to make confession to God. "I'll make a spectacle of myself if I go to an altar of prayer," he reasons. "What will people think? What will the fellows at work say?"

It seems man just cannot realize sometimes that repentance will bring peace with God which, in turn, will remove any thought of having been a spectacle. Even those who do not have the courage to take that step themselves have a grudging admiration for the one who does. And for every fellow who ridicules, there is another who will slap him on the back and wish him well.

No flowery phrases are necessary —just a simple prayer, "Lord, I have sinned. I am sorry. Forgive me, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

"I'm sorry" is among the most difficult of sentences to say. But to the one who musters courage to say it, there comes peace, now and forevermore. ●

FAMILY TRAINING HOUR
(YPE)

By Paul Henson
General Director

March Attendance

Tampa, Florida	317
Lakeland (Lake Wire), Florida	273
Atlanta (Mount Paran), Georgia	235
Greenville (Tremont Ave.), South Carolina	234
Cincinnati (Central Pkwy.), Ohio	222
Buford, Georgia	213
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Pontiac, Michigan	144
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Wilmington, North Carolina	132
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Douglas, Georgia	107
Jesup, Georgia	106
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Covington (Shepherds Fold), Louisiana	77
Somerset (Cotter Ave.), Kentucky	77
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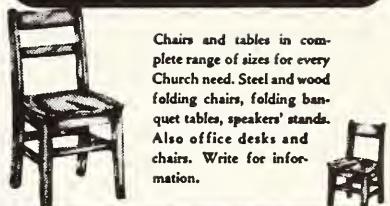
Sylacauga, Alabama	75
Flint (Kearsley Park), Michigan	74
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Bartow, Florida	70
Chase, Maryland	70
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Uniontown, Pennsylvania	65
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Bush (Sharps Chapel), Louisiana	63
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Phoenix (Southside), Arizona	59
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Lawrenceville, Illinois	58
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San Antonio (Southside), Texas	54
Long Beach, California	53
White Hall, Maryland	53
Hogansville, Georgia	51
Richmond, Indiana	51
Pompano Beach, Florida	50
Sale Creek, Tennessee	50

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Should Christians Smoke?

By CECIL E. BURRIDGE



SHOULD Christians smoke? Here is a controversial question that continues to provoke an argument in many circles. There are those professing Christians, including ministers, who are smokers, who contend that there is nothing wrong with the habit; and there are Christians who refrain from smoking because they believe it is morally wrong and very definitely unchristian.

The answer to any and all moral questions is found in the one source of authority, the infallible Word of God—the Bible. Here, we find that the Scriptures nowhere declare "Thou shalt not smoke." Does that mean that it is permissible for the pastor to set his flock an example by smoking? Does that mean that it is all right for the Christian to smoke?

Consider these Scriptures: "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God" (1 Corinthians 10:31). "Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Fa-

ther in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ" (Ephesians 5:20). The sincere Christian does his best to abide by these admonitions. He will bow his head before meals and say "Bless this food" and give God thanks. Can he say a grace of "Bless this cigarette" before he lights one up? Surely no Christian believes in his heart that he is glorifying God as he puffs away on his pipe, cigar, or cigarette.

The Christian knows that he does all things through Christ (Philippians 4:13). He knows that Christ lives in him and works through him (Galatians 2:20). He knows that he is the temple of God; and that if he does anything to harm his body, God will destroy him. "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are" (1 Corinthians 3:16, 17).

Smoking defiles the body. Smok-

ing is definitely a harmful practice and a health hazard. The evidence that cigarettes can cause lung cancer and coronary artery disease continues to pile up. Included in the list are cancer of the mouth, larynx, esophagus, and other respiratory troubles. Scientific investigation and testimony supports the Bible. If a man defiles his body, God will destroy it. The next time you reach for a cigarette, remember the saying, "Here's another nail in my coffin." It is virtually true.

Obviously, no one should smoke. For the sake of their health, all smokers should quit. If the smoker thinks that lung cancer cannot happen to him, and they all do, he should visit the nearest hospital and look in on a patient who is dying with it. As he watches the invalid cough up his lungs between gasps for breath, he will receive a great incentive to quit. It is a terrible, heartbreaking, unforgettable sight.

Besides ruining one's health, the smoking habit is expensive. No sane person would take a dollar bill and put a match to it. Yet, smokers will put down a dollar bill for cigarettes and burn them away. The only difference is, they channel filthy tobacco smoke through their lungs first, poisoning their bodies as they do so. Their money is wasted just as effectively. It is poor stewardship of the Lord's money.

Numbers of men and women who could never kick the habit were able to do so once they decided to *really* live for Christ. It is hard to break off smoking in one's own strength; but when one lets Christ control his life, it is easily done in His strength. Christ will take away the compelling desire to smoke if you really want Him to do so. He never fails those who seek Him with all their hearts.

Remember His own words of encouragement: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened" (Matthew 7:7).



THE WINGS OF GRIEF

O Heart, when sorrow seems too hard to bear,
Do not give way to grief, but say a prayer.

There will be joy again beyond belief;
Forget the burden brought to you by grief.

There will be sunlit roads to walk upon;
God's hand will not withhold a radiant dawn.

Sometimes vicissitudes are but the wings
That bear you on to greater, better things.

—Roy Z. Kemp

PATTERNS

I like tree patterns etched against a fog,
And gray-green lichen etchings on a log.

Swallow patterns against an evening sky
Where a slim moon pattern tilts as stars wink by.

Intricate patterns like rare, old brocade
Fashioned on Woodland aisles by sun and shade.

Life patterns quick to meet the human needs,
Fashioned by God and love in kindly deeds.

—Mary Joan Boyer

PLANTING TIME

We reap what we have sown, He said,
When time is ripe for sowing—

But first the blade must tear and rend
To make earth sweet for growing
And ready for the clearing winds
To break the last resistance—
Send forth sweet messages of spring
To every height and distance.

His signs are clear—We fail to heed—and
Thus lose our scantest measure,
And waste for Him a thousandfold
Of heaven's brightest treasure.
And all the while we strain and fret,
We have not the slightest power
To reap the fruit of greening dreams
Before He sends the hour.

—Magny L. Jensen

Devotions for Youth

(Continued from page 27)

Developing Dating Dignity

TUESDAY, June 24 **Read:** Philippians 2, note verse 4. "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." **Think:** As a dater, there are several goals that you should purpose to achieve: (1) You should display a holy respect for the person whom you are dating. **Pray:** Pray for character and poise to treat dating partners with respect and dignity.

WEDNESDAY, June 25 **Read:** Romans 14, note verse 16, "Let not then your good be evil spoken of." **Think:** If you are going to enjoy dating privileges, you should also accept dating responsibilities (2) You should endeavor to see that your dating partner has an enjoyable time. **Pray:** Pray that you will be able to put the feelings and welfare of others before your own.

THURSDAY, June 26 **Read:** 1 Peter 2, note verse 13, "Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake." **Think:** You become attractive to another person by displaying dating dynamics: (3) You should observe proper manners and be an example of Christian conduct. **Pray:** Pray that you will be a witness both with your words and with your manners.

FRIDAY, June 27 **Read:** 2 Timothy 2, note verse 22, "Flee also youthful lusts." **Think:** "Physical thrill and pleasure" at the expense of lowered standards and the abuse of God-given affections, are not in harmony with a Christian's code of conduct. **Pray:** Pray for strong convictions regarding petting, purity, and dating practices.

SATURDAY, June 28 **Read:** 1 Timothy 5, note verse 22, "Keep thyself pure." **Think:** God places a high premium on purity; in prayer, purpose to keep yourself pure. **Pray:** I will, by God's power, preserve my purity and maintain high standards regarding petting and physical love-making.

SUNDAY, June 29 **Read:** Philippians 4, note verse 13, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." **Think:** Purpose to make your dating days pay dividends of contentment and inner peace. **Pray:** I will, by God's power, place a high value on clean thinking, clean speech, and clean habits.

MONDAY, June 30 **Read:** 2 Corinthians 12, note verse 9, "And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee." **Think:** Teen-ager! Christ is concerned about your dating days. He will keep His hand upon you and will guide you into the fullness of His love and blessings. Depend on Him! **Pray:** I will enjoy my dating days and will reflect high moral standards, neatness, and a good disposition by trusting in God's guidance and grace. ●



OAKWOOD CHURCH SCOUTING, KNOXVILLE

February 9 was a very special day for us on the Knoxville District. This was the fifty-ninth anniversary of Boy Scouts of America. We selected this day to pay special tribute to the four scout troops on our district.

The Oakwood Church of God organized Troop 241 on April 28, 1967. Since there is a requirement of at least five boys, the church experienced a delay of about two months. The church selected a scout committee to sponsor the troop, and Tommy Jones agreed to serve as scoutmaster. After considerable coaxing, the fifth member joined, and the troop received its charter.

The initial recruitment was the largest problem the troop has experienced. The details of organizing the troop seem far removed now. Shortly after the troop was organized, its membership was reduced to three. However, now that the boys had a troop, they began

doing their own recruiting. In less than two years, Troop 241 has increased to twenty-eight members, with three patrols. Only five scouts in Troop 241 attend the Oakwood Church. One boy, who joined the troop after it started, has personally recruited ten members. It is now a proven fact that any church, regardless of how small it is, can have a scout troop. It takes only one person who loves helping others. This can be an expensive love. By having an active program, the boys in Troop 241 have built their own troop.

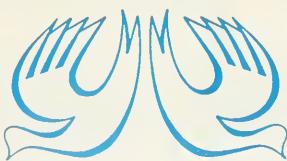
On Scout Sunday, three scouts were awarded the rank of second class. In the picture at the church, these three boys are in front. The other picture was taken during the January trip when the troop toured Douglas Dam.

The Eighth Avenue Church of God started its scout program this past year. Under the leadership of the Reverend C. H. Webb, the church organized Boy Scout Troop 242 in May, 1968. In January, 1969,

they organized Cub Pack 242, which is for boys eight to ten years of age. By having a Cub Pack, the boys can move smoothly into the Boy Scouts when they reach age eleven. It was with this same pioneering spirit that Eighth Avenue organized one of the first Girl Scout troops in the Church of God. We in the Knoxville area believe that our scout activity is an excellent outreach for those of the adolescent age group. To begin with, one must profess a belief in God to be a scout. Occasionally—maybe once every three months—Troop 241 goes on a camping trip on Sunday. When camping on Sunday, all activities stop at 10:00 a.m., and the scoutmaster teaches the Sunday school lesson. Since a large majority of the troop does not attend Oakwood Church, this gives the leader a great opportunity for Bible instruction.

Our initial purpose for undertaking a scout program was to help our young people. In the past two years the scouting program has played a tremendous part in "rounding out" the individual. At the same time it has been a means of inspiration and fulfillment for the church. From the start we have found the scout organization more than ready to be of assistance. They have trained professional people who are available without cost to anyone who is interested in knowing more about scouting.

—*Jim Taylor, reporter*



NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA

February 3, 1969, will be recorded as a red-letter day in the history of the Parkview Church of God in Newport News. It was on this day that the first class was opened for the first Day School-Kinder-garten for the Church of God in Virginia. At 9:00 a.m., the church bus rolled up before the entrance of the educational plant. Filled with happy children; the bus was met by enthusiastic teachers. The enrollment continues to grow as the school continues on its five-day-a-week basis.

Three years ago the pastor, Henry B. Ellis, with a vision for reaching the entire twin-city area (Hampton-Newport News) of almost one-half million people with a fully accredited Christian Elementary School, began investigations into this possibility. A committee—Mrs. Lenora Wood (B.A.), Mrs. Janice Eldridge (attending Thomas Nelson in preparation for a teaching certificate), and Mrs. Mildred Ellis—worked untiringly in consultations with state and city officials, as well as educators of other Christian schools, to present a formulated plan of action, late in 1968.

Since this effort was begun, the Parkview Church has continued to expand its outreach with a special class of teaching for the blind, conducted by Mrs. Lenora Wood and staff, each Sunday morning; with a service at the James River Nursing Home on Sunday afternoon by the Reverend Charles Hol-

lifield and the young people of the church, and with plans for a special interest class for collegiates on Sunday mornings from 9:00 to 10:00, conducted by the pastor, the Reverend Henry B. Ellis. This class will begin the first Sunday in March.

The Parkview Church of God maintains four children's churches on Sunday morning and four Bible study groups in connection with Family Night Service on Wednesday evening. Plans are now underway by Paul T. Wood, Sunday school superintendent, for an intermediate church (ages 12, 13, 14, and 15) on Sunday morning and evening of each week.

—Reporter

PAW CREEK, NORTH CAROLINA

The Paw Creek Church of God Young People's Endeavor (YPE) was challenged to purchase an organ for the church. This we did! It was wonderful how God helped us to pay for it within ninety days. A Prince and Princess Contest for the boys and girls under twelve years old was one means of raising \$1,916. Rhonda Owens and Tommy Killman were crowned princess and prince.

Kenneth Wilkinson serves as our YPE president, and Joseph Chambers is our pastor. We anticipate greater accomplishments in the future.

—Church reporter

OUR SHADE TREES

A tree is a plant that grows so high,
So high that it seems to touch the sky.

A tree is something that gives us shade
While we work in our garden with hoe and spade.

—Diane Neitzel (age 10)

THE PLAN FOR PEACE

The plan for peace and brotherhood
Was charted when God's Son
Was placed upon a cross of wood
That God's will might be done.
He gave His life for all mankind—
For each and every race:
"Come unto me"—"Seek and find"
Peace, love, and saving grace.
Pure faith can always conquer stress
And hate yields at Compassion's throne,
Kindness is a warm caress.
Love is the greatest power known.
Benevolence is merciful and fine
And constructs no selfish borderline.

—Joyce A. Inman

Devotions for Youth

CHRISTIAN TEENS and DATING

By Floyd D. Carey

Instructions: *Read* the assigned Bible chapters or verses. *Think* on the message and consider the devotional comments. *Pray* for the designated person or activity. *Check* each devotion in the provided square after it has been completed.

Determining Dating Directions

SUNDAY, June 1 *Read:* 1 Corinthians 10, *note verse 31*, "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever you do, do all to the glory of God." *Think:* The word "glory" in this verse refers to honor and praise. God should receive *honor* and *praise* from behavior on a date and from the standards you have formed with regard to marriage. *Pray:* Ask God to guide you; He is concerned about your dating directions.

MONDAY, June 2 *Read:* Genesis 2, *note verse 18*, "And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him." *Think:* Dating furnishes the companionship and friendship that our physical make-up requires. *Pray:* Make selecting dating partners, or accepting dates, a regular item of prayer.

TUESDAY, June 3 *Read:* 2 Thessalonians 3, *note verse 3*, "But the Lord is faithful, who shall establish you, and keep you from evil." *Think:* Dating days are days of big decisions; decisions concerning honesty, commitment, behavior, purity, love and marriage. *Pray:* You will need divine assistance to guide you in making the right choices; ask God to direct you.

WEDNESDAY, June 4 *Read:* Proverbs 3, *note verse 6*, "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." *Think:* What is your dating destination? For the next several days we will consider the purpose of dating. Dating is fun—laughing, talking, going places and doing things. *Pray:* With God, prepare a personal code for dating conduct.

THURSDAY, June 5 *Read:* Proverbs 4, *note verse 23*, "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." *Think:* Dating is an educational process that helps you to develop into a mature person. Dating aids one in self-understanding, self-esteem and self-improvement. *Pray:* Let God know that you want to keep your heart right with him.

FRIDAY, June 6 *Read:* Matthew 19, *note verse 6*, "Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." *Think:* You are better qualified to choose a marriage partner in later life after you have observed the qualities, conduct, emotional maturity and stability of several dating companions. *Pray:* Before going steady, consider both the advantages and the disadvantages, and talk it over with the Lord.

SATURDAY, June 7 *Read:* Psalm 119, *note verse 105*, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." *Think:* Through dating you learn the value of self-improvement and the advantages of forming personal goals and ideals. These things are important because they represent both present and future happiness. *Pray:* Accept yourself for what you are, but understand that the gospel has transforming power.

SUNDAY, June 8 *Read:* Deuteronomy 14, *note verse 2*, "And the Lord hath chosen thee to be a peculiar people unto himself." *Think:* Since your association with others, your vocation, and your Christian testimony will be greatly influenced by your dating years, make sure that you are traveling on the right highway and with the right goals in mind. *Pray:* Your actions on a date will either complement or disgrace your testimony! Pray about your dating conduct.

MONDAY, June 9 □. *Read:* Galatians 5, *note verse 1*, "Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free." *Think:* Dating provides the foundation for character building, citizenship training, and social understanding. *Pray:* Ask God to build up your spiritual resistance to any temptation to lower dating standards.

TUESDAY, June 10 □. *Read:* Proverbs 31, *note verse 30*, "Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." *Think:* Dating prepares and guides a person in realizing the seriousness and the full meaning of the holy command, "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." *Pray:* Talk with God about holy fear and your attitude toward church work and service.

Displaying Dating Dynamics

WEDNESDAY, June 11 □. *Read:* 1 Corinthians 13, *note verse 4*, "Charity (love) suffereth long, and is kind." *Think:* Are you datable or debatable? Dating power is developed; it cannot be purchased. For the next twelve days we will focus on dating power, or "Bait for the Date Race." So, take charm by the arm and enjoy one of the greatest times of your life—dating days. *Pray:* Determine to develop pleasing social behavior that will honor Christ.

THURSDAY, June 12 □. *Read:* Proverbs 13, *note verse 15*, "Good understanding giveth favour." *Think:* CHARM—Charm is the ability to make someone else think that both of you are pretty wonderful. *Pray:* Are you treating others fairly? Examine your life.

FRIDAY, June 13 □. *Read:* 1 Peter 3, *note verse 4*, "The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." *Think:* CONTROL—There is no prize for being plain-spoken or displaying temper tantrums. Control is an attractive date trait. *Pray:* Before you talk with another person about his faults or actions, talk with God first.

SATURDAY, June 14 □. *Read:* 1 Thessalonians 5, *note verse 22*, "Abstain from all appearance of evil." *Think:* CAUTION—Do not toy with temptations; you must walk before God and man, clothed in purity. *Pray:* Guard your purity; ask God to divinely guard your purity.

SUNDAY, June 15 □. *Read:* Romans 12, *note verse 10*, "Be kindly affectioned one to another." *Think:* COURTESY—Courtesy opens every gate—the date gate, too—and doesn't cost a cent. Mind your manners. *Pray:* A Christian must be courteous. What is God's evaluation of your courtesy?

MONDAY, June 16 □. *Read:* Romans 12, *note verse 10*, "In honour preferring one another." *Think:* CONGENIALITY—Go out of your way to lend a helping hand; take off the coat of self-centeredness and give honor to others. *Pray:* Pray for someone with whom you have not been able to effectively communicate.

TUESDAY, June 17 □. *Read:* Romans 12, *note verse 3*, "For I say . . . to every man that is among you not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think." *Think:* CIRCULATE—Make yourself available. Be active in church work, school projects, and community campaigns. *Pray:* Pray for the teens of your local church and for the success of their dating life.

WEDNESDAY, June 18 □. *Read:* 2 Thessalonians 3, *note verse 3*, "But the Lord is faithful, who shall stablish you, and keep you from evil." *Think:* CHARACTER—You do not make your character on a date; you exhibit it. *Pray:* Pledge to take a positive stand for what you believe is right regardless of the opinions of others.

THURSDAY, June 19 □. *Read:* Psalm 45, *note verse 13*, "The king's daughter is all glorious within." *Think:* COMELINESS—True beauty is an inner overflowing glow that springs from serving Christ. *Pray:* Display this pleasing beauty in your life through daily fellowship and communion with Christ.

FRIDAY, June 20 □. *Read:* Psalm 144, *note verse 12*, "That our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a place." *Think:* CLEANLINESS—There is no substitute for cleanliness—a demanded dating duty. *Pray:* Pray to be clean in body, thoughts, and actions.

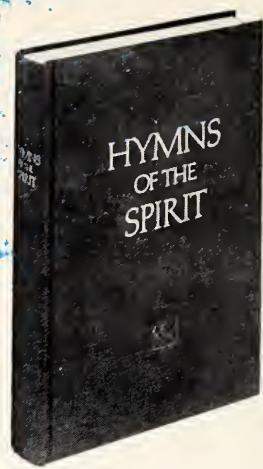
SATURDAY, June 21 □. *Read:* Proverbs 27, *note verse 17*, "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." *Think:* CHEERFULNESS—Cheerfulness is the window cleaner of the mind that lets others see that you would make an excellent courting companion. *Pray:* Pray for opportunities to spread cheer and hope to the sick and the discouraged.

SUNDAY, June 22 □. *Read:* Romans 14, *note verse 7*, "For none of us liveth to himself." *Think:* COMPANIONSHIP—Keep good company; make a lot of friends—teen-age togetherness. *Pray:* Pray for guarding selectivity in choosing friends and companions.

MONDAY, June 23 □. *Read:* Proverbs 10, *note verse 20*, "The tongue of the just is as choice silver." *Think:* CONVERSATION—"I love its gentle warble; I love its gentle flow. I love to wind my mouth up, and I love to hear it go." Try listening; other young people have interesting things to say too. *Pray:* Wait upon the Lord; let Him speak to you.

(Continued on page 23)

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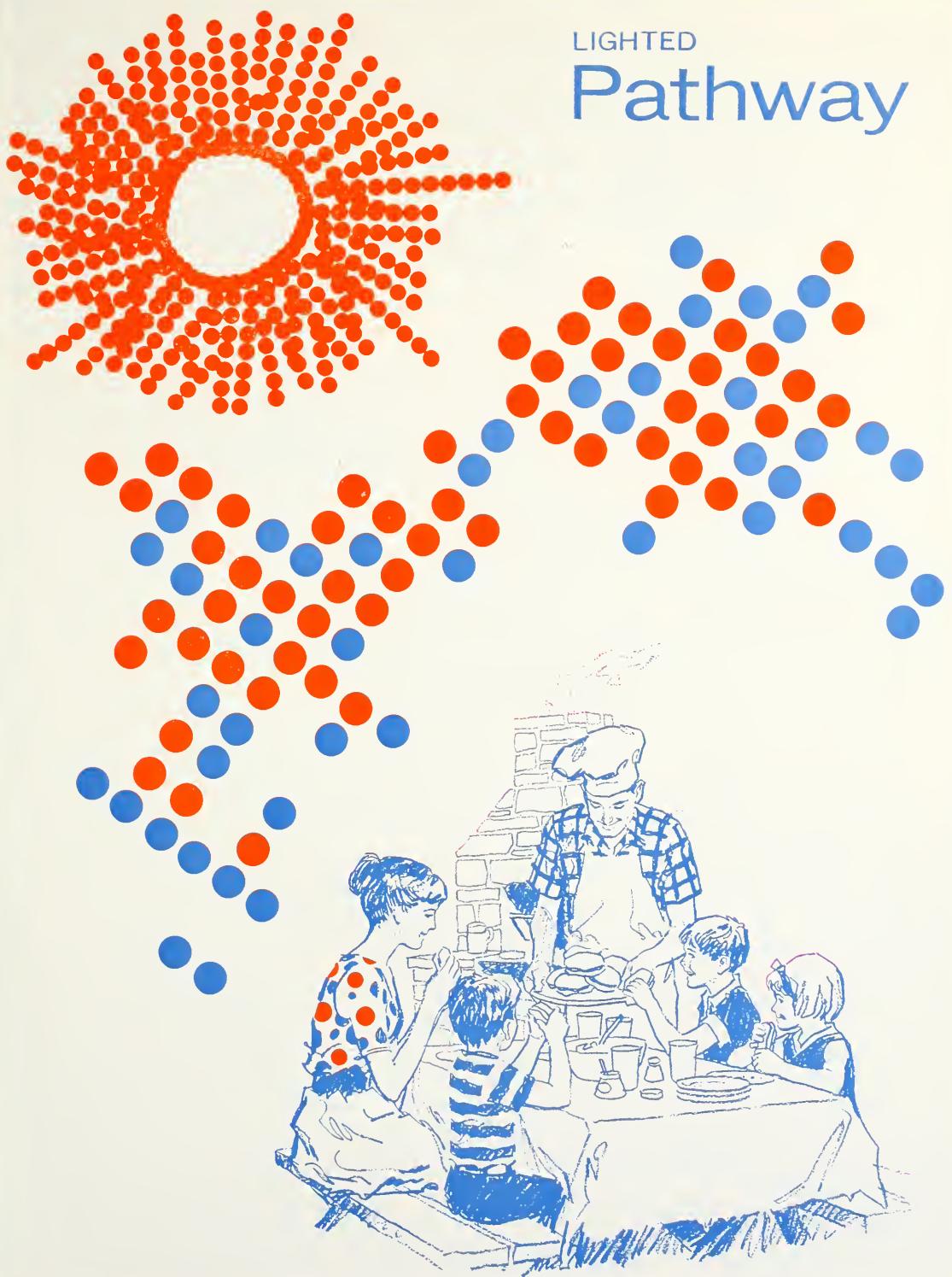
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SLEEPYTIME PRAYER

We tuck you in your crib each night,
Dear baby girl, just one year old;
You fill our hearts with joyous light
As shadows soft the room enfold.

Now watch us fold our hands in prayer,
And now your little hands fold too;
Then with your blue eyes wondering there,
We'll say a goodnight prayer with you.

For though you cannot comprehend
Just yet, (your dad and mommy know
The happiness His blessings send)
Your faith in God will grow and grow.

—Violet V. Moore

WEST COAST BIBLE COLLEGE

Would you like to attend high school, junior college, or Bible college this fall? See the advertisement on page seventeen for more information.

SERVICEMENS RETREATS

The Reverend C. Raymond Spain has planned two retreats which will take place within the next few months. See page seventeen for details.

ANNOUNCING!

EFFECTIVE MAY 1, 1969, NEW INTEREST RATES ON CHURCH OF GOD BUILDING FUND NOTES:

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ABUSY AND successful photographer regularly wrote in his engagement book these words, "Stay at home and be with the family," or "No appointments this afternoon—play with the boys!" Giving the family part of our busy days in this manner pays rich dividends. In a relaxed, slow-paced atmosphere family members can get to know each other in an intimate, cherished way.

During summer months the family can do many things together outside the house. For example, cooking a meal on the barbecue grill and serving it on a picnic table in the yard provides the family a close, healthy relationship. Such activity permits the family to center its interest on each other, rather than on the telephone or television. Every effort should be exerted to make the home a strong force in the life of each member of the family.

The father's role in the Christian home is important. By leading the way in family worship, he affords security for the home and gains the "father" role. In fact, a good Christian father assumes his spiritual leadership with all sincerity and exemplifies God to his children. Freud said that the child's concept of God, in every case, is modeled after the father.

When a Sunday school teacher referred to God as Father, a primary girl leaned to her little friend and loudly whispered, "If He's like my daddy, I'm not so sure I would like to live with Him in heaven at all!" If the father is not a good Christian example, he may give the smaller children a grave misconception of the heavenly Father. Furthermore, if he is always too busy to spend time with the family, he may exemplify a Father in heaven who is too busy to bother with the children's problems.

Mother is another important member of the family. Whereas the mother of yesteryear rocked the cradle, today's mother may operate an IBM machine, chair meetings, or efficiently manage



THE FAMILY TOGETHER

an office, oftentimes leaving her children with a sitter, in a nursery, or in school. Other mothers keep house full-time, which can be just as satisfying and probably more rewarding. Even though a mother may work, she has a vast God-given responsibility to her family. She still must attend to the physical needs of her children and give them spiritual guidance. Mothers of past generations have contributed greatly to the spiritual fiber of our nation, and today's mother can do no less.

The bronze pioneer woman portrayed in Ponca City, Oklahoma, holds her son's hand, while under her arm she holds her Bible. Such a mother wields untold spiritual influence on her children. Whether today's mother expends her full energies in her home, or gives eight of her twenty-four hours to other labor, she must continue to contribute thought, time, and energy, to "the little world of the home." The American mother needs to re-establish her place in the palace of the home as the mother of her offspring—in the fullest sense.

The home probably has more influence upon the development of a child than does the church or the public school. Every room of the Christian home is a classroom. In the living room the child is taught how to entertain strangers and how to behave according to accepted mores, or customs. The

kitchen teaches one how to fulfill physical needs for food, and the bathroom teaches the attributes of cleanliness.

In the dining room the child not only is taught manners which will become part of his personality, but also he is taught to thank God for His blessings. There he may see the family together in Bible reading, prayer, and fellowship. In the home the child comprehends the dignity and value of labor as he sees his father working in the basement, or his mother doing household chores. Later, the child himself will engage in work in the home.

The family together in devotions is of great spiritual value to each member of the home. Sometimes the work schedules of adults and school schedules of students may cause a problem; however, the remaining members should still carry out the worship time together. Just as Wednesday night is prayer time at the church, some families find that the noon meal on Sunday is a fitting time for the family's "hour of power." When the meal is finished, Bible reading and prayer can be very effective.

Also, during a time of crisis the family is usually drawn closer together, and seasons of prayer with the family for strength and guidance can be most beneficial. The family that prays together usually stays together. ●



Dave Wilkerson



Warren Wiersbe



Paul L. Walker



Charles W. Conn



Paul F. Henson

Special Ministers Conference on Youth

HERE ARE SOME things in the program of the church that perhaps can wait. Some things can be postponed or re-scheduled. But there are also some things that cannot wait. One of these things is *youth work*. Youth work cannot wait. If our youth program fails today, there will be no church tomorrow.

Recently I heard a story of a newsboy selling his papers on the busy corner of a downtown street. A businessman came by on his way home from what had probably been a prosperous day in his office. He picked up a paper and was about to hand the little fellow a dime when he in a jovial mood suddenly said "Tell you what I'll do, boy. I'll flip this dime; heads you give me the paper free, and tails I'll pay you twenty cents."

The boy shook his head negatively.

"Aw, come on, boy, just to make it really worth your while, if it's tails, I'll give you fifty cents."

"No thanks," replied the boy.

"Why not take a chance?" the man asked.

"Well, you see, Mister, I can't afford to lose," was the boy's answer.

I feel that this is exactly where we are with our youth. We just cannot afford to take chances, because we cannot afford to lose. If we should lose, there will not be another chance. But we do not intend to lose!

We do have problems. We do live in a runaway world. Rebellion almost permeates the air we breathe. We are faced with a serious generation gap. There is a couldn't-care-less attitude toward youth that is rampant among many church people. But even in the face of these problems and many more, we will not lose; for we are doing something about them.

As a significant step toward helping our youth, we feel that the Holy Ghost has led us to make the 1969 Leadership Training Conference a *Special Ministers Conference on Youth*. As indicated, the enrollment will be limited to ministers only and will give us an opportunity to spend a week in taking a long hard look at the needs of today's young people and in determining how the church can help to meet those needs.

We will bring together some of America's most outstanding youth

leaders and workers as speakers for the conference. Among them will be Dave Wilkerson of *Teen Challenge*. Dave is undoubtedly in touch with the young generation. Also, Dr. Warren Wiersbe, pastor of Calvary Baptist Church in Covington, Kentucky will speak. Doctor Wiersbe has been in youth work a number of years. He is former editor of *Youth for Christ* magazine, now called *Campus Life*, and writes regularly for leading Christian magazines. He is presently pastoring a large church with a dynamic youth program. The problems he faces with the youth of his denomination are very similar to ours. He will make a real contribution to our conference. Paul L. Walker, pastor of the Mount Paran Church of God in Atlanta, Georgia will also speak. Paul Walker is one of the most outstanding young pastoral counselors in America. During the conference he will deal with the area of counseling youth. The General Overseer, Dr. Charles W. Conn, will give the closing address on the subject, "The Responsibility of the Church to our Youth." The aforementioned speakers are just some of the highlights of the conference.

Such subjects as "What's Happening?" "How We Can Save Our Youth," "Problems in the Parsonage," "Pastoring Teen-agers," "The Church and the Now Generation," "The Generation Gap," "Programming for Youth," will be discussed. There will be a period of interaction following each presentation. We will also give the ministers an opportunity to question a group of young people as to how

the church can help them. This should prove to be a very helpful dialogue. We do not plan to spend a week in generalities, but we will get down to specific practicalities.

The dates for the conference will be August 11-15, beginning with a banquet on Monday evening and closing at noon Friday. The total cost for the week for room, meals, and tuition will be \$30.00 per person. Groups of three or more reg-

istering together will be \$25.00 per person.

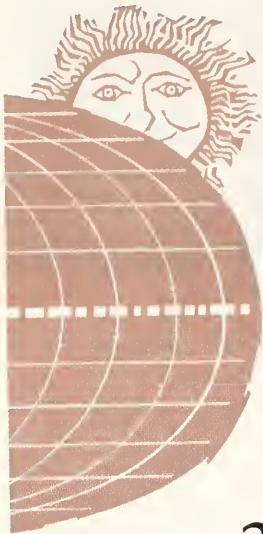
In addition to providing the minister an opportunity to participate in the most in-depth study of youth that the church has ever sponsored, the program will be planned to provide time for relaxation and recreation.

Application forms have been mailed to each minister and should be returned as early as possible.

By PAUL F. HENSON
General Director, Sunday School and Youth

Scheduled August 11-15, Lee College





The Powers of Good and Evil

By BOB LAIR

THE INDIANS OF the Mississippi Valley looked upon their universe as being in the midst of the great battle between good and evil. Their theology took a strangely pagan and naturalistic form. They worshiped the sun god. He was the giver and sustainer of life. His wife, the moon or "night-sun," was his companion and was to be honored second only to him.

After all, the sun warmed them, made their crops grow, gave them light by which to do their work, dried up the too heavy showers of rain, and smiled upon them when he was radiantly happy with their behavior.

They refused to believe that the sun was any distance away. One Indian admitted that the sun could possibly be as large as a house, but surely no larger. They believed it was very near—actually, looking

upon the lives of mortals and judging and rewarding their labors.

The fires, especially the continual flame burning in the temple, were representatives of the sun; and messages of need could be sent to the god in the curling smoke of ceremonial fire.

The most terrifying of all natural events for these Indians was, of course, the eclipse of the sun. Their god was not necessarily all-powerful, and might at some time be taken by surprise and overpowered by their enemy, the god of darkness. They must help the sun with all their might, pounding noisily upon their drums, shouting and screaming at the top of their lungs, and shooting their poison-tipped arrows toward the sun.

When they and their gods had defeated the monster of darkness (and they always did—the eclipse

always ended), they rejoiced and enjoyed again the benevolence of their sun deity.

But they lived always in fear lest, some time when they might fail to come to his aid, their god might be swallowed up by the evil black god, and they would be left utterly without food and light and help in trouble.

Of course, it is all too true that there is a warfare of good and evil in our universe. But the state of the war and warring parties is not at all like those primitive peoples thought it was.

We serve the omnipotent God of all life, of all eternity, who never slumbers nor sleeps. There are no surprises for Him. We come to Him in assurance that even the gates of hell can never destroy His bride, the Church.

God has allowed Satan some little power for a season, but his final consignment to the lake of fire is as sure as his existence. From a human standpoint, he may move about us as a roaring lion, and there may be times in our weakness that we will fear he will triumph; but God holds the reins of all tomorrow.

Sometimes we look at the world situation about us—at Vietnam, at the infidelity and apostasy of our own day—and we are prone to say, "Satan seems to win out so often." But it is only a sign of the weakness of our faith. God, all powerful, always triumphs after all is said and done.

Sometimes we see only a small portion of the picture, only a few threads in the whole tapestry, and we are tempted to doubt. But He makes the wrath of men work to His eventual praise.

No, we need have no fears. We need not despair; for as Jesus spoke to the weeping women on the way to the cross, so He speaks to us: "Do not weep for Me; weep for yourselves." We need not fear that any can conquer Him. His victory is sure.

Our part is to serve Him faithfully, to trust Him, to rest in His everlasting omnipotence. He cannot fail—He is God! •

A BOUQUET OF KINDNESS

By MARGARET GAINES

Missionary to Palestine

IN THE EARLY spring, the fields of Palestine are a jubilee of wild flowers. God's simple touch, like heavenly laughter, bursts forth in myriad forms and colors. The poppy, for its bright red color and its prolific quantity, is prominent among all the other varieties.

Once a few of the village children picked big bouquets of poppies. Obeying the impulse to share their joy, they offered the bouquets to their mothers who responded, "Get out of here with those weeds." The disappointed children fled, clutching their bouquets tightly in their hands.

But children's enthusiasm cannot be dampened for long. Soon they decided to offer their bright flowers to a missionary friend of mine. Her smile of welcome and gracious acceptance of their bouquets healed their disappointment and sent them away singing.

Shortly thereafter, I went for a visit to my missionary friend. Her house looked like party time, and she was at a loss to find sufficient vases, jars, or tall glasses to hold the rest of the flowers. Therefore, we were both pleased when I went away carrying a handful of that red joy.

Before I had reached home, the impulse to share that joy had overtaken me. Immediately, I

thought of a Canadian friend whom I had not seen for a long time. Stopping by her house, I prepared to give her a liberal part of my bouquet. When I found her door closed, I experienced something of the children's disappointment of not getting to share. Then an idea occurred to me: "I'll still leave the bouquet, and I'll write a note to explain." "Lora," I wrote "here is a bouquet of kindness waiting to welcome you home." Poppies are called kindness in the native language of the Holy Land. It was appropriate to transliterate the native name rather than to use the English name, as by that time my own heart had received the message of kindness from the humble flower.

Later in the evening, my telephone rang. It was Lora saying that she had been feeling very blue. "How did you know that I was so depressed? For weeks I have been so lonely and depressed—and then I found the bouquet of kindness. It was so unusual in its welcome, that it surprised me right out of my depression. So happy was I that I began to sing. But even the songs could not release my joy, so I just had to share it with someone. Then I went upstairs to my neighbor who had lost her only son, a nineteen-year-old boy, in one of the recent demonstrations. I told her the story of my depression and

of the welcome of kindness. Of course, I shared the bouquet with her. We laughed and wept together because of the mercy and kindness of the Lord. When I left, she said that this was the first release that she had felt from her grief since the loss of her son."

Without a doubt, kindness, whether it is in the form of a poppy, or a kind word, or a thoughtful act, is just as accessible to you as the wild flowers. It is the easiest way of giving pleasure and bringing sunshine into so many gloomy lives.

How long has it been since you took the time to offer a bouquet of kindness? Perhaps several times a week you are buying and wrapping gifts and signing cards for every occasion. If it is from a sense of duty, your bouquet will be artificial and without fragrance or joy. Try to offer a bouquet of kindness to those whom you do not suspect need it or when there is no known occasion for it.

Members of your family, your partners at work, are all starved for kindness. They are hungry for some sign of your care that cannot be explained by an occasion. Besides making your own heart lighter, kindness will spread itself in an endless chain. For whoever has really been touched by kindness comes under the constraint to share it with others. ●

THE

By NORA ANN KUEHN



DAN NESON woke with that old hand of worry clutching at his stomach. Stealthily he started to edge his arthritic back toward the edge of the bed, trying not to awaken Martha, his wife of fifty years today. He knew that it was silly of him to try to slip out without her knowing it. She was like a part of him and knew his every move. She opened her eyes now and smiled at him. "Don't go out to look for work today, Dan. It's our wedding anniversary."

Dan grinned at her. "That's all the more reason I should look," he said. "This has always been my lucky day."

She smiled, but Dan saw the little lines of worry between her dark eyes. "Dan, why won't you call James and let him know we could use a little help?"

Dan Neson set his chin stub-

bornly. "I have told you often enough that we are not going to impose on our son. There must be something in this big city that I can do." He saw the tears on her cheek and softened. He stroked her cheek, wiping the tears away. "Now you stop that worrying. The Lord will provide."

Martha smiled through her tears. "I wish I had your faith," she replied, trying to get out of bed; but Dan pushed her back onto the pillow. "No reason for you to get up until they turn the heat on," he said, kissing her good-bye.

In the small kitchenette Dan Neson spent ten minutes cutting pasteboard insoles for his shoes. Then he polished them until they gleamed like patent leather. He was glad that it was the soles that were worn. It was important to look neat when you were looking for work.

Outside the weather was wet and

cold. Dan tried to avoid the worst of the puddles as he trudged fruitlessly from one office to another. By late afternoon he was very tired. His hands stung with the cold, and he was hungry. In his ears rang the words that he had been hearing all day. "Sorry, Mr. Neson, we had someone a little younger in mind for the job." "Sorry, Mr. Neson, we're afraid you're a little too old for the job." "Sorry, sorry, sorry. . . ."

He thought about Martha, who had pleaded with him these last few weeks to call their son. He knew that James would come in a minute if he knew that they needed him, but James had a wife and four little ones. He knew, too, that James had trouble making ends meet, just like most young people do. "It is not only the young people who can't make ends meet either," he mused as he ambled,

ANNIVERSARY ROSES

not aware now of where his tired footsteps were taking him.

When he noticed where he was, he saw that he was on a street in front of some of the most fashionable hotels in the city. It was then he got the idea that made him turn into the alley behind the hotel. At the first trash can he stopped and peered hopefully inside. Disappointment filled his eyes, and he replaced the lid and hurried on up the alley. Now his knarled, old hands lifted and replaced the lid of every trash can he came to.

He was almost at the end of the alley when he opened a trash can that set his heart to beating happily. Carefully he lifted out a bunch of only slightly withered red roses. Tenderly he wrapped them in a newspaper which he found in the can. There was a new spring to his step as he turned toward home. This wedding anniversary would be

no different than the forty-nine others, when he had brought his wife red roses.

Once he loosened his hold on the roses to reach back and make sure that the old wallet with just enough money to call his son was safe. He would not think of calling him collect.

Martha was waiting for him as always, with a smile. He kissed her, as he always did whenever he returned, no matter how short a time he had been away from her. Then he laid the newspaper-wrapped gift in her lap.

"You found a job?" she asked happily.

He could not tell her that no one wanted an old man to work for them. "Well, not today," he said lightly. "But I will. I've decided to call James too, after you look at your little gift. I guess we can stay with him until I find something."

Martha took his hand and put it to her cheek. "You will find something soon," she said softly. Then she spread open the paper and took out the flowers. "You never forget to bring me red roses," she said happily, and she buried her face in them to hide her tears of happiness. "These are the most beautiful of all," she said, brushing away her tears.

Dan's own eyes were getting a little bleary, and he wanted to get out of the room before she noticed. "I will go call James now," he said heading for the door.

Martha's excited cry stopped him. "Oh, Dan, look at this," she said, holding out the newspaper.

Dan took the paper and read where Martha had pointed: "We like to gad about and we need someone for yard work and pet care. Nice cottage and wages for the right party."

Dan was trembling with excitement, but he patted his wife's shoulder. "Now don't you go and get your hopes all built up, Martha," he said. "This paper is two days old."

"But Dan, you will call, won't you?"

"Well, I will have to think about it," he said, mentally counting the money again in his wallet. He knew that if he called about the job, there would not be enough money left to call James if the job had been taken already.

"Please, Dan, call the people," Martha urged. "Remember, you told me that this was your lucky day."

He stroked her lovely silver hair. "It will always be my lucky day," he said softly. "I will go right now and make that call."

A few minutes later Dan Neson came bounding back into their apartment. He found Martha packing their old straw suitcase.

"How did you know that I got the job?" he asked beaming at her.

Martha smiled at him with a twinkle in her blue eyes. "Don't you remember? This is my lucky day, too. And haven't you always told me that the Lord will provide?"

Thy Will Be Done

By JUDITH G. KESSLER

IT WAS A rainy Monday evening, and I had just kicked off my shoes after a hard day of teaching. Just as I sat down, the phone rang. I casually answered and heard my sister Jan say, "Daddy has had another stroke. You had better come home as soon as possible."

Dazed by the news, I sat down. Daddy had been sick for some time, but we all thought that he was going to get better. I still had hope; and my constant prayer was, "Dear God, please make Daddy better."

When I arrived at the hospital to see Daddy, I was more shocked. He lay there still, his eyes closed, with a resuscitator forcing him to breathe. I took his hand between my two and sobbed softly to a

daddy who could not hear.

Momma's face showed the concern and anxiety which she had experienced the last few days. Having her four daughters near was some comfort, but it also made her more aware that someone was missing. Her family was not complete—would it ever be complete again?

That is what we lived with for four days and nights. The hospital visits were disheartening. They only reminded us of the sad condition of our loved one. Our restless spirits insisted on our being there, however; and we became exhausted from lack of rest.

Many well-meaning friends and relatives provided love and consolation. Each day the question was asked, "Is he any better?"

My daddy's close neighbor asked, "Please, can I help with anything?" But we felt as helpless as he did.

The days were filled with meaningless household chores. We were trying to maintain some facade of normality, but we knew it was just a game of make-believe. Somehow the trivial things we fought about before were less important than ever. Instinctively we drew closer together, as if making some kind of fortress. My prayers were constant, and now I always added, "Thy will be done."

Waiting, endless waiting, turned into an eternity of agony. We hung on to hope and refused to budge an inch.

But the minutes went by and the hours went by, and our hopes grew dim. Soon, we knew, we would have to accept the inevitable. The doctor did not give us false hopes. We wondered if all was being done that could possibly be done.

Momma was completely exhausted, physically and emotionally. Even if she rested, her thoughts would not. If her dear husband died, what would God have her to do? Momma always had a firm faith, and through these days she prayed fervently for strength to bow to the will of God.

Early Friday morning at 2:30 a.m. the telephone rang. For as long as I live, I shall never forget it. I was sleeping with Momma, and I waited for her to answer. We knew what the message was before she answered. "Your husband has had another stroke. Can you come to the hospital immediately?"

Momma stood and looked at the floor. "Well, this is it," she said. "We had better get dressed and get down there."

She gathered her strength together and resolved to face her fate, knowing instinctively that God in His grace had taken Daddy. She did not cry. She was calm, and her face showed the peace that passes human understanding. •

REUNION IS THE time for reminiscing, and that is just what the former residents of the Church of God Home for Children, Sevierville, Tenn., will be doing on August 16, 1969. They will be talking about "good ole times" and the changes that have taken place in their lives. Alumni will come in from near and far with this question on their mind: "What can I do for a church or a home for children that has done so much for me?"

We, the alumni, cannot forget the values obtained during our stay at the Home. I feel that every individual who spent any period of time in the Home has been influenced for good in some way. Our educational needs were met by the opportunity we had to attend public school and to advance academically as far as we could until we reached the age of eighteen or left the Home. Some of us stayed longer and were able to attend college.

Our physical needs were met by having good food and nourishment, which often came to us as a result of our work in the garden, in the fields, and on the dairy farm. Our spiritual needs were satisfied daily, which helped us to obtain a meaningful purpose in life and to make living more beneficial. Every day was a challenge for us to have a deeper spiritual growth, whether it was during our morning devotions, table graces, or during the religious services conducted during the week.

The Christian example of our administrators had its influence on us. We constantly tried to emulate the ideals which they displayed in their behavior while working with and for us. The ethical and moral conduct of the administrators and supervisors had great influence for good on the children. We had many frustrations and problems due to the continual group life which we were experiencing, but no problem was so great that we did not overcome.

The individual and constant

I GREW UP THERE



By NORMAN JORDAN

Norman and his wife, Betty, grew up in the home. They both hold graduate degrees in education. Betty is an English instructor at Lee College, and Norman is personnel director at Hardwick Stove Company, Cleveland. They have three children.

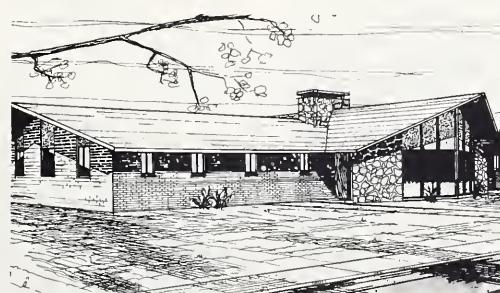
guidance of our Home officials will affect the children's behavior as long as they live. Our philosophy of action was based upon an attitude of compassion and assistance for the weak and needy.

Over the years we grew together as a big family, with each individual having a significant role to play in the well-being of all. Chores had to be done on a consistent basis. Desirable habits of conduct and work were the rules of the day. We were experiencing a good life while preparing for adult living. Friendships were made that have lasted all through the years—which makes our reunion all the more meaningful.

There were many leaders among the children because we were

taught leadership. Groups must have good leaders in order to function properly. We were taught the responsibility of completing a task and making a significant contribution to what we were doing. There were times when we deviated from desirable paths and had to be disciplined for misconduct. However, our minor deviations usually resulted in meaningful learning experiences which helped prepare us for future growth and development.

Those attitudes and values which we learned in the Home for Children will last throughout life which, in turn, will affect our homes, community, and society. You, our church laity and friends, make this possible. You are to be commended for a job well-done. •



This is a sketch of one of several cottage dormitories now built. They are replacing old-style, large dormitories.

Do you have trouble singing in Church?
Here is what Evelyn Johnson
says on
the subject.

HOW SHALL WE SING ?

NO OTHER FOUNT I know,
Nothing but the blood
of . . .

I let my voice drop as I suddenly realized that I had been singing louder than anyone in the sanctuary. As a singer, I have never taken any blue ribbons and, if the woman sitting next to me were the judge, I would never even win last place in competition. The expression on her face made it clear that she did not appreciate my singing.

As I slipped the hymnbook back into the rack in front of me, the words of the captive Jews came to mind. "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" (Psalm 137:4).

I had come to church this morning, feeling deeply the mercies and goodness of the Lord, filled with a need to hear His Word and a desire to sing His praise. I wanted to respond to David's invitation: "O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise" (Psalm 95:1).

I am aware that my voice is un-

trained and without any natural talent, and I know that volume does not compensate for lack of ability. But my Bible does not tell me that I must sing perfectly—it only tells me to *sing!* The book of Psalms is filled with admonitions to sing . . . to "make a joyful noise unto him with psalms" (95:

2), and to "make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise" Psalm (98: 4). Psalm 149:5 says, "Let the saints be joyful in glory: let them sing *aloud*."

Yet, just now those around me had been barely opening their mouths. One woman sang a few words, yawned, and picked up in the middle of a line to sing again. Her husband opened his mouth wide enough, but he was chewing gum, not singing.

It was not an unfamiliar song. Everyone should know "Nothing But the Blood of Jesus," because it has been sung since the brush-arbor-meeting days of our childhood. I was happy when I saw it listed in the bulletin this morning. Too often there is not one song that I know well enough to try to sing, and mine is not the only untrained voice in the congregation.

We have a membership of several hundred, and at morning service we have an attendance of two or three hundred people. We have

the warmth and fellowship and assurance found in familiar hymns of simple praise.

Our revivals are slanted to save souls and to bring people into the church, but are the services planned to reach these people? The evangelist plans his sermons and the music director selects numbers to fit in with the theme.

We are told to "stand and sing," to "sing softly," to "hum," and to close our eyes and bow our heads while the choir sings. And there is little evidence of fellowship along the pews—no vibrant glow or joy on the faces of men and women whose grating voices cannot be pitched to a low key and no exuberance among Christians who have to restrain their praise to a whisper. And there are few additions to the church. It is possible that some timid souls may be reached, but they are reluctant to break the hushed atmosphere to make their way up the aisle to confession.

How different are these meetings to the old-fashioned revival that I attended the year I yielded to the voice within me—the call that said, "Come unto Me." The crowd was small, but the singing was loud; and the Spirit evidenced by those who sang on either side of me and in front and back of me was contagious. My heart was filled with a desire to follow my Lord and to join those saints who lifted their voices in voluminous praise!

A publication slanted to young people recently quoted a hippie as

saying, "In today's church services I am preached to, sung at, and prayed for."

Little of the so-called hippie movement appeals to me, and I know that I definitely need to be preached to and prayed for—but I am in complete accord with the hippie's dislike of being "sung at."

Nowhere in the Bible do I find an admonition to sing "at" anyone, nor to stand or sit to be sung at. I do, however, find a multitude of verses in the Scriptures telling me to sing, to shout, and to praise. Many of these verses tell me how to sing; but none say that I should muffle my voice, or sing in whispers, or wait until my voice has been trained to perfection.

I am not critical of good music and trained voices, but with the present-day emphasis on training and perfection and form, there is a danger that our churches will become organizations of hybrid-choirs in which the weaker voices will be completely smothered out.

I believe the only way to reach new prospects and to revive old members is by a complete revival of old-fashioned, camp meeting type, wholehearted worship services—services where the rafters ring with the sound of praises sung by Christians moved by the Spirit, and where the ministers preach with fervor and deep conviction. Even a shout and a hearty "Amen!" would not be amiss.

How can we expect to move others unless we, ourselves, show evidence of being moved? ●

an adult choir, a youth choir, and a little folks' choir. We employ a minister of music who works full time at promoting music in the church. Several practice sessions for the choirs are held each week. From time to time the younger members are featured in special appearances at services, and each Sunday the adult choir favors us with a "special."

These performances serve some purpose. Voices are trained, people learn through experience to perform in public, and they are less painfully inducted into the habit of regular attendance—all fine for the individuals reached.

But what about the rest of us, the average members? We have the opportunity of joining in on only two or three songs at each service—songs which too often have been selected to show off the choir's advancement, with not enough thought given to a sentiment that will reach into the hearts of the participants and/or the hearers. Some of these may be longing for

PROWLER!

By JEAN S. LACEY



THE VAGUE UNREST that had plagued me yesterday was gone. An inner glow of well-being matched this new day's fresh, sweet warmth. Not a cloud teased the sky. The morning's radiance dissolved all shadows of worry and all thoughts of impending trouble.

Chip munched contentedly on a cookie as we bicycled home from a shopping trip. Without talking, we thought of our own plans and pleasures for the day. As we neared Cowper Street, a black cat darted out in front of us. Chip broke the silence.

"Oops! Bad luck!"

"Nope. Can't be, Chip. It's too beautiful a day."

"Well, it'll be bad luck for Don. I'm going to his house now to finish beating him in the Monopoly game that we started yesterday. I've got all the good property. I'll be home for lunch, and then I'll mow the lawn. O.K.?"

"All right. Don't land in jail too often, old fella!"

Chip grinned, waved his hand,

and spurted on ahead. I felt a bit envious of his twelve-year-old freedom, but as I ambled along, I contemplated the advantages of being just what I am, a contented housewife. Good husband, good son, good health for all—I had no complaints at all.

"Pollyanna!" I chuckled out loud.

So while Chip and Don heatedly argued over high finance, I rode my cool, calm way, enjoying sights of well-kept yards and colorful flowers. Mentally borrowing garden-improvement ideas, I pledged to put them into effect later. Now I was in no hurry. I dawdled and occasionally stopped to sniff some roses and honeysuckle. I could have taught placid Ferdinand a thing or two about tranquillity.

Pootsie greeted me with a loud meow when I opened the kitchen door. She was always hungry. I poured a big bowl of milk for her. She drank it greedily while I put away the groceries.

Having had her fill, Pootsie stretched, yawned, and asked to be let out. She attempted to catch

a butterfly. But too heavy-laden with milk to accomplish more than a tardy plunge, she flopped down on the patio.

A strange, perfumy odor hung in the stuffy air of the house. On the way to the bedroom, I opened the front door to dispel the puzzling fragrance.

The sticky-sweet essence was strongest in the bedroom, even though the screened window was opened wide. I pushed aside the drape to open the unscreened window, too, but it was already opened to its full extent. Odd! I was sure I had closed it before I left! At that moment, uneasiness entered my day.

The potency of the unidentifiable perfume worried me. I checked a new bottle of cologne and the toiletries on my husband's bureau. None of them matched the mysterious aroma.

Could a prowler have been in the house? But why the perfume? A woman prowler? Silly thought. And still, just last month, George

and Helen's house was robbed. My anxiety deepened. I seized the piggy bank on the bureau and shook it. It rattled. The silverware!

Thoroughly alarmed now, I rushed to the dining room. When George and Helen's house was robbed, they lost all their silver. I prickled all over as I opened the cabinet. The silver was all there.

Then a new thought entered my mind. The prowler had also taken George's stamp collection! My heart pounded as I looked in Joe's desk in the den. The big, red stamp album stared up at me. The undisturbed binoculars and camera lay on the book shelf. Motionless, I stood in the stark, oppressive silence trying to collect my thoughts.

And then the tormenting turbulence died down. The perfume smell! Don! Of course! He had been here before Chip and I left to go shopping. He sat on my bed for a moment. As usual, he had been experimenting with his father's hair preparations and shaving lotions. He had smelled like a perfumery. He had even asked me how I liked his "charming fragrance." I had laughed and said, "Don, you smell positively divine!"

My mind was easier as I went back to the bedroom. But the open window! Well, maybe Don or Chip had opened it for some reason and had forgotten to close it before we left.

I sat on the bed to change into my gardening shoes. As I tied my shoelace, the bed squeaked. I stood up. The bed squeaked again. *And I was not on it!* I looked down and saw the bedsprad bulge out, then quickly hang back in place. A slight scraping sound came from beneath the bed.

Terror fastened itself to me.

"Pootsie?" I looked out the window and saw Poots sharpening her claws on the tree in the front yard. My head tingled with cold fear. There was a prowler in the house! He was still in the house! He was right here at my feet under the bed!

It seemed like five years passed before I could wobble on rubber legs from the bedroom to the liv-

ing room and out the front door.

Nonchalance! Act as if nothing is suspected. Remain calm. Sing! I sang—like a dry-throated frog on a lily pad.

As I reached the front walk, a terrible realization weakened me further. All the nearby neighbors were either at work or on vacation. Our street was a ghost street!

At the fourth house from ours, I rang the bell. A young woman came to the door. The cotton in my mouth made speech difficult.

"I live a few houses down the street," I explained. "I just got home from the store, and . . . and . . . there's a prowler in my house!" Her eyes widened. "Could I use your phone to call the police?"

She did not hesitate. She led me to the phone in the kitchen. Seeing my shakiness, she dialed for me and handed me the phone. She looked scared, too.

"Police Department."

I tremblingly gave my name and address and told my story as quickly as I could.

The strong, masculine voice was reassuring. "An officer will be sent to your home right away."

When I hung up, the woman asked, "Are you all right? Do you want to sit down?" A baby screamed in the other room.

"No thanks. I think I'm all right. Just weak-kneed. I had better go outside and wait."

She said, "Let me know. I can't leave the baby. Be sure and let me know." I told her that I would and thanked her.

I waited on the sidewalk in front of George and Helen's house next to ours. The tall hedge dividing our lawns hid me from the front window. If the prowler should come out, I could see him—and run!

The patrol car arrived in about three or four minutes. Desperate fear, however, had stretched that period of time to the duration of a blazing gun battle, tear gas, a smashed window, and a battalion of police surrounding one of the ten-most-wanted criminals on our front lawn.

As the young officer walked up

to me, he was Dick Tracy and a hundred other heroes. Relief surged through me. After hurriedly explaining, I added, "Maybe it's not important, but there was a real strong smell of unfamiliar perfume." I had not convinced myself that the scent was the same as Don's.

The policeman strode off and crossed the front lawn. I peeked out from the end of the hedge.

Suddenly, before he reached the front of the house, he stopped. My apprehension gave way to comprehension. Then comprehension gave way to humiliation.

"Oh, no!" I groaned.

The arms of the law were now folded neatly across his chest. The figures of two boys stared at him from the window. Don's and Chip's faces paled and announced unconditional surrender.

I went up and stood by the officer whose patient silence, tolerant as it was, had no quieting effect on my own rising wrath. While he saw the handwriting on the wall in lower-case letters, I saw it in blaring capitals.

"COME OUT OF THERE AT ONCE! IMMEDIATELY!" My command was top-sergeant denunciation tinged with frail hysteria.

The miserable culprits climbed out the window. With elaborate precision, they avoided stepping on one single primrose plant. Trying to regain my composure, I paused before I spoke. Chip took advantage of the pause.

"Gee, Mom, I'm sorry. I—we—" He stopped. A look of futility crossed his face as he saw the fury in mine.

An awkward delicacy about the situation was somehow thrust on me. The officer, I knew, was in sympathy with the openly repentant and frightened offenders. His total empathy for them showed in his relaxed half-smile. He waited, with them, for me to bring order to the court. I thawed a little. In a more kindly voice, I questioned them.

Their story was simple and honest. Don was not in the mood for

(Continued on page 20)

To My Brother



ALVIN RAMSEY shuffled along Oak Street with his head down—still upset about his sister Martha's queer notions. They had always been on tolerable speaking terms through the years, and now that he was a widower and she a widow, they visited back and forth at least every week or so. There were only a few blocks between them; but both were getting up in years, and the distance seemed greater.

But Martha had not been well lately. Probably her living all alone in that gloomy big house with all the paint peeled off had affected her reasoning. She always managed to bring up something about religion when they got to talking.

"Cal, you've never been one to go to church much," she had said today. "You should get acquainted with a church before you gotta be carried there. Now, me—I just can't get enough of goin'. I love to hear the Word o' God preached. And it's a blessin' to me to be with God's people. Why don't you come over

and go with me tomorrow?"

"I guess not, Martha," he had excused himself for the hundredth time. "You know the roof would cave in if I went."

"Some o' these days, Cal, Jesus is comin' back to get His children. We're goin' to reign with Him in glory." Martha rocked back and forth in silence a few moments. When he made no reply, she had continued, "It'll be better'n the highest honors or the greatest riches we could ever have here."

"I reckon you got enough religion for both of us, Martha," Cal had tried to brush off the serious talk. "I'm gettin' too old to change my ways now."

And he had set the emptied coffee cup on the table, picked up his dusty hat and started out for the room he had called "home" since his wife Sarah had died.

"Wouldn't mind visitin' Martha more often and helpin' her out with her chores," he grumbled to himself, "but she's forever talkin' about the Bible or something." So

he let the time between visits widen.

One day in the fall, when he finally walked over to the great gray house, he found Martha sick in bed. Nora Simmons was rocking in the old chair nearby.

"Nothin' serious, I hope" he said.

Martha smiled. "Just a worn-out old house—like this old mansion," she said. "Reckon I'll exchange it for a good one 'fore long."

Cal didn't quite follow her. "You are figurin' to put the old house up for sale?" he asked.

"No." Again Martha smiled. "I mean, up in heaven I'll trade in my old body full of aches and pains for a new one that will never suffer."

"Hope you're not plannin' on a trip soon," Cal said facetiously.

Martha shut her eyes. Cal thought she was getting tired, so he got up to go. He saw a tear escape and course down her wrinkled cheek. He stooped to kiss her forehead. "Hope you feel better tomorrow, Sis. I'll try to come by.

Is there anything that needs to be done around here now?"

His sister shook her head. She managed a smile as she said, "Good-by, Cal. I wish I knew you were goin' on a trip to heaven some day, too."

But Cal didn't see his sister the next day—not alive, that is. He got a call early in the morning. "Martha passed away about five o'clock," Nora said. "She left a will. I 'spect you should come on over and start making arrangements for the funeral and all."

Two days later, returning to Martha's house from the cemetery, Cal started going through papers. It was then he looked at the will. "To my brother, Calvin Ramsey," it read on the outside of the envelope. He tore it open, wondering.

"To my church, I leave all my bonds and savings," it read. Then he had to read the next line twice before he understood: "To my brother, Calvin Ramsey, I leave my house, so he will have a place to live after the second coming of Jesus, when he is left behind."

"Left?" Cal said aloud. His thoughts flashed back to the funeral, to the song the choir used, "Tell Mother I'll Be There." Mother was in heaven, all right—never was there a better mother. She had loved God, he knew for sure. She was such a good woman. And Dad—he was a church leader, too. Yes, Dad would be there.

Cal bowed his head. "O God, I don't want to be left behind. I want to join the rest of the family—yes, and Sarah, too. Can you forgive such an old sinner?"

He paused. "Yes—I reckon You can. That verse—John 3:16—says, 'Whosoever.' So that means me."

He lifted his head. Then he raised his eyes toward heaven as he sang in a broken voice, "Tell Mother I'll be there, in answer to her prayer—O angels, tell my mother I'll be there."

His eyes fell again on the will. "To my brother," were the familiar words his sister had written.

"I won't need it, Martha," he said softly. •

ANNOUNCING PENTECOSTAL SERVICEMEN'S RETREATS

SANTA CLARA, PANAMA

The Church of God announces its first PENTECOSTAL SERVICEMEN'S RETREAT for personnel of the Southern Command to be conducted July 28 - August 1, 1969, at the Baptist Campground and Episcopal Conference Center in Santa Clara, Panama. All servicemen and their families are invited to attend!

For further information you may contact:

The Reverend C. C. Hargrave
Retreat Master
House No. 5858
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THE QUAINT CUSTOMER

By GRACE CASH

SINCE HER FIRST day at Dale's Department Store, Rachel Bridges had been duly oriented in sales decorum. Now that a month had transpired, she felt that she knew her job. It had not been so difficult, since she had brought part of the rules along with her, straight from her home on Juniper Street and fresh from the high school where she tried to practice what she learned at the Juniper Street Church.

They did not need to tell her how to treat the customers, she thought, as she folded the children's winter clothing on her counter. The Golden Rule took care of many job difficulties, she believed; just as it helped one to get along with his neighbors. Yet she would

not be marked "permanent" until the end of two months' employment and anything could happen by that time.

Jobs were not plentiful in Naylor, where her father worked at a construction job when not inactivated by a severe bronchial disorder. If she did not achieve a permanent rating, it might mean that she would have to leave home to find a job. She could hardly bear the thought of separation from her parents and her three younger sisters—the Bridges family lived in such a close circle.

"But not a closed circle," Mr. Bridges often reminded his family. "Being close and loving each other is one thing. But to shut out God and other people is a sad mistake."

Such counsel, planned and formed in family conversation, she had brought with her to the store. She had incorporated it into her sales approach, as she served all customers without discrimination. To sell a sweater for the sake of a sale was not sufficient. "Did it fit well? Would it wear a long time?" These questions she asked herself, and she made suggestions to the customers regarding quality. Apparently her efforts were appreciated.

But then Management did not know how hard she tried to serve the people, while she gave a day's labor worthy of her hire. They watched her cash register, it was true; and they patrolled her counter frequently enough. Later when the manager hired ten summer workers, he placed two of them on her counter.

Their names were Nell Payne and Edith Langston, her high school classmates. They planned to stop work in September to enter college. In Naylor High, before they graduated in June, she hardly had had a speaking acquaintance with them. Their fathers were insurance executives, and there was a special clique for students who had good clothes and money. Now they were here for her to train in sales work. Why they wanted a job when they did not need to work was not her business, yet she believed that they had taken the job as a lark—something to do for "thrills" and "summer fun."

"The floor lady will teach you the principle rules," Rachel told them; "but I'll teach you how to operate a cash register."

They laughed, not so much at what she had said, but because this was a new venture. From their manner she deducted that they expected many on-the-job laughs, for otherwise they would not be here. Nell rang up her first sale,

whooped with delight, and moved aside for Edith to do likewise. Watching their pleasure, Rachel wondered if there might not be a special virtue in finding fun in one's work, if not done at another's expense. Even so she worried about the cash register, for whatever mistakes they might make, she was solely responsible. This the manager himself had made clear.

Miss Philpot had also made clear to Rachel that all the new girls had been recommended by the Chamber of Commerce. "I don't have to explain the power behind the Chamber of Commerce; but I warn you, be careful to make these girls like to work here," she said. "Understand, Miss Bridges?"

"Yes," Rachel answered. She understood everything now, why Mr. Bellton had bent over backwards to greet the girls, why he had sternly ordered her to make the girls in her charge comfortable—and successful.

A week passed, and each day was more grueling than the one before, because Nell and Edith were comfortable. And if Mr. Bellton had indeed intended to make them successful in having fun on the job, everybody had succeeded. They brought candy to the counter and while one served customers, the other pretended to work on merchandise stocked in the low inside shelves. Rachel knew it was against the rules; but if she rebuked them, it would make them uncomfortable. Only one with Solomon's wisdom would know what to do, she thought, so she did nothing—not then.

The second Monday after the girls started work at her counter, a stooped elderly woman carrying a big shopping bag approached the children's clothing. What they saw that appeared amusing, Rachel did not know, but Nell and Edith exchanged glances with each other.

They showed her the boys' shirts, their speech interlaced with muffled giggling. Finally Rachel suggested that the lady might like to look at the better shirts on the end counter.

"Thank you," the customer said and ambled to the shirt display. Rachel volunteered prices, for apparently the customer had difficulty reading the price marks. After carefully feeling the fabric for quality content, she selected a dozen shirts from the better section, ordering various sizes. "Some boys grow off like weeds, and others sort of take their time," she said. "I may have to exchange some of these shirts, my boys grow so fast."

"Just keep the tags on them till you try them," Rachel said. "We'll be glad to help you if you need to exchange them."

The customer left, apparently satisfied with the transaction. Yet something had happened that chilled the atmosphere until the whole store seemed an icebox. Nell and Edith spoke to Rachel only when necessary and Miss Philpot glared icily at her every time she passed the counter. Even at the other counters there was a quietness, a subtle expectancy; and Rachel knew that it had something to do with her and the quaint customer who did not seem hard to please, who seemed indeed like the grandmother who lived in Jonesboro, a hundred miles away—too far to visit more than once a year.

At four o'clock that afternoon Miss Philpot told Rachel that Mr. Bellton wanted to see her in the office. She went, no questions asked, ordering her legs, numb with fear, to climb the steps to the mezzanine.

Mr. Bellton arose when she entered and remained standing. "Miss Bridges, no need to act like a scared fawn," he said, grinning.

"The Chamber of Commerce may have lost some of its power today, and so may Miss Philpot if she doesn't develop a little perception."

"Yes, sir," Rachel answered. She did not know what he meant, but she knew that he had called her in to listen to him, and not to ask questions.

"That quaint customer who shopped at your counter this morning is the widow of Cal J. Stephens who founded this store. She owns it now, and she seemed surprised that we hadn't marked you 'permanent' at first sight." He paused and smiled at her. "She said some other things, too, how she wants more employees like you, who evidently have a Christian foundation. In other words, you're in, Rachel." Indicating that the conference had ended, he smiled at her. "You may return to your counter, but let me add my thanks also for a job well done."

"Thanks to all of you, too," she said and started back downstairs. But she turned back to say, "I hope you have a good Christian foundation, Mr. Bellton?"

"Why, yes," he stammered. "I belong to church. But they didn't do as good a job with me as they did with you. I'll keep watching you, and I'll try to do better."

"Why not aim high?" she asked. "Jesus is the perfect example. Why not study His techniques?"

"Sound idea," he answered, smiling and considering her suggestion.

All this was great, next to her delight that she would not have to leave her family for an unknown city. Yet she felt sad that so many young people—and older people, too—did not know that Jesus had clearly stated that an employee must be worthy of his hire. Maybe she could yet teach Nell and Edith this truth, but first she needed to learn whether they had ever met the Teacher of Galilee. •

Monopoly, so they had agreed to play a game of croquet at Chip's house, instead. Parking their bikes behind the house, they went in to find something to eat.

Don discovered a new can of room deodorizer, one that I had not tried. He stood before the large mirror in my bedroom and extravagantly sprayed his hair with "Lilac-Mint."

Chip opened the screenless window to air the room just as I walked into the kitchen. Partly from fearfulness over the misuse of the deodorizer, and partly with the idea of playing a prank, they had hidden under the bed.

When they finished their explanation, the officer grinned. "I won't hold them with criminal charges this time, Ma'am. As a matter of fact, I did almost the same thing when I was a kid."

"Come on," I said somewhat grumpily to the boys. "I'll fix you some lunch." I came close to giving them a good lecture, but I decided that they had learned their lesson. I began to wonder if I had learned mine.

That night I talked with God. I told Him that the anger which I had directed toward the boys was actually anger with myself. Though I probably had cause for my terror, I had no right to lose my temper the way I did. I knew that God agreed. He always makes me feel good when I think straight, and talking with Him makes me think straight.

I said to Him, "The world is full of all kinds of prowlers, but the worst ones are those who lurk in one's own mind and heart. But that's where You come in, God. I know You are always there to help me clear out the sneaky, disreputable characters who do their best to complicate matters at times. Thank You for staying with me."

And God answered by giving me peace of mind and a quiet night's sleep. ●



Sharps Chapel, Louisiana

Pictured above is the Beginner Sunday School Class of the Sharps Chapel Church of God, Bush, Louisiana. A missions offering was raised by the class in a period of about six months.

As a climax in the raising of these monies, a "Christ-birthday"

offering was received during the Christmas Season. Each student gave an offering of coins on paper Christmas trees. This offering amounted to \$10.07. The total offerings combined were \$25.00.

Esther Dutruch, teacher

Pen Pals

Pen Pals
Diane Norris 21
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Greenville, S. C. 29602

Cheryle Ann Moody 19
26 Mayfair Lane
Greenville, S. C. 29602

Miss Donna Jean Hensley, age 16
P. O. Box 282
Wallins, Kentucky 40873

Miss Lois Sue Trent, age 16
Star Route
Wallins, Kentucky 40873

Family Training Hour (YPE)

By Paul F. Henson, General Director

April Attendance

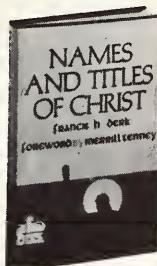
Buford, Georgia	212	Glendale, Arizona	135
Greenville (Tremont Ave.), South Carolina	209	Naples, Florida	135
Atlanta (Mount Paran), Georgia	200	Dillon, South Carolina	132
Cincinnati (Central Pkwy.), Ohio	196	Iowa Park, Texas	130
Lakeland (Lake Wire), Florida	181	Wilmington (Fourth St.), North Carolina	129
Wyandotte, Michigan	157	Dayton (East Fourth St.), Ohio	127
Radford, Virginia	154	Fyffe (Straight Creek), Alabama	125
Huntsville (College Park), Alabama	148	Rossville, Georgia	125
Pulaski, Virginia	139	Hurst, Texas	123
Jacksonville (Southside Estates), Florida	136	Jackson (Bailey Ave.), Mississippi	119
		Paris, Texas	119
		Swift Current, Saskatchewan, Canada	119

Canton (Canton Temple), Ohio	118
Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina	115
Douglas, Georgia	108
Roanoke, Virginia	108
Lawrenceville, Georgia	106
Chattanooga (East), Tennessee	105
Seaford, Delaware	105
Wilson, North Carolina	105
Norfolk (Azalea Garden), Virginia	103
Princeton, West Virginia	102
Jesup, Georgia	100
Cleveland (Mount Olive), Tennessee	99
San Fernando Valley, California	99
Avondale Estates, Georgia	98
Covington (Shepherds Fold), Louisiana	98
Cahokia, Illinois	97
Columbus (El Paso Drive), Ohio	96
Sanford, Florida	88
Dallas (Oak Cliff), Texas	87
Somerset, Pennsylvania	86
Middlesboro (Noetown), Kentucky	85
Poplar, California	84
Xenia, Ohio	84
Conway, South Carolina	82
Anawalt (Conklinstown), West Virginia	81
Bush (Sharps Chapel), Louisiana	81
Fairfield, California	81
Huntington, West Virginia	80
North Ridgeville, Ohio	80
Pompano Beach, Florida	79
Portland, Oregon	79
Mesquite, Texas	77
Somerset, Kentucky	77
Clover, South Carolina	76
Dade City, Florida	76
Fort Myers (Broadway), Florida	76
Lemmon, South Dakota	75
Richmond Dale, Ohio	75
Lancaster, Ohio	73
Chase, Maryland	72
Thorn, Mississippi	71
Elkins, West Virginia	70
Beaufort, South Carolina	69
Corbin (Center St.), Kentucky	68
Brownfield, Texas	66
West Frankfort, Illinois	66
West Indianapolis, Indiana	66
Plant City (Forest Park), Florida	65
Lawrenceville, Illinois	64
Sale Creek, Tennessee	64
Williamsburg, Pennsylvania	63
Portsmouth (Westhaven), Virginia	62
San Antonio (Southside), Texas	62
Carlsbad, New Mexico	61
Lake Worth, Florida	60
Uniontown, Pennsylvania	59
Eldorado, Illinois	58
Adrian, Michigan	57
Bancroft, Tennessee	57
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PRISON ENCOUNTER

By MARGARET J. ANDERSON

ANY ONE OF the several documentaries written immediately after the Stanleyville massacres in 1964 describes dramatic episodes about which readers have asked, "Where are those people now?"

Such was the case when I read about missionary Al Larson's encounter with an army major, second in command of the Simba troops in Stanleyville. "What happened to him?"

Here is the answer—but first the incident that provoked the question.

On November 1, Al Larson and four of his missionary colleagues from Kilometer 8 were arrested and taken to Hotel des Chutes. When they entered the hotel's lower veranda, two Simba officers rose to take charge of them. One was a hefty fellow with a round, somewhat pleasant face. He wore full military dress.

McAllister, one of the missionaries, gasped and nudged Al Larson. "That's Francois!" he whispered. "Remember when he visited our station church?"

Al Larson remembered. The visit occurred shortly before the rebel siege. At that time the African had witnessed to a faith in Jesus Christ. He had spoken of the lukewarmness of the Congo church and of its need for revival fervor.

Though the missionaries felt Major Francois had recognized them, he in no way indicated that he had. Larson pondered. Had he grown spiritually cold as a Simba soldier? Or did he feel silence was most expedient now?

In the days that followed, Mr. Larson saw Francois frequently. One day Larson asked the major if he could order a Bible from the missionary bookshop. Unknown to Francois, Larson planned to give it to him. Permission was granted, and Francois arranged for one of the soldiers to deliver a note to the bookstore. Taking advantage of this concession, Larson ordered a good many books, tracts, Bibles, and Bible portions. These he distributed to other Simbas whenever the opportunity was such that he could.

Sometime later Francois came to see Larson—carrying the Swahili Bible which Larson had given him.

"I would like to talk to you—alone," the major told Larson.

Any sort of privacy was hard to come by, but it was managed. The two men sat on the edge of Larson's bed facing the wall.

"My heart is cold. I have fallen away from God," Francois confessed.

"Have you told Him?" Larson asked. "He will take you back again."

Francois bowed his head and

began to pray. He prayed for forgiveness. He asked God to make him strong. "Help me to do what is right here, where there is so much that is wrong."

After he had prayed, Francois told the missionary that he believed God was not pleased that he had joined the Simba army. Then, quite suddenly, he picked up his Bible and handed it to Larson. "Read," he said. "Read about Daniel."

Larson read—about Daniel's refusal to repudiate his faith in God . . . about his encounter with the lions . . . about his deliverance.

"Bwana, Larson," Major Francois said, looking the man straight in the eye, "that is you. God is going to deliver you from these hungry lions."

Looking back on the experiences that followed, Al Larson feels that Francois may have had a great deal to do with his deliverance. On a couple of occasions he saved the missionaries from beatings. Then when they were transferred to another location just five days before their final rescue, Francois took Larson aside. "It's all right, Bwana," he said. "I will do all I can to make it possible for you to live through this. Trust the Lord, and He will take care of you."

No one knows how this was accomplished, but Larson and his friends did receive better treatment than the other prisoners did during this time.

Francois disappeared after the Stanleyville evacuation. Later it was learned that he spent eight months hiding in the jungle—a fugitive from the rebel ranks which he had deserted, and a fugitive from the Congolese army against whom he had fought.

Then things turned against him. He was captured and imprisoned. Yet, he remained true to his Lord, courageously witnessing to other prisoners about the faith that had come to mean so much to him.

More recent reports tell that Francois is now free and living as a civilian. Best of all is the news that his zeal for Christ has not wavered. •

Pay To Bear-er

By NORA ANN KUEHN



MARTHA WEIBER hustled her three children through their preparations for school. They were sleepy and cross. Martha knew that she should not have taken them to the circus the night before, but they had begged so hard—and it was not every day a circus came to Greenville.

When she had washed the last little face, had tied the last shoestring and had seen her three tots off down the lane towards the schoolhouse, she gave a sigh of relief. It was so quiet and peaceful—with her husband in the field and the children off to school. But there was work to be done.

She took a pan of milk and a pat of butter and went out to the underground cellar. The door stood open. She wondered, a little impatiently, why the children would never remember that the cellar door was supposed to be kept shut. She entered and set the milk and butter on a shelf. It was cool and dark and restful.

She started out the door when suddenly a pair of powerful, hairy arms reached from the darkness and encircled her waist. A scream stuck in her throat as she turned her head and looked into the face of a huge brown bear. It was he and not the children that had opened the cellar door.

Standing upright, the bear lifted her up in his arms as if she were a baby and carried her out of the cellar into the yard. Frightened

though she was, she remembered the bear that she and the children had seen at the circus. She remembered how the woman who had performed with him had gone through her act. Instantly she decided to do as nearly as possible as the woman had done. She was sure that it was her only chance to save her life.

The bear placed her on the back step, picked up a chicken's drinking pan and handed it to her. She remembered that the bear in the circus had given his trainer a drink from a pail as part of their performance. She knew he meant for her to drink from the chicken's pan. With stomach revolting, she raised it to her lips and gingerly took a sip.

Next came the prayers. The bear dropped down by the step, folded his paws, and waited for her to do as the woman in the circus had done. Martha remembered. Onto her knees beside him she dropped and folded her hands as if in prayer—which certainly she was. This was no circus act with her now. She was praying for her life.

Prolonging the kneeling posture as long as possible lest she might not know what next would be expected of her, she became conscious that an automobile had driven into the yard. Two men got out and hurried to the scene. One of them spoke quietly to her praying companion. The bear rose and ambled over to him, as docile as the family

dog. The man snapped a chain about its neck.

"We certainly appreciate your capture of this animal," The other man said, as he drew a little book from his pocket, placed it on his knee, and wrote something in it. "He escaped from the circus last night, and we have looked miles around for him."

"Did I capture him?" Martha said, her voice trembling. "I thought it was the other way around."

As the men drove slowly away with Bruin sitting on the back seat, she heaved a great sigh and sat down on the step to relieve her trembling knees. In her hand was a slip of paper. Dumbly she looked at it and through misty eyes saw something about paying to the bearer \$50.

"Bearer . . . bear . . . brown bear," she muttered.

Now her thoughts were beginning to clear. She no longer chided herself for having taken the children to the circus the night before.

"If I hadn't gone, I wouldn't have known that I should drink that pan of chicken water or pray with that bear," she said to herself gravely. "And if I hadn't known how to put on that act, I might have been killed before those men came."

She rose, turned to the step, and was again upon her knees—this time in a prayer of joyous thanksgiving. •

The Unequal Yoke

By HELEN B. LYKE



ALL AROUND US today, inside and outside the divorce court are evidences of the unequal yoke. God's Word says, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel?" (2 Corinthians 6:14, 15).

Many a Christian young lady has been persuaded, even against her better judgment oftentimes, to marry an uncovered young man who has promised to take her to church *after* they are married. We have all seen how many of these marriages take an unhappy turn with the result usually being that the wife becomes a church "widow." She is embarrassed by having to attend church services alone—if she attends at all.

Then this husband spends the Lord's Day sleeping, reading the Sunday paper, washing or tinkering on the car, hunting, fishing, boating, golfing, or gardening. To her is relegated the responsibility

of the religious education of their youngsters, if there are any. If they should become Christians, it is then his turn to be embarrassed by the questions and proddings of his children when they ask why Daddy does not go to church with them!

The opposite may also be true. Using all the feminine wiles at her command, many a winsome woman has inveigled a clean-cut Christian gentleman into marriage by promising him that she will become a Christian "after" they are married. Then, he has found, to his disappointment, that she has as many excuses for not doing so as she had wiles, formerly.

In these unequal situations, unless the Christian is strong enough to hold out for a Christian mate, or has enough moral fortitude to refuse to marry the other unless he or she becomes a Christian *before* (not *after*) marriage, this state of affairs will continue everywhere.

Not only are the people in this land afflicted with this sorrow, but many missionaries give poignant, real-life illustrations of the results

of the unequal yoke among national Christians who are mated with those of a pagan faith. They often relate tales of horror and persecution such as we have never experienced.

If you will pardon a personal illustration, perhaps the following experience will be helpful. During the depression years, I was engaged to a young man who actively participated in the services of our church. He was personable and popular with everyone. At different times, he had served as president of our Sunday school class, as superintendent of the Sunday school, and as head usher. He could recite Scriptures by the chapter, and most people considered him a believer. We kept company for two years before we became engaged; but, as time went on, I became increasingly skeptical of his salvation.

The day came when he cracked under the strain of trying to live up to what people believed about him. He was asked by our pastor where he stood spiritually and why he was not willing to be baptized. He excused himself by saying that he was struggling to give up smoking and, until he could do so, he did not feel that he should be immersed and join the church.

Under questioning, he gave himself away by revealing that he really was not converted, after all. It gradually came to light that not only was he a smoker, he was also a heavy drinker, and a very sensual person.

The Sunday after I sadly broke our engagement, I walked three miles to church alone. My pastor told me that he was glad that I had broken the engagement. He said, "Helen, the scripture says, 'Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers,' and the young man gave me no satisfactory evidence of being saved. God means what He says; and, if you had married him, you would have been very unhappy."

Thirty-two years have passed since that time, and I have never

heard that he ever became a Christian. In fact, a few years ago, I read in the newspaper that he was arrested in the town where he works on a public nuisance charge for public intoxication and disorderly conduct.

Four years later, another young man entered my life. Jim was an Irish Catholic, very devout in his faith but equally determined that, if we married, I would renounce Protestantism for him. This I was not prepared to do. After carefully analyzing what I would be giving up, I could not and would not do it; for my faith meant as much to me as his did to him. I told him this and recommended that he find some nice girl of his own faith and marry her—which he finally did.

The unequal yoke applies in business partnerships, as well as in marriage partnerships. A skilled tradesman whom I know is a very dedicated Christian. As time has gone by, both his faith and his commitment have deepened. A working relationship into which he entered some years ago is becoming increasingly intolerable to him because his partner is not a Christian.

Unless two people are of like mind, with common interests and purposes, an unequal yoke does not work out for God's glory, or for the Christian's best good. More often than not the unbeliever does not aspire to reach the level of the believer but, instead, tries to drag the believer down to his level. Thus, Christ can have no concord with Belial.

Here is God's solution to this problem: "Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, And will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty" (2 Corinthians 6:17, 18). Thus, if we separate ourselves from those who will not accept, or travel, God's way, and if we renounce their way completely, God has promised to receive us and to be a father to us. What more could we ask for, or require? ●

Teach Me, Lord

Put a new song in my heart,
Incline my ear to Thine,
Show me the folly of my ways,
Teach me, all things divine.

Forgive my shortcomings, Lord
For I have erred, I know . . .
Lift me from dark clouds of sin
Lead me on paths I go.

—Edna Hamilton

Devotions for Youth

from page 27

THURSDAY, July 24 □. *Read: Titus 2, note verse 12, "We should live soberly, righteously, and godly."* *Think:* The word *soberly* means "to be sound-minded and to apply the principles of common sense in determining God's will." *Pray:* Ask for insight to use common sense and also to be led by the Spirit.

FRIDAY, July 25 □. *Read: 2 Corinthians 5, note verse 7, "For we walk by faith, not by sight."* *Think:* Opinions and circumstances change; therefore, faith must always be the deciding factor in determining God's will. *Pray:* For a spiritual move among the youth of your local church.

Difficulties in Determining God's Will

SATURDAY, July 26 □. *Read: 1 Thessalonians 5, note verse 21, "Prove all things."* *Think:* We are obligated to double check when we are in doubt concerning God's will. *Pray:* God wants the very best for you. Share your problems and your joys with Him.

SUNDAY, July 27 □. *Read: James 4, note verse 3, "Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss."* *Think:* Lust and pride are obstacles that block many persons from accepting God's will. *Pray:* Are you willing to do what God wants you to do? Settle this question.

MONDAY, July 28 □. *Read: 1 Corinthians 6, note verse 12, "All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient."* *Think:* Is what you want good for you physically and mentally? Will it make you a more efficient worker? *Pray:* For your pastor and for the evangelistic outreach of the local church.

TUESDAY, July 29 □. *Read: Hebrews 12, note verse 1, "Let us lay aside every weight."* *Think:* It is necessary to lay aside everything—personal goals and glory—which are weights in order to be prepared to accept God's will. *Pray:* Are you prepared to accept God's will? *Pray:* Are you prepared to accept the call of God into full-time Christian service? Tell Him that you are.

WEDNESDAY, July 30 □. *Read: 1 Corinthians 10, note verse 31, "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink . . . do all to the glory of God."* *Think:* Everything that we do should, in some way, bring honor and glory to God. *Pray:* Spend your entire prayer session in praise and thanksgiving to God.

THURSDAY, July 31 □. *Read: Ephesians 5, note verse 1, "Be ye therefore followers of God."* *Think:* We are admonished to be "followers" or "imitators" of God and to demonstrate character traits that are like His. *Pray:* Accept God's will for your life and depend on Him to guide you into a full, rich, and meaningful Christian experience.



Christian Youth and God's Will

Instructions: *Read* the assigned Bible chapters or verses. *Think* on the message and consider the devotional comments. *Pray* for the designated person or activity. *Check* each devotion in the provided square after it has been completed.

Understanding the Dimensions of God's Will

TUESDAY, July 1 *Read*: 1 John 3, *note verse 22*, "And do those things that are pleasing in his sight." *Think*: We as Christians should want to understand and do the Lord's will because we love Him. We should strive to be obedient, to inherit eternal life, to be a good example, and to be prepared for the second coming of Christ. *Pray*: Do you sincerely want to know God's will for your life? Tell Him that you do, and request His counsel and protective oversight.

WEDNESDAY, July 2 *Read*: Ephesians 5, *note verse 17*, "Wherefore be ye not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is." *Think*: The word *understanding* in this verse means to "bring together all the facts and then to form a sound conclusion." God expects us to use this method in understanding His will. *Pray*: Ask God to make you wise—have the facts—so that you might run the Christian race and conform to His will for your life.

THURSDAY, July 3 *Read*: Ephesians 1, *note verse 9*, "Having made known unto us the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure which he hath purposed in himself." *Think*: God set before Himself a goal (a purpose) to accomplish in a particular way. This purpose and the way in which it is to be accomplished is "His will" in regard to Christian work and behavior. *Pray*: Is some phase of God's plan for your life still a mystery? Repeat the above verse aloud in prayer; claim the promise, "having made known unto us," by faith.

FRIDAY, July 4 *Read*: 2 Timothy 1, *note verse 9*, "Who hath saved us . . . according to his own purpose." *Think*: Included in God's purpose (will) is that the lost would repent and turn from sin. In what way is witnessing related to God's will? *Pray*: Set before yourself personal soul-winning goals and ask God to direct you in accomplishing them.

SATURDAY, July 5 *Read*: Matthew 21, *note verse 31*, "Whether of them twain did the will of his father." *Think*: To understand the will of God (His wish), keep in mind that it depends primarily upon what He wants you to do. *Pray*: Confess all doubts and reservations about accepting a particular call or phase of God's will.

Ways That God Develops His Will

SUNDAY, July 6 *Read*: Exodus 20, *note verses 12-17*. *Think*: God reveals a major portion of what He wants us to do (His will) in the Bible. He gives clear instructions on many things; on some things, however, He gives only principles, which must be understood and properly applied if we are to live consistently in His will. *Pray*: That your Sunday school teacher would teach with understanding and would apply lesson truths to real life situations.

MONDAY, July 7 *Read*: James 1, *note verse 3*, "Knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience." *Think*: A perplexing trial often produces certain feelings and thoughts that prepare a person to recognize and to accept God's will. *Pray*: Trials and tests also cultivate Christian maturity. Talk with God about "growing up" spiritually.

TUESDAY, July 8 *Read*: Philippians 2, *note verse 13*, "For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure." *Think*: If a person is yielded, God can direct his thoughts and create a desire in his heart to accept a particular call or assignment. *Pray*: Examine your life before God; renew your commitment pledge to Him.

WEDNESDAY, July 9 *Read*: Romans 8, *note verse 14*, "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God." *Think*: A Christian can be "led by the [Holy] Spirit" into the exact path or position where God wants Him. *Pray*: Wait before the Lord; be leadable, and do not hesitate when He gives direction.

THURSDAY, July 10 **Read:** Proverbs 16, note verse 9, "But the Lord directeth his steps." **Think:** We are influenced by what happens in the world, and God often brings events and circumstances to pass to accomplish His purpose (will). **Pray:** For the members of your family—your mom and dad and brothers and sisters—and for family harmony and happiness.

FRIDAY, July 11 **Read:** Job 1, note verse 10, "Hast not thou made an hedge about him?" **Think:** God has a divine purpose when He influences our thoughts and directs circumstances that touch our lives. However, He is always in complete control. **Pray:** Ask for patience and grace to trust God, regardless of the immediate conditions or prevailing opinions.

Preparation for Determining God's Will

SATURDAY, July 12 **Read:** 1 Corinthians 13, note verse 11, "But when I became a man, I put away childish things." **Think:** Childish or immature ways of thinking and acting interfere with the process of determining God's will. **Pray:** God can guide you in forming mature conduct patterns. Tell Him your weaknesses, and outline a correction course.

SUNDAY, July 13 **Read:** 1 Corinthians 9, note verse 25, "And every man that striveth for the master is temperate in all things." **Think:** Self-control (temperance) resolves resentment and prejudice and guides a person in an accurate and logical understanding of God's will. **Pray:** For faith and fortitude to develop self-control—to control feelings, words, and actions.

MONDAY, July 14 **Read:** 1 Corinthians 2, note verse 6, "Howbeit we speak wisdom among them that are perfect [mature]." **Think:** We must adopt a new way of thinking—to have God's wisdom—so that we can become spiritually mature. **Pray:** Tell God that you want your way of thinking to correspond to His way of thinking so that you can know His will.

TUESDAY, July 15 **Read:** James 1, note verse 5, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God." **Think:** We need to be equipped with God's wisdom in order to discern and do His will. **Pray:** What is God's will for your life during the summer months? Compare circumstances and opportunities.

WEDNESDAY, July 16 **Read:** Romans 1, note verse 16, "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ." **Think:** Paul had both a knowledge and a sincere conviction of the truth. Because of this, God was able to give him orders that he would obey. **Pray:** God's will cannot be obeyed without personal conviction about the truth. Purpose to let God's Word be the ruling force of your life.

THURSDAY, July 17 **Read:** Romans 12, note verse 1, "That ye present your bodies a living sacrifice." **Think:** This represents a life-long commitment to serve God. This represents a permanent decision to be yielded to God's will. **Pray:** Lay your all in all on God's altar of personal commitment. Obligate yourself to His cause, and He will obligate Himself to you.

FRIDAY, July 18 **Read:** Mark 14, note verse 36, "Nevertheless not what I will, but what thou wilt." **Think:** A Christian must always be willing to sacrifice or to change his plans in order to carry out God's will for his life. **Pray:** For the spiritual growth and the social balance of the teens of your local church.

SATURDAY, July 19 **Read:** John 7, note verse 17, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine." **Think:** If a person has a sincere desire to know God's will, the truth, then he will not have any doubt when God unfolds His plan before him. **Pray:** Talk with the Lord about Christian service. Take an active part in the total program of the local church.

SUNDAY, July 20 **Read:** Colossians 3, note verse 16, "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom." **Think:** If you would know God's will, you must be willing to accept the authority of His Word. Let it be at home in you. **Pray:** Express praise and appreciation to God for His Word and its guiding authority.

Signposts in Determining God's Will

MONDAY, July 21 **Read:** 2 Corinthians 6, note verse 14, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." **Think:** This verse reveals God's will pertaining to marriage; a Christian is only to marry another Christian. God's will concerning many specific things is revealed in the Bible. **Pray:** For the life-shaping ministry of Church of God youth camps.

TUESDAY, July 22 **Read:** Philippians 2, note verse 13, "For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure." **Think:** Ask yourself what you want to do. Recognize your feelings and trust God to energize you to want to do a particular thing. **Pray:** For a lost person in your community and ask for faith-action to witness to him.

WEDNESDAY, July 23 **Read:** Colossians 2, note verse 16, "Let no man therefore judge you in meat, or in drink." **Think:** Your first responsibility is to God. Do not be misled by the judgments of others. **Pray:** Ask God to survey your life and to reveal to you anything that is not the best example of a godly life.

Continued on page 25

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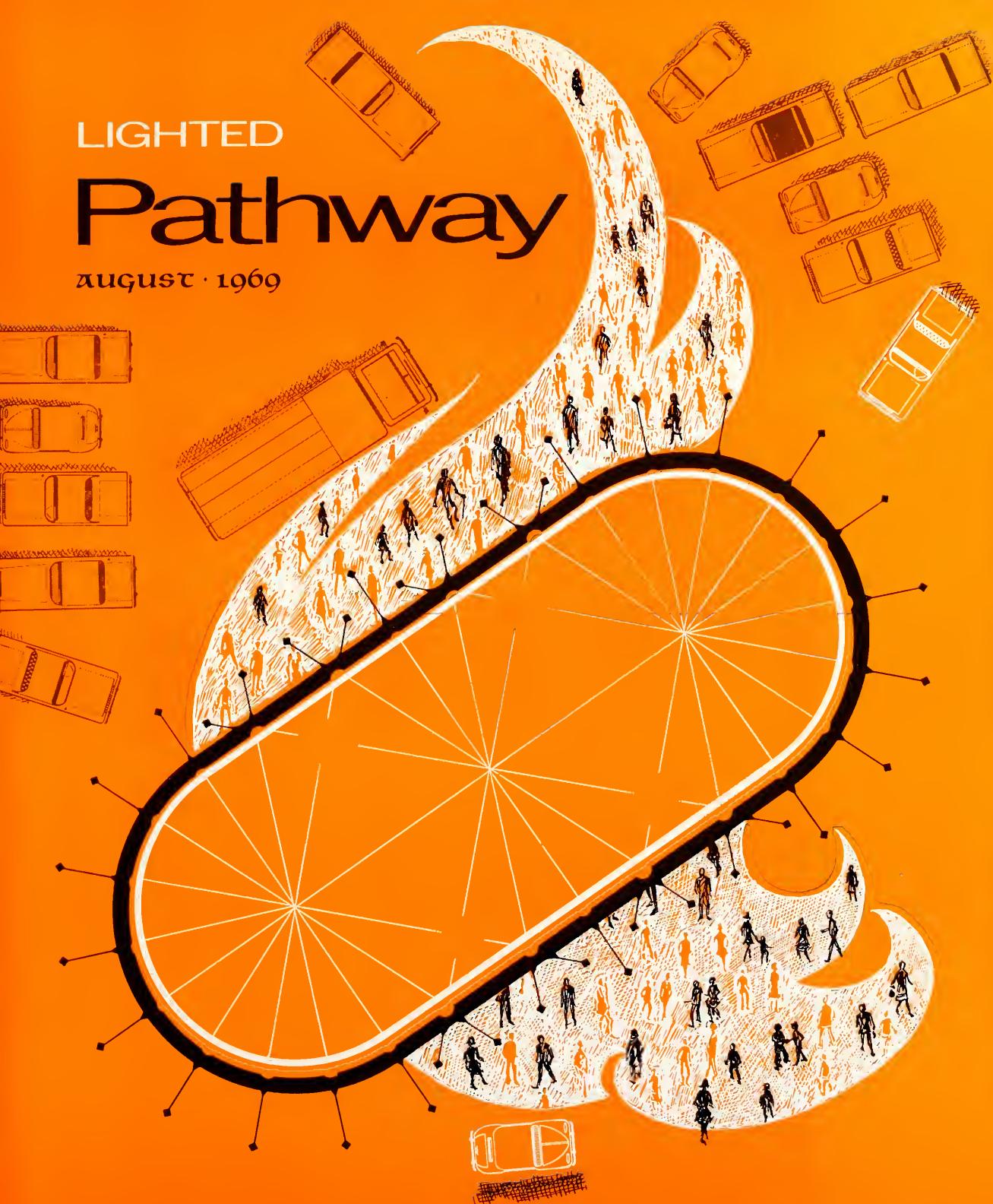
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LIGHTED

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AUGUST · 1969



THE MISSING NINE

*Can you hear the sobbing of a thousand million souls
Submerged in darkest heathen night?
Vainly groping for the way that leads to hope and
peace,
They plead and wait for gospel light.*

*A thousand million souls are dying
A thousand million souls for whom the Saviour died.
Can you still deny their plea,
Can you longer idle be
While a thousand million souls are dying?*

—Author Unknown

A RELIGIOUS FILM entitled "The Missing Nine" brought out the fact that of every ten young people who testify in youth camps and other church activities that God has called them into full-time Christian service, only one of those ten actually makes this his life's work. Where are the missing nine? And what about all the others who, privately, have promised God to do whatever He bids them do, and who have also witnessed a call to service?

Is a promise made in public really more binding than one made in secret? Of those who publicly testify that God has called them into His work, if nine out of ten never fulfill this calling, how many more must there be who have made private commitments but who also are "missing" from the front lines of God's army?

There is nothing more vitally important for each of us than to know and to do the will of God. The greatest waste in the world is not undeveloped natural resources, nor military spending, nor the uneducated masses—but the waste of the lives of those Christians who have not bothered to find God's will.

The age in which we live questions if there are basic realities to which young people will commit themselves and for which they will die. I say there are such realities. Are not the dangers to which missionaries are exposed more justifiable than the risks United Nations troops and newspaper reporters take in fulfilling their responsibilities? This is warfare and we must fight!

—Ruth Crawford
Missionary to Brazil

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Editorial

Clyne W. Buxton



Summertime Revivals

SUMMER REVIVALS HAVE played an important role in the spreading of the gospel of Christ. This is especially true in the Deep South, where the summers are long and the nights are warm. Meeting in tents, brush arbors, or in the open air, worshipers have heard the gospel sung and preached, and unconverted people have surrendered their lives to the Lord.

When I was only three years old, a preacher came to our community and pitched a gospel tent, not during the summertime but in the middle of winter. The tent had curtains to keep out the cold air and to keep in the warm—it was heated with several large heaters, improvised from oil drums. He proclaimed a so-called "full gospel," a new term to us, and the whole countryside poured out to hear him preach and to hear his family sing.

Scores of people, including my father, walked down the sawdust-covered aisles, knelt at a simple altar, and were converted. Also, many were baptized in the Holy Spirit. A thriving, local church was the result of that revival. It seemed that wherever this preacher put up his tent, a church was later organized. He held tent revivals both winter and summer.

Summertime revivals were more common to us, however, and as a small child I was taken to them regularly. Mother would carry a quilt and make a "pallet," to which

we smaller children would retire when we could no longer stay awake. When I was big enough to sit through an entire service without falling asleep, I thought I had reached a momentous milestone in my life.

Some of the converts of the first revivals were called into the ministry, and they began to preach in churches, which were few, or in tents or brush arbors. Much spiritual good was done. Within a comparatively short period twenty-eight churches were organized, and church buildings and parsonages were erected.

The depth of those early revivals was indeed remarkable, giving testimony to the ungarnished power of Christ to convict and convert people. Men who were widely known for their godlessness melted under the overwhelming Spirit of God, and often whole families were gloriously converted. With great zeal and enthusiasm the converts testified to their friends about their newfound faith, and the revival spirit spread like a prairie fire, reminiscent of the revivals of Finney or Moody. O that Christians today might have such enthusiasm to witness!

No doubt there were many difficulties connected with those open-air meetings, but they definitely had their attributes as well. The revivals were conducted either in the open with the starry sky as a canopy and seats without

backs as pews, or under a brush arbor—which kept out only dew or sunshine; it did not stop rain—or under a tent without curtains.

A big advantage of such meeting places was that, unlike a church building, crowds could overflow the immediate environs, yet could still see and hear what was going on. It was not uncommon for a person standing outside in the shadows to be convicted of his sins and to come forward for prayer.

Of course, we can still have summertime revivals today. We can build a brush arbor, erect a tent, or go to the church. A local church in Everett, Pennsylvania, built a tabernacle several years ago. Now they have a revival every summer to get people saved; later they involve them in their church.

We can have revivals in our local churches summer or winter, and this is a big advantage. In the church building we do not have to be overly concerned about inclement weather. However, we do have to be concerned about attracting people, both saint and sinner, for we cannot reach people in the church if they do not come to the house of worship.

It is a fact that regardless of where we meet for worship—whether brush arbor, tent, or sanctuary—we can meet with God, and He will revive the believer and save the sinner if they will seek Him with all their heart. ●

PERHAPS MOST OF us have at one time or another had someone come to our door who came for the express purpose of promoting his particular religion. Unfortunately, many of those who go from door-to-door with this purpose in mind are not promoting a Christ-centered, scriptural faith. Rather, their religion exalts something other than Christ—and they themselves may be desperately in need of what we ourselves have, if we have been born again through faith in Jesus Christ.

And if we truly know the Lord, then we should have even more concern for their souls than they have for ours, should we not? What can we do to help these people, who in many cases are sincere, but sincerely wrong?

One way in which we can help them is to keep a supply of good gospel tracts handy so that when they come to our door, we can give them a tract. I also keep some tracts pertaining to the resurrection of Jesus Christ, as well as to His deity, especially to give to JWs.

If you are well-versed in your Bible and its central doctrines and you have an opportunity to talk to JWs, there is one approach that is bound to set them thinking and wondering. Here is how I used it on one JW:

"Your group preaches the Kingdom, doesn't it?" I asked her, when I saw the *Watchtower* in her hand.

"Yes, that's right," she answered enthusiastically, "we preach the Kingdom."

I said, "Well, wait a minute, my Bible is right handy—I would like to show you something and see what you think of it." I went in and got my Bible and turned it to John 3:3 as I walked toward the door. "Look, read this verse—what does it say?"

"Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again,

Here is how to
react when a
Jehovah's Witness
calls at your
house.

By MURIEL LARSON

he cannot see the kingdom of God," she read.

"Now tell me, have you been born again?" I asked her.

"What does that mean?" she asked.

"A person is born again through repenting of his sins, accepting Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour, and acknowledging that Jesus Christ arose from the grave," I explained. "Have you done that?"

"I do all that's necessary," she answered doggedly. "I go from door-to-door giving out the good news of the Kingdom."

"But that verse in the Bible says that you cannot see the kingdom of God unless you are born again," I exclaimed; "therefore you are going around telling people about a place that you yourself cannot and will not see."

She looked at me puzzled. "I don't know how to answer you. We were never told that."

I then explained the way of salvation very carefully to her, showing her such verses as Romans 10:9, 10, John 3:16, Ephesians 2:8, 9, and Titus 3:5, 6. But I could see that she was upset and con-

When J Come to

W s

Your Door



fused, for it all ran counter to what she had been taught. So I gave her several tracts, urged her to read them and to think about what I had told her, and let her go.

She went across the street, hesitated, glanced up and down, then came back to my side of the street. Then she went to the other side of the street again. Yes, what I had said obviously had made her doubt now whether she was doing the right thing!

It is usually easier to witness to those who go from door-to-door, than to those who have become

their "teachers" or "ministers," for the latter are steeped in their particular doctrine. However, I have known JWs who have come to a saving knowledge of Christ through the faithful witness of some Christians; and when they do give their hearts to Christ, they become just as zealous for serving Christ as they were for serving their false religion. Thus, they are turned from leading people astray to leading people to our Lord Jesus Christ.

As Galatians 6:9 exhorts us, "And let us not be weary in well

doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." And if we sow the Word of God in hearts, it may do the work of God in lives!

However, we do need to be cautious in dealing with such people, for the Bible warns, "If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed: For he that biddeth him God speed is partaker of his evil deeds" (2 John 10, 11). It also says, "Cease, my son, to hear the instruction that causeth to err from the words of knowledge" (Proverbs 19:27). ●

National Youth Week

By CECIL R. GUILES

AN ARMY IS marching across America. It will soon assume command of our homes, Sunday schools, Family Training Hours (YPE), and churches. It is the army of youth. They are alert, eager, wonderful youth who are wanting to be involved. This desire for involvement is of prime significance to the church. For whatever the prevailing sentiments are that occupy the minds of our youth, these, to a great extent, will determine the next generation of Church of God youth.

It is axiomatic that we involve them or lose them. In losing them, a church loses that balance, enthusiasm, and effort that only the youth segment can contribute to the whole. In involving them, a church insures the future and enhances the present. They want to serve now, not later. If properly motivated, they can become involved in winning souls, tithing, and praying now. They will learn to serve, follow, and lead by serving, following, and leading.

This moving army of youth must be activated by concerned adults, teachers, and leaders, who had rather put ten youth to work than do the work of ten. They are not satisfied to be mere spectators, they want to be participants. While many adults are attempting to remain uninvolved, youth are desperately seeking to

be involved. Only in involvement can they find the outlet for expression. Their boundless energy and enthusiasm can be involved wholeheartedly in God's work.

Involving youth in the church is not an isolated task. It cannot be separated from the total friendship with, and complete relationship to, youth. We as the church cannot go on our merry, uncaring, or indifferent way for years and then suddenly on a particular day say, "Well the time has come. We had better set the next few days aside for getting our youth involved in the church."

Mark Twain has been quoted as having said, "The shortest distance from where you are, to the place where you would like to be, is a plan." While we do not have all the answers to all the "how's" of involving youth, we do have a plan for involving them. During National Youth Week, October 5-11, 1969, the attention of the entire church constituency will be focused on our youth.

The theme for Youth Week, "Involved," provides vision, incentive, and challenge. A special Youth Week packet will be available from the General Sunday School and Youth Department, August 1. One of the items in the packet will be a booklet which contains one week of functional youth-slanted programs. The packet will also contain a supply of an attractive

youth tract, "Involved," plus additional helps.

Because youth are an integral part of the entire life and work of a church, and because the church desires to develop its youth, the church will be able, during Youth Week, to entrust certain responsibilities to its various ministries. The church ministries—Sunday school, Family Training Hour, musical programs, et cetera—present excellent opportunities for involving the church's youth during Youth Week.

Preparation for, and assuming, places of leadership throughout the church can lead youth to an increased appreciation for their workers. By serving in key positions, they can learn firsthand what it cost their leaders in time, energy, study, and self-effort to minister to them throughout the year.

There are many good things a church might do, but there are some things a church must do: the church must minister to the needs of youth. National Youth Week can be an opportunity for the church to develop an effective program to focus attention on its youth by endeavoring to involve them in the ministries of the church. It will not be difficult to prepare for the special week of youth emphasis when the plans which are suggested in the Youth Week packet are followed, and youth do the planning and work. It will yield dividends too, as it emphasizes the place and purpose of youth in the church program.

October is still months away, but victory goes to those who are prepared to take advantage of every opportunity that arises by being ready in time. Let us not permit Youth Week to lag or limp because of "too little and too late" planning. ●

A former state youth director, the Reverend Cecil R. Guiles is now Assistant General Sunday School and Youth Director of the Church of God.





YOU HAVE A STEWARDSHIP TO YOUR- SELF

THE MOST UNINFORMED builder would not attempt to start erecting a house without first preparing a basic plan. It would seem foolish for a person to start a trip without knowing where he intended to go. If these matters have significance, is it not more important that an individual give diligence to mapping out a plan for his life?

Almost everyone will readily agree to the importance of planning a life, yet hordes of people do very little about it. It is not enough to react to pressures that are thrust upon you. You go to work or to school at a set time. Is it not obvious that regularity in these appointments could be prompted by punching a clock or by a roll call?

It is unfortunate when a person fails to give thought to a comprehensive plan for the wise development of the whole life. Unless life has a definite design, it is likely to become unbalanced or ill-pro-

By R. LEONARD CARROLL
Ed.D., D.D.
First Assistant General Overseer

portioned. Too, it seems that trivial matters have a way of coming to the forefront, which matters of real significance find scarcely a place in the routine of daily living.

The most is attained out of living not simply through academic or physical development, but through a studied and carefully laid life plan which has Jesus Christ as its foundation. Happy, radiant, and adjusted living do not emerge from a hit-and-miss process. Neither is resourceful living achieved by following lines of least resistance. Life is composed of a group of todays; therefore, planning a life resolves itself into planning successive days.

Accepting Christ as the nerve center of life, deciding on aims to be achieved, and deliberately moving toward goals produce a planned life. I am not asserting that in planning life one should make his program so rigid that he becomes a robot. Real Christian living should never devolve into mechanical responses. A well-planned life gives proper attention to all matters according to a set system of values.

In the arrangement of a life, there must be a definite time for fellowship with God. Young people are usually very busy. It, therefore, requires willpower to set apart a period of time for daily fellowship with God.

Martin Luther said that in his busiest days he had so much to do that he could not possibly get through the chores without two or three hours of prayer. A useful life will also have a place for Christian service. It is the will of the Lord that we not only spend time with Him, but for Him. Acts of service produce happiness! •

*Dr. R. Leonard Carroll, author of
Stewardship:
Total-Life
Commitment, is
First Assistant
General Overseer
of the Church of
God.*



WHAT CAN YOU DO ABOUT SUICIDES?

By MARGIE SNOWDEN NORTH

RATHER THAN FACE a special investigation into Egypt's military defeat, Field Marshall Abdel Hakim Amer committed suicide.

A thirteen-year-old girl testified, after she had attempted suicide and failed, "Even mother thinks I'm ugly. I'm a nothing."

The eleven-year-old son of a moderately wealthy couple was found hanging by the neck from the rod in his clothes closet. The verdict? Suicide.

An attractive, married young woman who seemed to have every chance for happiness took her own life. The suicide note read, in part, "I just can't accept my limitations. I'm too weak—stupid—"

Suicide is the tenth leading cause of death in the United States. In a *Time* magazine report, it was estimated that more than one out of every one hundred Americans has tried at least one time to kill himself. In the 15-19 age group, suicide is the third leading cause of death. It is the second leading cause of death in the 19-25 age

group. And in the very young bracket (14 and under) one hundred youngsters took their own lives last year. Suicide, then, is a much more common problem than it is generally believed to be.

City dwellers, according to statistics, are more likely to commit suicide than are the folk in rural areas. More women attempt suicide, but four times as many men actually kill themselves. The suicide rate is the highest in the West and lowest in the South, and highest among seriously overweight or underweight persons.

After reading over the cold statistics, one of the first questions that enters the mind is this: Is the Christian exempt from suicide attempts? Quite obviously they certainly should be; but I can remember, several years back, that one supposedly fine Christian man cut his throat with a butcher knife.

Contrary to popular belief, all suicidal persons are not necessarily mentally ill. Also, most persons do not commit suicide impulsively. Usually he will give clues to

his intentions over a long period of time. And, more astonishing, many suicidal persons do not even want to die, according to a statement issued by The Los Angeles Suicide Prevention Center.

Studies show that, as a whole, those most vulnerable to suicide are the people who feel inadequate even in the most normal situations, who feel pressure from all sides—pressure to succeed, pressure to conform, pressure to be something he is not. But most of all, the suicide prospect feels that he is alone, unwanted, and unloved.

One writer says, "A suicide adds up his balance sheet, finds himself in the red, and decides to check out."

But we, as Christians, can be the first to let these vulnerable ones know that someone cares. If we are living up to the principles which we teach and preach, we will have the means we need to cause them to examine their lives, to find their weaknesses, and to rectify them.

Karl Menninger says, "Hope is a necessity for normal life and is the major weapon against the suicide impulse." Proverbs 13:12 states, "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

No one in the entire world has more hope than does a Christian. This hope can, and should, be shared with the world. If you have cultivated an attitude of calm understanding and a loving heart, you may someday have opportunity to counsel with a suicide-prone individual. Be prepared to share the "hope that is within you." Besides the act of receiving Christ as his personal Saviour, he is most in need of hope in this hour; and if he has Christ, he has hope. Jeremiah 17:7 reads, "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is." And Psalm 39:7 says, "And now, Lord, my hope is in thee."

Hebrews 6:19 tells us that hope is the "anchor of our soul." Share the source of your hope, your anchor, with others around you. In doing so, you might save a life—and even more important, you might save a soul. •

Making Your Life Count

By J. E. DeVORE

"I magnify mine office" (Romans 11:13).

GOD APPOINTED PAUL as a special messenger to the Gentiles. Dedicated to his work, he magnified his office. His great energy was expended in teaching people the gospel of Christ. He purposed to make the church what its Founder intended it to be: glorious—without a single spot or wrinkle; holy—without a blemish and without a single fault.

In 1937 an explosion destroyed a school at New London, Texas. In one room, where there had been thirty-six teen-agers with their teacher, only one girl remained alive. On a Sunday in February, 1953, an attractive young lady joined a church by transfer—she was that same teen-ager, now grown up. She said, "I want to belong where I now live. I want my life to count for God. He has been so good to me."

One way to magnify our office, to walk worthy of our vocation, and to make our life count is to belong to the church where we live. Apollo is an excellent New Testament example in this regard. When he moved, he also moved his membership. The church-where-he-had-been sent a letter to the church-where-he-was-going commanding him (Acts 18:27). After he united with the church in his new place in full fellowship, this eloquent man became a mighty power for his Saviour (Acts 18:28). He magnified his office because he exalted his Lord in word and action.

Paul spoke of certain ones as be-

ing "of no account in the church" (1 Corinthians 6:4, *Revised Version*). Those who run around here and there—who remain unsettled and are not really loyal in any one place, who fail to put their membership where they are and do not work for the Lord in their new home community—do not often grow into strong Christians. "Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it" (Ephesians 5:25). If He could die for His church, we should do no less than live for Him and for it.

One of our young Negro ministers in a New York Camp Meeting a few years ago preached on the text, "I magnify mine office." I shall never forget the emphasis that he placed upon making one's life count as a member of the Church of God through worship, outreach, loyalty, faithful attendance, participation, stewardship, conduct, and conversation. If it is old-fashioned to love your church and to always exert your best influence for it, then be old-fashioned!

Going to God's house; meeting with God's people; singing His praises; listening to His Word; praying together in Jesus' name; and being stimulated to live closer to the Lord, to walk with more sensitivity to the Spirit's leading, and to go forth to work and witness for our Saviour—all these make us better Christians. Thus, we magnify our office. Thus, we make our lives count for Christ. Thus, we build for eternity.

There are two ways to teach. One is by precept; the other is by example. An ounce of example is worth a ton of precept. We need to sell samples, not symbols, of holiness. We need to see more walking sermons—more Bible holiness. One of the great joys of my life is listening to good preaching, but I would still rather see a sermon than hear one.

Some wise person said: "We are the only Bible this careless world will read. We are the sinner's gospel. We are the scoffer's creed. We are our Lord's last message given in word and deed. What if the type is crooked? What if the print is blurred? What if our hands are busy with other works than His? What if our feet are walking where sin's allurement is? What if our tongues are speaking of things His lips would spurn?"

"How can we hope to help Him or hasten His return? To hasten our Lord's return, we truly need much power. So, let us all be Spirit-filled and awaiting Him each hour. In an hour that we think not, He said He should appear. Therefore, let us walk in holiness and meet Him with a cheer." •

*The Reverend
J. E. DeVore is
State Overseer of
the Church of God
in Louisiana.*



By CHARLES LUDWIG
Author of *Mama
Was A Missionary*

Wife of David Livingstone

THERE WAS NOTHING but miles of hot sand and bush around them, and the sun glared with a fury. The heat was so intense that not a bird or even an insect could be seen.

Ahead, the workmen slashed at defiant bushes with heavy axes in order to make a path for the ox-carts. Because of irregular terrain, the path which was being hacked out was so crooked that David Livingstone could not always see the leading span of oxen. The huge wooden wheels bogged to their axles in the sand, and the thirsty oxen were so tired they could barely turn the wheels.

David glanced ruefully at his wife and the children huddled about her. He wondered if it would not have been better if he had left them at Kuruman as his mother-in-law had suggested. But no, Mary would have objected. She insisted on going along, for she shared his dream of finding a water passage that would lead from the unknown interior of Africa to either the east or west coast.

Shobo, their wrinkled Bushman guide, had promised to see them through the unmapped arid belt. But with an I-don't-care attitude, the tiny man confessed that he was lost. With no concern at all for the strange white man and his family, he curled up on the sand and went to sleep. Three days

later he disappeared.

After hours of agony, Livingstone noticed a circling bird and some rhinoceroses' spoor. This was encouraging, for a rhino seldom wanders far from water. With just a gleam of hope, he unyoked the oxen, and they took off in a fast trot toward what he supposed to be a river.

Now alone in the vast desert waste, it was discovered a servant had wasted all their drinking water. The children complained of thirst; and since they had been without water for a long time, Livingstone feared they would perish on the spot! Mary was also deeply concerned, but she never said a word, even though she could have rebuked her husband for carelessness.

Later, in his book, *Missionary Travels*, Livingstone remembered his feelings on this occasion: "It would almost have been a relief to me to have been reproached with being the entire cause of the catastrophe, but not one syllable of upbraiding was uttered by their mother, though the tearful eye told the agony within."

Fortunately water was discovered late that afternoon, and the children's lives were spared.

Mary's courage throughout the ordeal was quite remarkable, especially since she had just lost a daughter and had suffered a light stroke which had temporarily par-

alyzed the right side of her face.

Traveling in Africa in the 1850's was always a hazard. Many died on the way: victims of disease or hostile tribes. And no one knew this better than David Livingstone. He wrote: "It is a venture to take wife and children into a country where fever—African fever—prevails. But who, believing in Jesus, would refuse to make a venture for such a Captain? A parent's heart alone can feel as I do when I look at my little ones and ask, 'Shall I return with this one or that one alive?'"

Mary Livingstone never complained, even during the most severe hardships. With great admiration, David often referred to her as the queen of the wagons. And this she was—right to the end. But she was more than an indomitable person in a creaky cart: She was also unflinching in the face of lions, wild natives, vicious slavers, and death. Unfortunately, due to the great fame of her husband, her story of faith and courage is little known.

Mary, the eldest daughter of Robert and Mary Moffat, was born in Kuruman in 1821. This, the most northern mission in South Africa at the time, had been developed by her father in order to reach the Bechuanas. Having been a gardner in Scotland, and having an eye for beauty, Moffat arranged for an adequate irrigation



system on the mission. As Mary grew up, Kuruman, with its fruit trees and stone buildings, became one of the loveliest areas in the country.

Little Mary matured at the mission. She learned the language from the natives and learned to speak it with a confidence that her parents never attained.

Living conditions that horrified visitors became quite acceptable to her, for she grew up with them. While an infant, her mother described the cow dung floors to an English correspondent. "We smear all our rooms with cow dung once

a week at least. . . . It lays the dust better than anything, kills the fleas which would otherwise breed abundantly, and is a fine clear green. It is mixed with water, and laid on as thinly as possible. I now look on my floor smeared with cow dung with as much complacency as I used to do upon our best rooms when well scoured."

Mary visited England with her parents in 1839. Civilization was new to her, and there were many exciting things to do. But her heart remained in Africa. It was in England, however, that she first heard of David Livingstone.

Her father had become a popular speaker. Great crowds of people filled the halls wherever he spoke. One of his listeners started following him from place to place. Intrigued, Robert Moffat visited the young medic at Mrs. Sewell's boarding house on Aldersgate Street. Here, he learned the youth's name was David Livingstone.

Years later, Moffat wrote about the occasion: "By and by he asked me whether I thought he would do for Africa. I said I believed he would, if he would not go to an old station, but would advance to unoccupied ground, specifying the vast plain to the north, where I had sometime seen, in the morning sun, the smoke of a thousand villages, where no missionary had ever been. At last Livingstone said: 'What is the use of my waiting for the end of this abominable opium war? I will go at once to Africa.'"

Mary often thought about the young doctor who had gone to Africa while she patiently waited for her father to complete his preparations for their return. Her father, however, had many things to do before he could leave his friends. Among these was the completion of his 150,000-word book, *Missionary Labours*. The weeks and months dragged slowly by while she waited. Finally, they sailed on April 10, 1843.

Livingstone met them at the Vaal River on horseback. It was a wonderful surprise. But David was only interested in the elderly Moffats and in the mission which he was building to the north at Mabotsa!

The young doctor had tremendous admiration for Robert Moffat. Occasionally he went down to Kuruman for advice and supplies, but he was never interested in anything but business!

A few months later, however, all this changed. While trying to kill a lion, he was seized by the brute and shaken like a rat. By the time his two bullets had taken effect, he was nearly dead. At first he tried to carry on at Mabotsa in

(Continued on page 25)

Don't Call it a Bible Class

By DAVID McCARTHY

DON'T CALL IT a Bible class, it's a Bible *study*!" The professor Dr. Wendel Stearns punched the pencil on his desk to emphasize the point. He is dean at a Christian college, and belongs to an "ecumenical" Bible study that is making an impact for Christ in the hills of western Massachusetts.

It began in 1965 when a Roman Catholic family decided to find out more about the New Testament. The couple opened their home for informal Bible discussion every week. Among their friends were several members of the leading evangelical congregations in the county.

The studies were so well attended



that the group decided to divide. In the fall of 1967 members could choose between a couples study and one for ladies only. One year later both groups were again too large, and another division took place. The last count showed four studies meeting regularly with total attendance in the forties.

The Bible studies are unusual in that they are not sponsored by a local church or denomination. There is even an unwritten rule that members are not to bring up matters relating to their respective churches during the study. This approach has attracted a number of Roman Catholics.

You will not find the studies following any printed curriculum or outlines. They decided at the start just to use the New Testament as their basic text. If a passage is really hard to understand, someone may produce *Halley's Bible Handbook*. Commentaries at the studies are taboo. Using *Good News For Modern Man*, each group has started its study with the Gospel of John. Acts and the Epistles follow, paragraph by paragraph. Members raise questions and make comments during the one and a half hour discussion, always trying to relate Scripture to daily life.

The professor has been watching the studies function for four years, and is impressed with the power of the Bible upon regular members. He observes, "The Bible has been a living force in the group dynamics. It has served to make people either move toward accepting it, or it has driven them away because they could not square their beliefs with the Word of God."

A few months after the studies began, two members of a religious cult started to attend, promoting

their special teachings. Even though a majority of the Bible study group were not evangelical Christians, they insisted that discussion grow out of what the Bible had to say. After five futile weeks, the cultists gave up and left.

"We didn't try to make them uncomfortable," says the professor. "The Word of God was simply a sword that separated them from us. This study is a great adventure because we have let the Bible be a living force, and some wonderful things have happened."

There is no effort at the studies to lead people into any church, but it is not unusual for members to seek out an evangelical church on their own. One executive and his wife were contacted by a local church in a religious census. They did not show any interest in attending services, but they did accept a friendly invitation to the Bible study. Today they are at church every Sunday! Quite often the study makes men and women hungry for the Word, and they look for a church that preaches what they have talked about in homes during the week.

The professor feels that the studies are answering some real spiritual needs, even when people are not won to a local church. There are Roman Catholics who stay with their church for family reasons, but have adopted evangelical views and look to the studies for spiritual food and fellowship. Even conservative churches find it hard to provide occasions when the Bible can get to a personal level. The study has shown that men and women open up and talk more readily about intimate personal and family problems in the weekly group, than in their

Sunday school classes at church.

What does it take to start a Bible study? Number one, according to the professor, "You've got to really trust the Word of God and the leading of the Holy Spirit, rather than trusting a format. You've got to put your faith on a moment-by-moment basis."

He believes that the ordinary churchman must change his point of view. "We've been in a closed fellowship without even realizing it. We set the ground rules and a visitor feels uncomfortable in our presence. We invite people to church and wonder why they don't stay with us. Most churches have an in-group spirit that is stronger than we realize. When a strong Christian attends a Bible study where people are expressing doubts and hostility against Christ and the Bible, he may become angry, and fail to accept these outsiders as sinners in need of a Saviour. To make this kind of Bible study work, you must have the mind of Christ. He could go among sinners and accept them, leading them out from where He found them."

A Bible study must have outside prayer if it is to make a serious spiritual impact. Several of the members meet outside the regular study night for earnest prayer about the studies and personal needs. Each of the four circles has its own circle of intercessors.

Perhaps the real secret of the Bible studies was summed up by the professor: "It's letting the Bible be a living force; it's letting the Holy Spirit guide; it's letting the presence of Christ be a reality."

And when you have mixed those ingredients, remember, "It's not a Bible class, it's a Bible study!" •

TEN STEPS TO SUCCESSFUL STUDYING



IF YOU ALREADY know how to study, you will not need to read this. If, however, you have a desire to "give attendance to reading," and to "study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth," but feel at a loss as to how to get started, the following study helps may prove beneficial in Bible study and in various Christian education pursuits.

1. *Keep a prayerful attitude.* Saturate your studies with prayer. Some of the most precious gems of truth often come without human help to the individual who reads on his knees. Remember that the Holy Spirit is an indwelling teacher and that the "Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God."

2. *Search for hidden meanings.* Being much impressed with the Bible ministry of the Reverend Albert H. Batts, I asked him to share with me an idea that would help me in studying the Bible. Quickly he pointed me to the scripture, "The revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto him, to show unto his servants things which must shortly come to pass; and he sent and signified it by his angel unto his servant, John" (Revelation 1:1). The key word was "signified." Brother Batts said that, throughout the Bible, important ideas are often "signified" by the names of people and places, and we should not overlook their significance.

In the Old Testament many great truths are presented in types and shadows, for as the writer of the Proverbs declares, "It is the glory of God to conceal a thing" (Proverbs 25:2). In the New Testament Christ spoke in parables to conceal the truth from his enemies.

A person who contends that he cannot understand the Bible is

somewhat like the individual, uneducated in art, who looks upon a great masterpiece without seeing anything of interest because he does not know what to look for.

God's will is sometimes wrapped, or hidden, in the Scriptures by a language wrapper just as a piece of candy is hidden from view by its paper wrapper. It has been said that once a child realizes that even when an object is hidden it is still there, it starts a new stage of development. Perhaps this is the case of the would-be Bible scholar.

3. *Be a questioning reader.* If one is to learn the meaning of his material, he must ask such questions as, "Why did this person react as he did?" "Is this characteristic of human nature?" "Does this remind me of anything that has ever happened to me or to someone I know?" To be sure you are reading actively, try to answer the questions who? what? where? when? why? how?

4. *Look for key words.* Looking for the nouns or verbs that carry the main thought of each paragraph makes studying easier. Instead of concentrating too hard on every word, pay special attention to chapter titles; subheads; bold print; maps and graphs.

5. *Watch for new paragraphs.* Each indentation on a printed page

is intended to flag your attention and alert you to a new unit of thought.

6. *Read with a pencil in hand.* Underline or circle ideas which impress you as being important. Pencil reading aids in capturing fleeting wisps of insight. If you do not wish to mark your book or Bible, make separate notes.

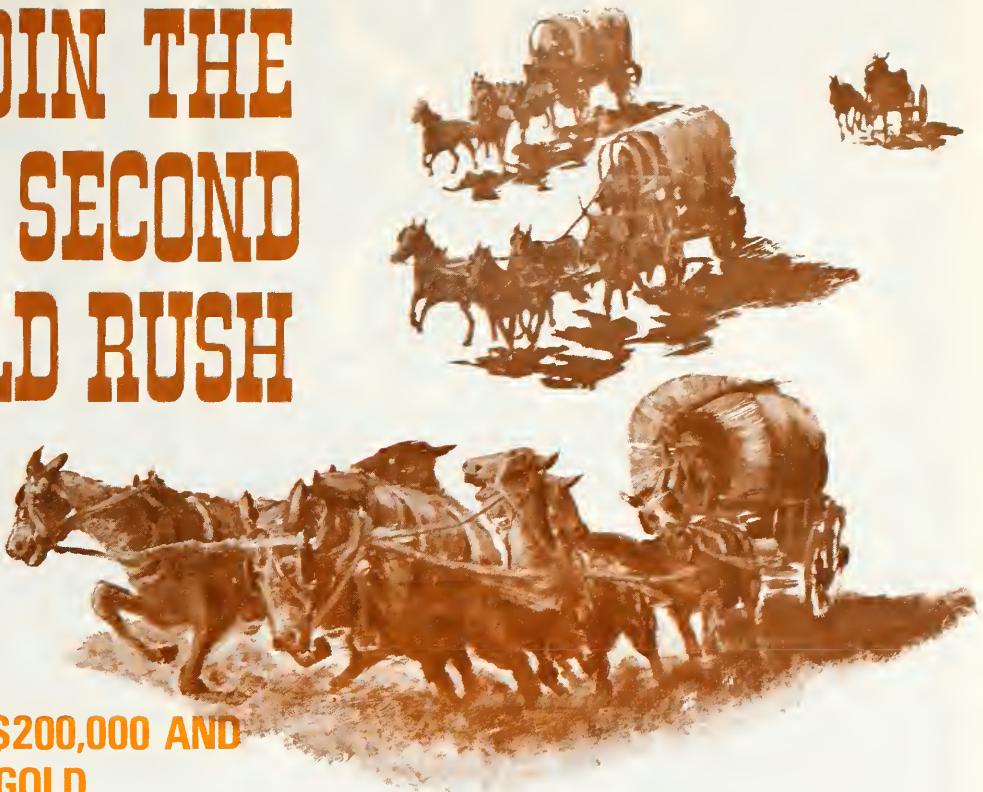
7. *Sift everything you read.* More often than not the author puts things differently than you would. Through your own understanding, you must sift what is said and reproduce it without changing the meaning. Also you may have to sift the chaff from the wheat when using materials written by authors who do not share your doctrinal viewpoint.

8. *Adapt what you cannot adopt.* Do not discredit suggestions and ideas because they do not fully apply to you or to your situation; but learn to adapt, rearrange, or improvise plans and ideas to fit your needs.

9. *Read aloud.* Reading aloud involves the eye as well as the ear. The sound of one's own voice helps to reimpress his mind. Reading aloud slows down the reading process and allows greater concentration.

10. *Begin your own library.* Make
(Continued on page 21)

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The Beginning for the End Man

By JAMES E. ADAMS

WHEN I ANSWERED the phone, a feminine voice inquired, "Are you James Adams? and do you know Gus Bitner?"

"Yes, Ma'am; the answer is 'yes' to both questions," I replied.

"Do you know Gus had a stroke and that he is in the hospital?"

"No! When did it happen?"

Further conversation revealed that the caller was an elderly friend of the family. In visiting Gus she sensed that something was troubling him. Finally, he told her to call and ask me to visit him. Thinking Gus was confused, she said, "You don't mean Jim Adams; you mean Bill Adams, the man you used to work with."

"I worked with both of them," Gus replied. "Bill can't do me any good, but Jim can."

This could mean but one thing: Augustus Bitner had a spiritual need. All his life it seemed he had had need of nothing. Before I came to know him, he was the "end man," one of the comedians in yearly minstrel shows which a lodge staged. This had endeared him to thousands of local residents. Everybody knew Gus; he was everybody's friend. He had a story or a joke to lighten every situation.

Gus was active in community affairs and in his church. He served on the official board and on several occasions accompanied his pastor to church conventions as a delegate from his church.

So when I first began to work with Gus some fifteen years ago, I knew him as one of my supervisors, a church member, and a man of the world. He believed he could drink intoxicants and still be a Christian. In the next five years he

learned about some of my spiritual experiences and convictions and assured me that he was satisfied with his.

Then at seventy years of age Gus retired. In a short time his wife died. He sold their beautiful home and took up residence in a hotel. Infrequently I passed him on the streets and said, "Hi, Gus," but he did not seem to recognize me anymore. I later learned that he really did not: his eyesight was failing. But his memory had remained good, and now he was wanting me to visit him.

When I walked into the hospital room, I did not recognize Gus. He had lost considerable weight, and the stroke had drawn his face. I was not sure it was he until I looked on the dresser and saw a letter addressed to him. My eighty-year-old friend was breathing heavily, sleeping. I stood quietly by his bed praying that God would give me a word in season. Then there was a change in Gus' breathing, and I knew he was awake although his eyes were still closed.

I leaned closer to him and said, "Bud—Gus, do you know me?"

He must have recognized my voice, for even as his eyes opened, he said, "Jim—Jim Adams! How does it feel to be born again?" He had reached for and was tightly gripping my hand.

A chill, a thrill ran down my spine. How should I answer? I believe the Holy Spirit bears witness with the heart when one becomes a son of God. I believe in feeling, but faith comes first. I was glad I had prayed. I had to have the right and satisfying answer for my friend near the gates of death.

"Gus," I said, "it's this way. We

confess our sins to a merciful Lord and ask Him to forgive us. He has promised in the Bible to turn no one away who comes to Him, so we simply believe that He hears our prayer and forgives us."

Gus relaxed and smiled. "That's what I did, Jim. I said, 'Lord, You know my sins better than I do myself, so there's no use repeating them to You. But I have sinned against You, and I'm sorry. If You can see Your way clear to forgive me, I'll appreciate it and I'll thank You. Amen.' Immediately, I had—what shall I say?—I had a peace I had never before experienced."

Here was a man, trained in religious ritual and memorized prayers, who in his hour of need just talked to the Lord as he would to a friend. What a lesson for us Christians! It is a point we should always make in seeking to lead others to Christ—the simplicity of prayer. Any sincere seeker can pray in the language and terminology which he is accustomed to using "That's it, Gus," I said. "That peace and assurance came from God. His Spirit was witnessing to you that He accepted your prayer. You have been born again. You are a son of God."

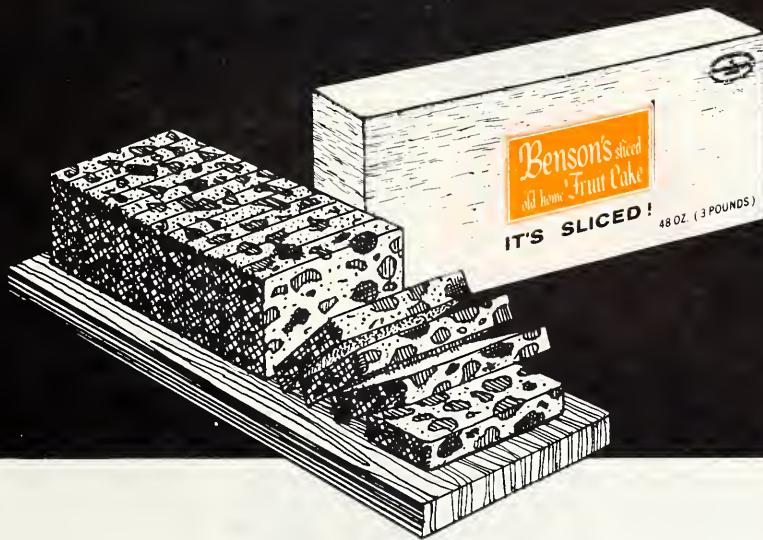
"Jim, I'm so glad you came. I knew you would understand. I can't talk like this, even to my pastor. He just reminds me of my faithfulness to the church and tells me that I'll be all right. But I wasn't all right, and I knew it." With a pleading look in his eyes, Gus concluded, "Don't forsake me, Jim. Please don't forsake me."

"I won't, Gus," I promised.

We had sweet fellowship together for about an hour, and then I left, promising to return. I did return in the following weeks and each time after praying together, he would say, "This is what I need, Jim. Come back."

Then one day as I was preparing to visit him again, my wife read from the obituaries that Gus had died. The former "end man" had begun a new life in the presence of the Lord. ●

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He Loved His Country

By HAROLD GARNET BLACK

HE SEEMED SUCH a little fellow as he lay there that night in the east wing of the children's hospital—so small for such a big name, Alexis Michaelevich Krakovsky, baptized thus in honor of Peter the Great's father.

His black-shawled, peasant Russian mother sat weeping at his bedside as she watched her child's face contorted with pain, caused by the angry bite of a venomous black widow spider. The boy's extreme paleness contrasted strongly with his tousled hair which was the color of jet.

He had an intense burning sensation on the soles of his feet, a severe lumbar backache, and an unbelievable boardlike tenseness in the abdomen. It was now nearly thirty-six hours since his hand had been bitten. How hard Ekaterina Krakovsky prayed that the good God would spare her boy!

Presently into the sick room came a white-coated doctor followed by a much bestarched nurse. He felt the boy's pulse, watched his respiration, and carefully examined once more the still swollen hand. He noticed the moistness of the boy's skin, then gave the white nurse the necessary night orders.

"Will my little Lex live, do you think?" asked Ekaterina amid her tears, impulsively grasping the doctor's arm as he was about to leave.

"I hope so," he replied, trying to reassure her. "Most cases recover, though Alexis seems to have been very badly poisoned."

But, sad to relate, Lex did not live, in spite of all that was done for him. The spider's venom had been too virulent and too great in quantity for his youthful body to overcome.

Two days later, at three in the

afternoon, the funeral was held in the old Greenlawn Cemetery, half a mile on the other side of the tracks. Close by the graveside the brokenhearted mother, clad in black shawl and black veil, stood with a half dozen sad-faced relatives. Ekaterina's husband Feodor, an oiler on an American naval vessel, was perhaps at that very moment in mid-Atlantic—no one knew where.

But that was not all, for standing at a respectful distance were over three hundred boys and girls from the Lincoln Grammar School, who had been dismissed a half hour early that afternoon. In addition there had come in a body the entire Freshman Class from the Washington High School, which Lex had attended since September, together with the two school principals and many of the teachers. It was a sad occasion indeed. When the brief service was over, there were many eyes still moist.

Everyone knew the boy's story. He was the only son of a naturalized Russian who had been peasant born, had fought in the Russian army under Brusilov in the first World War, had come to the United States shortly after the armistice was signed, and had appreciated the heavenly air of freedom found in his newly adopted country.

Lex had tied for top honors when he was graduated from the Lincoln school and had been selected to give a commencement speech in June on "What America Means to Me." How proud Ekaterina and Feodor had been that night as their boy strode across the platform and made his speech, how their pulses had increased their tempo, how their eyes had glistened with pride!

In Mr. Goodman's school, when the drive was begun to gather old newspapers and magazines as a national conservation measure during World War II, Lex had volunteered to head up the campaign in the Administration Building. For the last four consecutive weeks he had brought more poundage of newsprint than any other student,

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GOD WILL NOT WASTE HIS POWER

By VIVIAN BOITER

TO A SHEPHERD standing before a burning bush the Lord said, "Moses, I want you to go back to Egypt and lead my people out of bondage into the Promised Land."

"Me, Lord!" Moses exclaimed, "I can't do that job."

"But I'll go with you and provide the power you need to do the work," continued the Lord.

Finally Moses was persuaded to tackle the job that required so much more than his human strength.

When Abraham Lincoln left Springfield, Illinois, to be inaugurated as President, he said, "I now leave, not knowing when or whether I may ever return, with a task before me greater than that which was Washington's. Without the assistance of divine guidance which ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail."

God does give His power to persons who realize they need divine help to grapple with a task.

Shortly before Jesus ascended into heaven He told His disciples that, now, their job was to tell the good news of salvation to all the world—"beginning at Jerusalem."

"However," Jesus reminded them, "you must wait in Jerusalem until you receive power to accomplish the task."

The disciples in their own strength could not do the job that Jesus wanted them to do. They must have "power from on high." And they must use this power for the advancement of God's kingdom on earth.

"Power from on high" is still the need of the church today. Yet, God gives His power to churches on the same conditions that He gives it to individuals.

Furthermore, a church or an individual may lose God's power after receiving it.

In the book of Revelation the church at Ephesus was told, "Remember therefore from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do the first works; or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of his place, except thou repent" (Revelations 2:5).

Are some churches losing their witnessing power because God does not have first place in their work? We are alarmed over the sin sweeping across our nation and throughout the whole world. We cry out for revival. Does this revival need to begin with repentance in the Lord's house?

Samson was the strongest man of his day. He was a chosen man for a specific task. God had given him power for the purpose of help-

ing the Israelites. But Samson kept going into the land of the Philistines, Israel's enemy, to see Delilah. By doing this, he was dabbling in sin. Moreover, he seemed to like to display his self-sufficiency.

Then, after devising several wily plans to learn his secret, Delilah was able to find out that if Samson cut his hair, he would lose his strength. As quickly as possible she told the lords of the Philistines. While Samson slept, they cut his hair. Consequently, "his strength went from him" and "the Lord was departed from him."

Now the Philistines had him in their power. So they took him and put out his eyes, bound him with fetters, and made him "grind in the prison house."

Later, however, God permitted Samson to have enough strength to avenge himself of the Philistines, even though he lost his own life in the act.

If God's Pentecostal power is to be restored or to be bestowed on individuals and churches, each must be willing to use His power in the right way. We must keep reminding ourselves that God will not let us have His power to waste. We must use it for the superhuman task of making Christ real in the world today. ●

Successful Studying

from page 14

it a point to equip yourself with properly selected materials. Here is a list of some materials that will prove helpful.

A. Bible

Consider the price of a good reference Bible a wise investment. Many of the new translations aid study and comparison. The inspired Word of God is the Christian worker's major source of information and inspiration.

B. Dictionary

A good, up-to-date dictionary is always an invaluable aid to study.

C. Bible dictionary

In reality a Bible dictionary is a topical Bible with references pertaining to a particular word.

D. Bible concordance

A concordance gives helpful reference for practically every word in the Bible.

E. Bible commentary

To be consulted for interpretations and explanations of Bible passages. A good rule of thumb for selecting a commentary would be to purchase only those recommended by one's own denomination.

F. Other helps

There are a number of good devotional-type books available now in paperback. Avail yourself of as many books written by people of your own faith as possible. •

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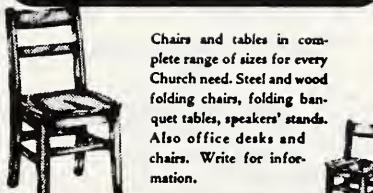
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AZALEA GARDEN CHRISTIAN SCHOOL



Paul Eure

After several years of discussion, planning, and preparation, a dream and prayer of the Azalea Garden Church of God has become a reality. On March 3, 1969, this congregation birthed its own day school program.

The Azalea Garden Christian School began with a regular kindergarten program. Beginning in the middle of a school term could have been somewhat of a detriment to the program; however, this was actually part of the plan—start small, grow later. And God blessed! By the second week of operation the initial enrollment had doubled.

Plans for the future include a summer head start program, a summer recreation program, and a day care center. In the fall the basic program will consist of a day care program, a kindergarten program, and a grade school developed on a demand basis. All the areas of development necessary to perfect such a program are realizing sufficient progress.

Personnel for the school include the superintendent of schools, the Reverend Paul J. Eure, pastor; principal of schools, the Reverend Stephen L. Gwaltney; a seven-member school board who serve individually as chairmen of one of seven three-member school committees; a school staff of numerous volunteer and semi-volunteer workers; and an entire congregation who stand behind the program.

The school motto is, "Christian Scholarship for Today." The scriptural theme is found in Philippians 3:10—"That I may know Him" . . . that we may know Him . . . that they may know Him.

The congregation of the Azalea Garden Church of God feels that this program is vital. We are

convinced that we need to offer our students a high standard of education without forsaking fundamental Christian principles. We firmly believe a child's character can best be molded in a scholarly, Christian atmosphere. The school board insists that the program offer qualified instruction, personal attention, a Christian philosophy of life and education, fundamental concepts of Christianity, an academically sound course of instruction, and personal grooming in social graces.

The entire congregation gives God the praise for His gracious guidance in the initiation of this program. Their first apprehensions are continually proving to be rather futile as before their eyes they see that the day school program is not only a possibility but also a workable reality when accepted by faith. They feel that it is an awesome responsibility and a glorious opportunity to serve the Lord. To Him be the glory for all that is accomplished.

Paul Eure, pastor

FAMILY TRAINING HOUR (YPE)

By Paul Henson
General Director

May Attendance

Buford, Georgia	209
Greenville (Tremont Ave.),	
South Carolina	209
Lakeland (Lake Wire), Florida	205
Atlanta (Mt. Paran), Georgia	198
Ranlo, North Carolina	178
Cincinnati (Central Pkwy.), Ohio	166
Rome (North), Georgia	164
Saint Pauls, North Carolina	162
Tampa (Buffalo Ave.), Florida	151
Wilmington (Fourth St.),	
North Carolina	149
Florence, South Carolina	149
Straight Creek, Alabama	143
Huntsville (College Park), Alabama	137
Glendale, Arizona	135
Hamilton (Princeton Pike), Ohio	134
Pulaski, Virginia	134
Rossville, Georgia	133
Naples, Florida	130
Radford, Virginia	130
Nassau, Bahamas	128
Swift Current, Saskatchewan, Canada	127
Winchester, Kentucky	123
Pontiac, Michigan	120
Norfolk (Azalea Gardens), Virginia	115
Jackson (Bailey Ave.), Mississippi	113
Jacksonville (Springfield), Florida	112
Hurst, Texas	110
Roanoke, Virginia	110
Iowa Park, Texas	108
Paris, Texas	106
Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina	104
Williamsburg, Pennsylvania	104
Lorain, Ohio	103
Canton (Canton Temple), Ohio	101
Chattanooga (East), Tennessee	101
Brenton, West Virginia	100
Avondale Estates, Georgia	98
Fort Myers (Broadway), Florida	93
Cahokia, Illinois	93
Cleveland (Mt. Olive), Tennessee	93
Somerset, Kentucky	92
Princeton, West Virginia	92
Jacksonville (Southside Estates),	
Florida	91
Conway, South Carolina	90
Jacksonville (North), Florida	89
Douglas, Georgia	86
Columbus (El Paso Drive), Ohio	85
Beaufort, South Carolina	85
Dallas (Oak Cliff), Texas	84
Lexington (Loudon Ave.), Kentucky	83
Xenia (Orange St.), Ohio	83
Somerset, Pennsylvania	83
Clover, South Carolina	83
Columbus (Frebis Ave.), Ohio	80
North Ridgeville, Ohio	80
Fairfield, California	79
Decatur, Alabama	77
Covington (Shepherds Fold),	
Louisiana	76
West Monroe, Louisiana	76
Dade City, Florida	75
Portland, Oregon	75
Orangeburg (Palmetto St.),	
South Carolina	75
Flint (Kearsley Park), Michigan	74
Pompano Beach, Florida	73
Chase, Maryland	73
San Fernando Valley, California	72
Sanford, Florida	72
Lemmon, South Dakota	72
Vanceburg, Kentucky	71
Thorn, Mississippi	71
Pasadena, Texas	71
Cleveland (Big Springs), Tennessee	70
Anawalt, West Virginia	70
Richmond Dale, Ohio	66
Middlesboro (Noetown), Kentucky	62
Plant City (Forest Park), Florida	58
Indianapolis (West), Indiana	58
Smithfield, Pennsylvania	58
Oak Hill, West Virginia	58
Long Beach, California	57
West Frankfort, Illinois	56
Foxville (Mt. Pleasant), Maryland	55
San Antonio (Southside), Texas	55
Grand Junction, Colorado	51
Bartow, Florida	51
Savannah (Garden City), Georgia	51
Corbin (Center St.), Kentucky	51
Clovis, California	50

THE WELL

At last I saw the well on heaven's hill
And so I thought I would go fill my cup;
But then I found the climb too steep, until
The Lord came down and took my burdens up.

—James B. Payne

A TIME TO REST

The sun has gone beneath the hill,
And loudly calls the whippoorwill.
Gloaming shadows begin to creep,
And fowls go to where they sleep.
All this became a cue to me,
And less and less my eyes could see.
My cue is that our God has given,
A time to rest this side of heaven.

—Daisy Marie Ely

THE HEART WITH HOPE

The heart with hope is a most precious thing,
With glory for the spirit's comforting,
Whose light will never dim upon its course—
An ageless, quenchless flame—a vital force,
Its radiance has breadth and depth and length.
Heart's expectation shall renew its strength,
And hearts can hold no greater, better wealth;
The splendor brings vitality and health.
The heart with hope, though mingled with the sod,
Shall walk a pathway leading up to God.

—Roy Z. Kemp

MIRACLES

Our God can take a bit of earth
And warm it with His sun
And give it drink with His soft rain
And, then, when this is done,
Implant a tiny seed within
The heart of the damp earth
And soon produce a miracle—
The miracle of birth.

Our God can take an evil soul,
A wicked, sin-filled heart
And purify it—make it clean;
Give it a fresh, new start.
And if the heart accepts with faith
The Holy Spirit's will
And trusts in Him, there will appear
Another miracle.

—Roy Z. Kemp

Devotions for Youth

from page 27

SUNDAY, August 24 □. *Read:* Proverbs 16, note verse 32, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty." *Think:* A sixty-second smile will destroy worlds of anger. Try it. *Pray:* For power to develop a Christian smile; a smile that will let others know that the Christian life is "for real."

Building Self-Control

MONDAY, August 25 □. *Read:* Mark 8, note verse 34, "Whosoever will . . . let him deny himself . . . and follow me." *Think:* In every successful life there is a grave and self must be buried in it. *Pray:* Ask God to help you recognize actions and goals that are self-centered and that will lead you away from spiritual goals.

TUESDAY, August 26 □. *Read:* Romans 12, note verse 3, "For I say . . . to every man . . . not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think." *Think:* Accept yourself not only for what you are but for what you can become through prayer and self-application. *Pray:* To reflect a spirit of sincerity in offering suggestions and in performing Christian duties.

WEDNESDAY, August 27 □. *Read:* Galatians 6, note verse 3, "For if a man think himself to be something, when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself." *Think:* Applause is the spur to noble minds, but the end to weak ones. *Pray:* For the work and the ministry of your state overseer and your state youth director.

THURSDAY, August 28 □. *Read:* 1 Corinthians 10, note verse 12, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." *Think:* You cannot stand (accomplish worthy goals) within your own ability alone; spiritual strength will also be required. *Pray:* Tell God that you are depending on Him to guide you in choosing a profession, a marriage partner, and a position of Christian service.

FRIDAY, August 29 □. *Read:* 1 Corinthians 11, note verse 28, "Let a man examine himself." *Think:* It is the quality of a foolish man to see the faults of others and to forget his own. *Pray:* Repeat the prayer of David, "Search me, O God," and purpose to correct revealed weaknesses.

SATURDAY, August 30 □. *Read:* 1 Corinthians 1, note verse 9, "God is faithful, by whom ye were called unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ." *Think:* If you wish to avoid the influence of evil, keep away from evil company. *Pray:* For your teen-age friends—for their happiness and Christian hope.

SUNDAY, August 31 □. *Read:* Proverbs 22, note verse 24, "Make no friendship with an angry man." *Think:* You tell others what you are by the friends you choose. *Pray:* Ask God to guide you in the choice of your friends and in the company you keep.



When Defeat means Victory

By WILLIAM J. KRUTZA

NO ONE REALLY likes to lose! For example, let us observe two ball clubs that take to the field. They play their best for one purpose—to win! The defeated team always looks second best. The locker room has a strange silence after a defeat. As far as the team is concerned, it is best to forget about it and hope for a better tomorrow.

Maybe you are not on a losing team, but you always seem to be a loser. You cannot even outscore a friend in Ping-Pong. You miss getting a bonus grade in school because some other student—possibly one who has not cared too much about a bonus before—for some unknown reason put forth a little extra effort. Your effort seemed in vain—and you were de-

feated again.

In the school orchestra you always seem to get the second violin position. On the school basketball team you are bumped to the reserve squad. You just cannot seem to win.

And now someone has the nerve to say there is victory in defeat. However, you are one of those persons who needs to be shown. You are ready to throw in the towel. What is the use of competing if you cannot win. But before you get out a crying towel, let us start reviewing some of the values that can be found in defeat. Once you find these values you will actually score a greater victory than the fellow who comes out on top of the scoreboard. If you can learn what defeat teaches, the scoring

column figures become somewhat insignificant.

You might never dethrone your victors, you might never be pushed into first chair, you might still remain on the reserve squad, but you can gain inner victory not recorded on cards or by positions. And a couple of years from now, when even the winners have forgotten the score or are bogged down in the frustrations of competition, you will be calmly looking on, satisfied that you competed with all the energy, skill, and enthusiasm that you possessed.

Let defeat help you analyze yourself. All of us can usually give some excuse why we lost. But when you analyze yourself in relationship to your defeat, you learn something about your own attitudes. Why did you lose? Was it because you did not put forth enough effort? Was it simply because your opponent, or the person who is ahead of you, is more skillful than you?

The matter of attitude lies at the root of much of the defeat in life. Some people naturally believe they cannot win. This mental block hinders them from making the crucial plays, the high performance that produces a winner.

The team with the "we're going to win the pennant" attitude throughout the playing season is difficult to defeat. Likewise, the individual whose attitude is geared to success is difficult to keep from rising to the top.

Answering the question, Why did I lose? will help you discover any personal faults that may need correcting. Maybe you could improve your performance by diligent practice. Maybe you could become a first-line player by putting forth more effort. Maybe you need a higher motivation than to simply be on top of the heap. If defeat drives you to an analysis of yourself, then it has as much value as victory.

Let defeat motivate you to recognize the abilities of others. Maybe the only reason you came

in second, or twelfth, was simply because others had greater abilities than you possess. The fellow who swam the 200 meter freestyle simply was a more skillful swimmer. The fellow who is the concertmaster simply knows more than you do about playing a violin. The person who won in the science exhibition simply has more scientific sophistication than you possess.

There is a great value in being able to cheer someone else on to victory. Your character shows itself strong and mature when you can congratulate the true winner in any situation. Others, who have put forth considerable effort, deserve the honors of being victors. And your personality is enlarged when you recognize the abilities of others.

Let defeat show you that struggles are an intricate part of life. The winner in one game might be the loser in the next. The fellow who one day pitches a no-hitter might be the victim of a barrage of home runs the next time he pitches. The concertmaster might play off-key at his next solo performance. We do not wish this on anyone, but even champions know the bitter agonies of defeats.

Defeats show you that all of life is not based on ease. There are many rough spots, many obstacles to be overcome, many faults to be corrected, many superiors to be recognized. The glittering peaks of success come after much rugged climbing. The championships are won after long struggles.

Defeat is on your side, especially if you allow it to bring about maturity of character. It will mature your character far faster than victory. It will challenge you to put forth the extra energy, enthusiasm, and stamina that makes you a conqueror at the next contest. By rebounding from defeat to try again, you demonstrate more than skill—you demonstrate character. Defeat can result in glorious victory in your life even if the scoreboard does not register your name at the top. ●

Wife of David Livingstone



from page 11

the wound was so severe that this was impossible.

With his arm in a sling, he went down to Kuruman to rest and get well. Soon he began to notice Mary. How had he missed her before? She looked just like the father whom he admired so much. His practical mind began to see that she was just the girl for him. She knew the country, the customs, and the language. Moreover, she was a thorough Christian and her eyes could fill with both love and laughter—a necessity for any successful missionary!

Soon, matter-of-fact Livingstone was writing a friend: "After nearly four years of African life as a bachelor, I screwed up my courage to put a question beneath one of the fruit trees—the result of which was that I was united in marriage to Mr. Moffat's eldest daughter Mary."

David and Mary started their married life at Mabotsa. Appropriately enough, the word means marriage feast in the local language. They were extremely happy from the very beginning. Both of them shared the same dream—that of opening the vast continent for others. This kind of work meant sacrifice, and Mary was willing to make any kind of sacrifice that was necessary. They made an excellent team. She pulled his teeth. He delivered her children. They prayed, planned, and worked together.

When the children grew older, Mary had to return to England so they could be in school. But as soon as possible she was back with her beloved David in Africa. The hard life, however, was too much for her. Soon she was stricken at Shupanga, a little place on the east end of the Zambesi. Livingstone stayed by her side night and day.

He did everything he could think of to save her. But it was impossible.

A man who was present, remembered her last moments: "He [Livingstone] was sitting by the side of a crude bed formed of boxes but covered with a soft mattress, on which lay his dying wife. . . . The man who had faced so many deaths and had braved so many dangers was now utterly broken down and weeping like a child. I found my own eyes were full before I was aware. He asked me to commit her soul to her Maker by prayer. He, Dr. Kirk, and I kneeled down, and I prayed the best I could. In less than an hour she was dead."

The next day she was buried beneath a baobab tree which was some sixty feet in circumference. She had died on Sunday evening, April 21, 1862.

Grief-stricken, David Livingstone went to his journal and put down the deep feelings of his heart in a paragraph that has seldom been equalled for sheer eloquence: "It is the first heavy stroke I have suffered, and it quite takes away my strength. I wept over her who well deserved my tears. I loved her when I married her, and the longer I lived with her I loved her the more.

"God pity the poor children who were all tenderly attached to her, and I am left in the world by one whom I felt to be a part of myself. . . . Oh my Mary, my Mary! how often have we longed for a quiet home, since you and I were cast adrift at Kolobeng; surely the removal by a kind Father who knoweth our frame means that He rewarded you by taking you to the best home, the eternal one in the heavens. . . ."

Mary had inspired David during her lifetime. Their correspondence was filled with tenderness, laughter, and kindness. Her death did not interrupt this inspiration. In the years that followed, he continued on and on with his explorations. Memories of her were a fountain that inspired him until his death at Chitambo's village. ●

Christian Teen and Character Building

B. FLOYD D. CAREY

Instructions: *Read* the assigned Bible chapters or verses. *Think* on the message and consider the devotional comments. *Pray* for the designated person or activity. *Check* each devotion in the provided square after it has been completed.

Building Honesty

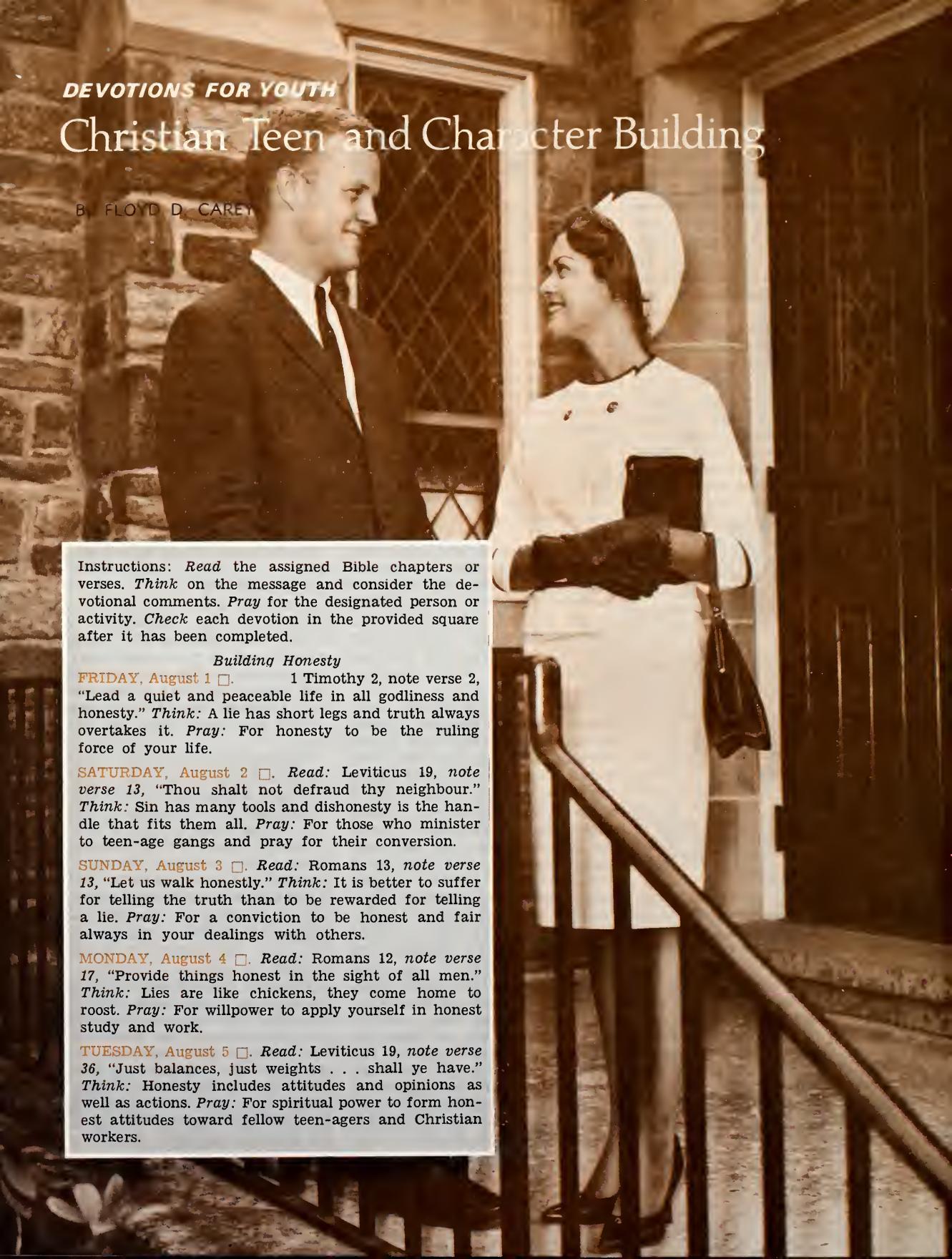
FRIDAY, August 1 *Read:* 1 Timothy 2, note verse 2, "Lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty." *Think:* A lie has short legs and truth always overtakes it. *Pray:* For honesty to be the ruling force of your life.

SATURDAY, August 2 *Read:* Leviticus 19, note verse 13, "Thou shalt not defraud thy neighbour." *Think:* Sin has many tools and dishonesty is the handle that fits them all. *Pray:* For those who minister to teen-age gangs and pray for their conversion.

SUNDAY, August 3 *Read:* Romans 13, note verse 13, "Let us walk honestly." *Think:* It is better to suffer for telling the truth than to be rewarded for telling a lie. *Pray:* For a conviction to be honest and fair always in your dealings with others.

MONDAY, August 4 *Read:* Romans 12, note verse 17, "Provide things honest in the sight of all men." *Think:* Lies are like chickens, they come home to roost. *Pray:* For willpower to apply yourself in honest study and work.

TUESDAY, August 5 *Read:* Leviticus 19, note verse 36, "Just balances, just weights . . . shall ye have." *Think:* Honesty includes attitudes and opinions as well as actions. *Pray:* For spiritual power to form honest attitudes toward fellow teen-agers and Christian workers.



Building Courtesy

WEDNESDAY, August 6 □. *Read:* Ephesians 4, note verse 32, "And be ye kind one to another." *Think:* Wherever there is a human being, there is an opportunity for kindness. *Pray:* You can witness for Christ through kindness. Talk with God about this method of witnessing.

THURSDAY, August 7 □. *Read:* Galatians 6, note verse 1, "If a man be . . . in a fault . . . restore such an one . . . considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." *Think:* A good rule in dealing with the faults of others is to treat them as you would your own. *Pray:* For spiritual ability to develop a forgiving spirit.

FRIDAY, August 8 □. *Read:* 1 Thessalonians 5, note verse 14, "Be patient toward all men." *Think:* Patience is your key to personal happiness and power-packed Christian service. *Pray:* For unsaved teenagers and practice patience in trying to win them to Christ.

SATURDAY, August 9 □. *Read:* Romans 12, note verse 10, "Be kindly affectioned . . . preferring one another." *Think:* The basis for your affection (love) toward a person or a program should be respect and honor. *Pray:* For your parents and ask God to lead them as they lead you.

SUNDAY, August 10 □. *Read:* 2 Peter 1, note verse 10, "For if ye do these things, ye shall never fall." *Think:* Courtesy opens every closed door and is the most effective method to win friends and influence people. *Pray:* For Christian courtesy and outline definite ways to develop and to display it.

Building Faithfulness

MONDAY, August 11 □. *Read:* Matthew 25, note verse 21, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." *Think:* Never put off until tomorrow that which you can do today. *Pray:* Purpose to be faithful in performing church duties and in developing dependency.

TUESDAY, August 12 □. *Read:* Revelation 2, note verse 10, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." *Think:* Be faithful in all good, for faithfulness is the mother of good fortune. *Pray:* For the sick and shut-ins that are members of your local church.

WEDNESDAY, August 13 □. *Read:* Psalm 101, note verse 6, "Mine eyes shall be upon the faithful of the land." *Think:* The plea of ignorance will never take away our responsibility. *Pray:* For extra courage to be faithful in all things.

THURSDAY, August 14 □. *Read:* 3 John, note verse 5, "Beloved, thou doest faithfully whatsoever thou doest to the brethren, and to strangers." *Think:* The local church is a family of believers. This family must be faithful toward one another if the mission of the church is to be fulfilled. *Pray:* For your pastor as he leads the church forward under God.

FRIDAY, August 15 □. *Read:* 1 Timothy 1, note verse 12, "And I thank Christ . . . that he counted me faithful." *Think:* To be faithful to the cause of Christ automatically makes us faithful to every other good cause. *Pray:* For the weak and the discouraged that attend your church.

Building Reverence

SATURDAY, August 16 □. *Read:* Psalm 89, note verse 7, "God is . . . to be had in reverence of all." *Think:* If we wish to be high (loved and respected), we must treat that which is over us as higher. *Pray:* Spend your entire prayer session in praise and thanksgiving to God for His grace and goodness.

SUNDAY, August 17 □. *Read:* Hebrews 13, note verse 17, "Obey them that have the rule over you . . . for they watch for your souls." *Think:* The strongest virtue of Christianity is obedience. *Pray:* For the general officials of the Church of God: Dr. Charles W. Conn, general overseer; Dr. R. Leonard Carroll, Dr. Ray H. Hughes, and Wade H. Horton, assistant overseers; and Dr. C. Raymond Spain, general secretary and treasurer.

MONDAY, August 18 □. *Read:* Ecclesiastes 12, note verse 1, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." *Think:* A life built on reverence to God is a life built on a solid and sure foundation. *Pray:* Tell God that you respect His Word and His ways, and that you want to obey His will for your life.

TUESDAY, August 19 □. *Read:* Leviticus 19, note verse 32, "Rise up before the hoary [gray] head, and honour the face of the old man." *Think:* Respect for the aged is a mark of strength, not weakness. *Pray:* For the senior saints of your local church and express appreciation for their life of love and leadership.

WEDNESDAY, August 20 □. *Read:* Leviticus 19, note verse 30, "Reverence my sanctuary: I am the Lord." *Think:* He who cares not for God's house, shows he cares not for God. *Pray:* That your church conduct may be respectful; make sure that it reflects your true feelings about God and holy things.

Building Temper-Control

THURSDAY, August 21 □. *Read:* Ecclesiastes 7, note verse 9, "Anger resteth in the bosom of fools." *Think:* Some people think they are "big shots," because they explode easily. *Pray:* For a divine defense to control anger and emotions.

FRIDAY, August 22 □. *Read:* Proverbs 14, note verse 17, "He that is soon angry dealeth foolishly." *Think:* Learn to control your temper or it will soon control you. *Pray:* For the youth of your local church; their home life, their spiritual life and their social life.

SATURDAY, August 23 □. *Read:* Ephesians 4, note verse 31, "Let all . . . anger . . . be put away from you." *Think:* A mind filled with anger cannot experience the joy of forgiving an enemy. *Pray:* For world missions and for Church of God missionaries.

(Continued on page 23)

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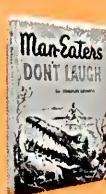
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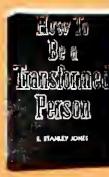
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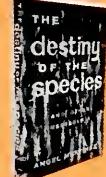
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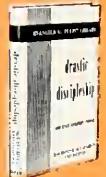
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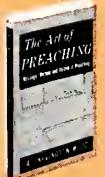
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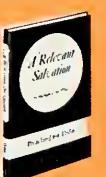
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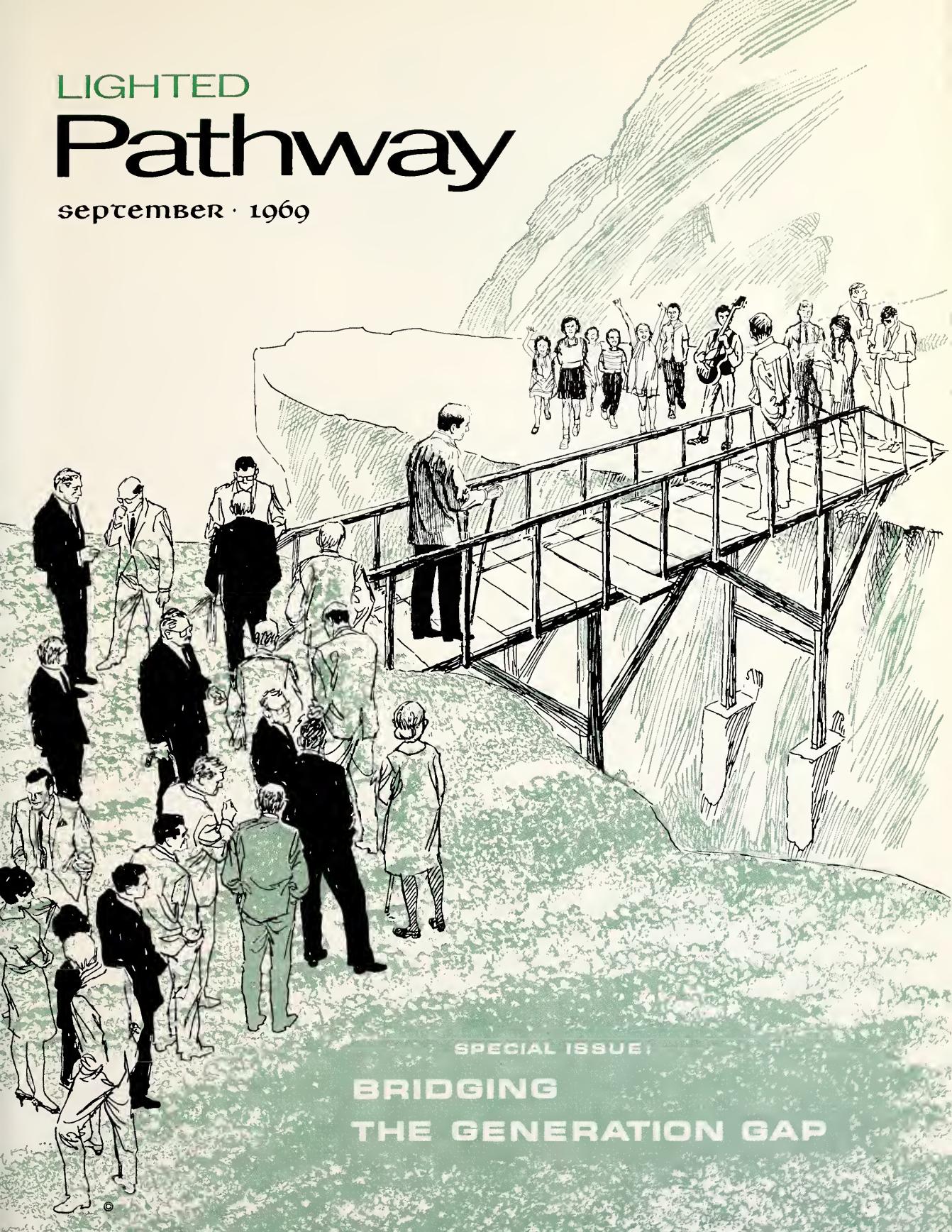
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SPECIAL ISSUE

**BRIDGING
THE GENERATION GAP**

PARENTAL LOVE

A shrub grows strong with pruning care,
For shearing boughs gives strength;
The roots will surge with greater life,
And grow with greater length.

Children thrive with pruning love,
When parental care is shown;
For love, when used to discipline,
Is the best love that is known.

—Roy Z. Kemp

LESSON FOR FATHERS

Take time to listen to your son,
To teach him how to live;
Take time to love and cuddle him
And of yourself to give.
Take time to listen to his prayers
And other words he says
And you will know great happiness
In future, later days.

The years go by, for time is swift;
A boy is soon a man;
If you withheld companionship,
Between you is a span
No longer bridgeable. Your son
Will go a lonely way,
But yours will be the greater loss
And lonelier your day!

—Roy Z. Kemp

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September, 1969

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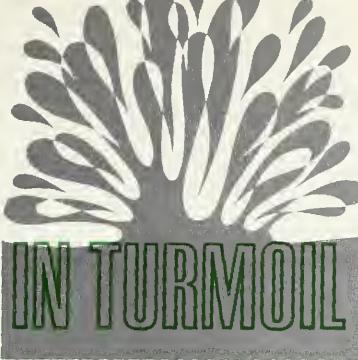
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Editorial

Clyne W. Buxton

TEEN-AGERS IN TURMOIL

HALF OF THE world's population is under twenty years of age; and because of the fast-paced, constantly changing times, much of the populace, and especially the teenager, is perplexed. Some are floundering as they grope for a few solid certainties upon which to stand. They see civil laws challenged, church standards changed, and doubts cast upon God's Word. It is difficult for them to know which way to turn, and millions of them are in turmoil.

Dr. Warren Wiersbe, a pastor of Covington, Kentucky, spoke on the Lee College campus recently and compared today's teen-ager to the biblical character who fell among thieves and was later helped by the Good Samaritan. Today's thieves, he said, contrive to get from the teen-ager all that they can wring from him, regardless of the ill effects upon the youth; and the priests and Levites look upon him as a nuisance to be avoided.

The innkeeper thinks of the adolescent as a customer to serve, and he fills his pockets with the money the teen-ager spends. The lawyer thinks of the youth as a problem to discuss, and he spends hours analyzing him.

However, today's Good Samaritan views the teen-ager as a person to love, understand, and help. Just as the biblical Good Samaritan ignored the wide social chasm between himself and the injured Jew, today's Good Samaritan disregards the gap between himself and the adolescent and lovingly lifts him and leads him to firm ground.

We should not shun nor fear today's teen-ager, but we should love him and guide him to a saving and keeping knowledge of Christ. Every teen-ager is an individual, and we should deal with each one personally. We are foolish when we judge all youths by the conduct of a few bad ones.

Youth of this generation are discussed more, judged more, and pampered more than youth of any preceding age. They do face problems, and thousands of them are causing conflict as they smoke marijuana, sniff glue, and take drugs. We may ask, however, Do today's youth cause problems, or do they only react to deep-seated problems of our adult society? Are they only playing back what they see existing among the rest of the populace?

Someone has said that there are four kinds of teen-agers that cause us trouble, not because they exist, but because we have conjured them up in our own minds. They are listed as follows:

The historical teen-ager. In thinking of him we talk about how adolescents used to be and how different they were to those of today, forgetting that these are different days from yesterday. "You and I don't even remember when we were teen-agers—we only recall what we choose, concerning those years," Warren Wiersbe said.

The statistical teen-ager. In spite

of all the statistics, none are average; they are all different, one from the other.

The commercial teen-ager. This is the robust one that appears on television and billboard advertisements. However, they do not have to be a great athlete to be outstanding.

The ideal teen-ager. What is an ideal teen-ager? Who decides?

There are ways that we as Christian adults can help today's teenagers. Paul L. Walker, a pastor in Atlanta, Georgia, suggested the following: "Keep them close to God. If you have to pray them through to Christ every Sunday night, do it. During my teen-age years I wrecked Dad's car twice and lied about how it happened both times. But then Dad would preach, and I would go to the altar and repent of the lies I had told him."

Speaking in the Lee College auditorium, Walker continued, "At the age of eighteen, life came together for me while praying right here on this stage—beyond that door," he concluded, as he pointed to a doorway to the side of the stage.

Teen-agers in turmoil should be fully informed that Christ, the Prince of Peace, can calm their souls. If they will surrender their lives to Christ, He will faithfully lead them through their teen-age years. ●

Bridging The Generation Gap

By BOBBY G. ROSS

WHEN WE THINK of bridging the gap, we think of "reaching across to," "making connection with," or "closing the gulf between" parents and teen-agers, or the church and its youth. This implies that two generations have drifted apart and are out of contact with each other.

The younger generation has been termed the "rebellious generation," the "now generation," the "cool generation," the "tense generation," and even the "tormented generation." Whatever the title, it is agreed that this is a generation of protest, revolution, crisis, and change. Young people are searching for individual identity, for a challenge and a faith. It has long been asserted that no two generations think alike. Each generation is unique in its place in history and in its response to the social, economic, and moral climate of its time.

The younger generation is probably the most discussed, dissected, and potentially disruptive generation in the history of man. *Time* magazine describes them as "a new kind of generation." Pointing to the critical gap widening between the younger generation and its elder counterpart, *Time* quoted Britain's Leslie Paul, who said, "The relations of the generations may become the central social issue of the next fifty years, as the relations between the classes have been for the past half-century."

One-half of the population of the United States today is under twenty-five years of age, and by 1970 it will be 60 percent. The burning question facing church leaders today is, How do we communicate the gospel to our generation?

In a recent commencement address Francis H. Horn of the university systems of New York said, "The generation gap has always existed, but certainly not until our time has it been so apparent and its manifestations so widespread."

WHY DOES A GAP EXIST?

Raymond Brock polled young people across the nation to get their viewpoints. Their responses fall into four general areas:

"A gap exists between people of any age who have stopped learning." We must keep up-to-date with technological changes, no matter what our age or where we live.

"Too many people live in the past and thrive on its memories." Experiences that tie us to the past sever our relations with the present. The expression, "You can't trust anyone over thirty," has arisen because of this temptation.

"We young people think for ourselves, but our elders are content to adhere to the ideas of others." Older folk are prone to assume that only age brings experience,



A. Devaney



Harold M. Lambert

forgetting that young folk can be just as informed through study, travel, and the marvels of the mass media.

"We young people want reasons, not rules." That is why some young people change so completely when they are away from the rules of home. The ideas which have been presented to them at home have been more in the form of ideals than a workable way of life.

WHAT PART DOES THE HOME PLAY IN BRIDGING THE GAP?

The disintegration of the American home is of great concern to all because the basic unit of society is the home. I once read a statement by a certain lady who said, "Why do I need a home? I was born in a hospital and educated in college. I courted in an automobile and was married in a church. I live out of a delicatessen, tin cans, and paper bags. I spend my mornings on the golf course, my afternoons at the bridge table, and my evenings at the movies. And

when I die, I will be cremated and buried in a brass urn. All I really need is a garage."

The sociologist has made his study and has found that some cancer is eating away at the vitals of the home. He thinks he knows what the problem is, but has not found a solution.

The basic reason for unhappiness in the home is the fact that we have disregarded God and the principles which He has given us. We have refused to acknowledge His plan for the family.

Samuel Grafton, in his article "The Tense Generation" in the *Look* magazine, says, "So organized is juvenile life today, with music lessons, language clubs, sports, and classes that some kids of twelve are found carrying date books with every half hour of the week filled in. Parents themselves are busy and preoccupied, often in organizing the very activities that keep their children busy, thus making sure that hardly anybody ever gets to be with anybody else. The successful suburban father is likely to be in such demand in his

town for club, committee, and board meetings that he ends up with only hearsay information about what his children are doing."

One youth worker stated that "many youngsters really don't understand what their fathers do, because they see them so seldom, and actually have no clear idea of a man's role in life."

Dr. Robert Cook says, "The kids have put their finger on the sore spot in American homes: spiritual weakness and carelessness. Our young people are being subjected to a kind of Scotch tape brand of piety—hastily stuck on when life starts to come apart at the seams. And they don't like it."

In a survey of teen-age opinions in five major cities, the question was asked: "If you were a parent, what single thing would you attempt to do for your teen-ager which you think would help him most spiritually?" One out of every three teen-agers replied, "The family altar, and have it regularly." Thirty-four percent of Christian teens wish that their parents

Please turn page

would start and maintain regular family worship.

WHAT DOES YOUR TEEN-AGER EXPECT OF YOU?

Consistency. He would plead, first of all, for spiritual reality in the lives of his parents. One of the bitter disappointments suffered by teens in the dawning awareness of life on a near-adult level is the realization that their parents are religious jokes. Yes, teen-agers expect their parents to be real in their relationship to God. What does spiritual reality mean? For one thing, it means "consistency." If you vary from time to time, and from mood to mood, you make him wonder whether the principles on which life is supposed to be lived can be very important after all.

Empathy. Evelyn Duvall, in her book *Today's Teen-Agers*, states that teens do not want sympathy, but they respond to generous amounts of *empathy*—that morale-building quality of knowing how it feels to be the other person.

Discipline. "Teen-agers need safeguards, and they know it. They can be expected to resist adult guidelines; but they need them, and they feel lost when they are not there. Exploration of any kind requires certain safeguards necessary for survival, as well as the skills necessary for success. Each adolescent is in a sense an explorer launching out into the unknown. He has never been an adult before. Neither he nor anyone else has ever lived in exactly this kind of world" (Duvall).

Confidence. You may give youth your time and your money, but the thing they cherish most is your confidence. They need to feel that you trust them.

Understanding. The young person's criticism of home, family, and parents can be interpreted as the clumsy, crude, and often uncomfortable efforts the teen-agers must make to grow up and stand on his own feet rather than continuing to lean on his family.

WHAT PART DOES THE PASTOR PLAY IN BRIDGING THE GAP?

The Reverend Mel W. Johnson, director of "Tips for Teens" radio broadcast, has often spoken on the subject of the pastor's relationship with his young people. These are some of his admonitions:

Never stop learning.

Accentuate the positive. In your preaching stress the positive, joyous results of the Christian life.

Eliminate the ego. Never say, "This is what I did when I was your age.

Stay on praying ground. Your daily devotional life and communion with the Lord must be up-to-date.

Be practical. Do not be so heavily minded that you are no earthly good.

Be yourself. Do not mimic. They will know if your spiritual experience is real or phony.

Do not criticize other young people to a teen-ager.

Listen and be patient. Remember that you yourself were young once.

Speak with authority, but do not dictate. Young people turn a deaf ear and build up a stony heart against anybody whom they feel is forcing them to do something. A dogmatic pastor is classified as "square" by the kids and is talked about as someone who "thinks he is always right."

Be bright, cheerful, and triumphant in Christ. In your actions demonstrate that the Christian life is the life that wins. Do not forget, teen-agers watch every move you make. Their spiritual progress may well depend upon what they see.

One pastor compressed his youth-approach into four essentials: availability, communication, motivation, and involvement.

WHAT PART DOES THE CHURCH PLAY IN BRIDGING THE GAP?

We live in an age where, for many people, the church has become completely irrelevant. In one of his books Dr. Joad said: "For the first time in human history a generation has arisen that has no religion and that feels the need of

none! To a generation like that it is clear that the church must stand for absolutely nothing."

The Church and Its Leaders.

Raymond Brock in a recent book, *Our Mission in Today's World* says that there are at least ten traits that young people look for in their Christian leaders—"someone who is consistent, someone who strives to understand modern youth, someone whom they can trust, someone in whom they can confide, someone who shows concern, someone who is encouraging, someone who respects their reticence, someone who will allow them freedom of choice, someone who maintains positive expectation, and someone who encourages creativity."

Edward L. Hayes, in an article in the *Link* magazine, submits five things which a teen-ager needs—to have elbow room to grow up, to be disciplined, to find his place in life, to be a part of a group, and to find a mate.

Henrietta Mears stated that we must enlist their basic desires: the urge for security, recognition, new experiences, and social response; and the urge to help, to aid, and to cooperate.

"This strategic age—with its decisions, transitions, changes, contradictions, and rebellions—needs to be understood by every church youth worker. Study their needs. Become an authority on what makes teen-agers tick" (Edward L. Hayes). A working knowledge of these factors will go a long way in bridging the generation gap. Remember, God—not the psychologist—made him the way he is.

The Church Must Be of Benefit to Teens.

The pastor and his church leaders must have a set of purposes for their youth ministry if it is to succeed. Many pastors are interested

Continued on page 18

Bobby G. Ross, pastor of the Parkwood Avenue Church of God, Charlotte, N. C., is widely experienced in working with youth in youth camps, and as an evangelist and a pastor. He preached this message at a state-wide convention in North Carolina.



A TEEN-AGER WRITES FROM JAIL

An open letter written by eighteen-year-old Duane Harris in the State Reformatory at Ionia, Michigan, to youths in his hometown of Monroe, Michigan. Published in the "Monroe Evening News" on October 6, 1967. Used with permission.

By DUANE HARRIS

THIS LETTER IS being written thirty-five feet inside four walls that isolate about one thousand persons, many of them no older or worse in terms of character than you are.

Just for the record, this is Ionia (Michigan). Society refers to it as a reformatory. I call it a big house at the end of the road, for surely this is the end of the road for most of the people who come here. For others, you might say it is the "beginning of the end."

I am one of the inmates—a convict. It does not matter why I am here, or how long I must stay; and neither does it matter what you may think of me for speaking brutally frank with you. Your opinion of me is not going to make me stay one day more or less, nor is it going to make my shame—and the shame that I have brought upon others—more innocent or any easier to bear.

For your sake, what does matter is that one day I was a normal teen-ager going to Monroe High School—probably a lot like you. The next day I had stepped (or leaped) across that narrow line which separates the decent people from the indecent, without giving any thought to the subject. I violated a number of laws and subsequently became mixed up to my ears in the blackest social muck known to civilization—prison.

As I write this letter, the clock hands approach the midnight hour—the end of my 12,120th hour behind bars. That is exactly 505 days, and a big slice out of my youth. Make doubly sure that this never happens to you! Before you steal that car for a joyride, or

break into that store or service station, let me tell you a little about crime and punishment.

The Michigan Reformatory is the first step for many youngsters just getting started on an infamous avenue. Some of them—the smart ones—end their criminal careers right here when they serve two or three years. They are paroled and eventually become good citizens. But others use it as a stepping-stone to Jackson, Leavenworth, Sing Sing, or Milan. One morning, however, they wake up to discover that while they have been sitting in near vegetation in a cell, youth has passed them by. It is a sickening experience. . . .

Listen to the voice of experience. Crime does not pay enough money to compensate a person for all the heartaches he has to go through to serve even a single year in prison.

Nobody could have made me believe this four years ago. *I did not want to listen.* I had tasted the fruits of crime and found them sweet. Foolishly I kept reaching for more, egotistically thinking that I was the only guy in the world getting away with it. That was mistake number two. Prisons from Maine to Florida, from New York to California, and all around the world, are filled with guys who thought that they could get away with their crimes.

There really is much more to serving a prison term than just being locked up in a cell. First, there is the loss of character, and then the debasement and ridicule from society. Then there is the loss of individuality; but there still is more—much more.



A. Devaney

The worst hurt of all comes when a relative or friend visits us. Dressed in the typical prison garb, we are separated by scant inches, although actually we are years and worlds apart.

Visits are the same for all prisoners. We notice a tinge of gray in the mother's hair, the little indelible lines in the wife's or sweetheart's face, and the little jagged streaks of red in their eyes. We know that they have felt one hundred hours for every hour we have suffered. It twists some of us up inside.

This is the final reward for hanging out in roadhouses, for drinking, for accidentally killing someone in a drag race, or for acting on impulse rather than sound reasoning.

I have only one piece of advice for teen-agers. Stop and think before acting irrationally! Ask yourself: Am I prepared to sacrifice all? Can I live with loneliness, regret, and heartache?

If you cannot, then you had better turn back before it is too late, because these will be your only companions in a prison cell. •

THE SEARCH FOR truth and knowledge has led man in many directions and often placed him in a questionable position in home, church, and society. Yet the struggle and attainment of truth and knowledge are essential to a mature and emotionally sound life.

Distinction, however, must be established between a serious search for truth and an effort to escape the realities of life. These distinctions must be determined with greater certainty today than in the decades which have passed. Present-day portions of society, which give vent to so-called mind expanding drugs, depressants, and narcotics, are the product of their own selfish desires to escape the realities of life and to set a pattern of morality which no mature society could endorse. In contrast to the repulsion that society has for lawlessness is the openness with which it accepts earnest persons who are seeking truth for the sake of truth and emotionally sound living.

Persons of every age level are challenged with confrontations that, when successfully met, will reveal truth and set the stage for a more mature role in the home, church, and society. While a note of concern is sounded for us mortals who are still struggling for truth, even in our more advanced years, it is the burden of this issue to address itself to those of adolescent age—the difficult period between childhood and adulthood.

A more specific concern that is attached to the struggle for truth and maturity is the part rebellion plays in adolescent life. Rebellion in its normal form is a part of growing up and the change to independent thinking. Rebellion in its radical form is destructive and a certain sign of misdirected values. The latter of the two positions has brought about national and world concern and has pressed upon thinking persons everywhere the fact that there is existing a generation bent on going its own route.

Some news media have publicized

Strange Paths

By JAMES E. HUMBERTSON

this condition as a "generation gap," "communication gap," "awakening gap," and an "independence gap." While recent surveys show a small portion of society that is determined to divorce itself from the present generation of adults, it can hardly be established that the small percentage of rebellious persons is representative of the eighty-one million youth of America, and the teeming millions throughout the world. The following inscription found on a 6,000-year-old Egyptian tomb will suffice to illustrate the fact that the present problem is not something new in history: "We live in a decadent age. Young people no longer respect their parents. They are rude and impatient . . . and have no self control."

No person with sound reasoning could classify all rebellious acts in the same manner. Yet all youth, in the search for truth, do face certain basic confrontations which may or may not result in rebellion and which may or may not be met with success. It is in these confrontations that many persons, in a sincere effort to arrive at truth, proper values, and stability, find

the path to maturity strange and frustrating.

Some of the confrontations that every youth faces are as follows: (1) the placing of great importance on peers and the appeal to conform to various groups; (2) the struggling with one's sense of worth, selfhood, and identity; (3) the making of major decisions regarding one's marriage, lifework, and role in society; (4) the placing of authority and decision making; and (5) the breaking away from parental authority, with a loosening of home ties.

In some cases the successful meeting of these confrontations is never completely accomplished. In others, it occurs in violent and radical ways. In still others, the confrontations are met so quietly and unevenly that it seldom becomes reason for concern.

Though years of study have not revealed a solution to every individual as he faces these issues, a basic reason established for the successful meeting of confrontations is the ability of some to relate truth and reality to life as they move toward maturity. Truth, though often achieved only

after long struggles and strange paths, is open to all who will seek diligently for its values. "Truth," it has been said, "is a great stronghold, barred and fortified by God . . . and diligence is properly the understanding's laying siege to it."

The origin of truth is God. Men never make truths, they only recognize this currency of God. The biblical view of truth and knowledge presupposes a source of all knowledge, for knowledge is dependent on truth and truth is dependent upon God. All avenues of knowledge find their origin in God, and must be interpreted in the light of His nature and work, namely: God Himself is Truth, His works through creation reveal truth, and His special revelation in the Person of His Son and the Holy Scripture reveal truth.

A clear perception of truth, should be the ultimate achievement of all knowledge, and the goal at which any conscientious person will aim. But when truth is

recognized and a life pattern conditioned by it, the path to maturity will be less frustrating.

It is a healthy position when the search for truth and knowledge cannot be content with a theory or hypothesis that is not properly supported. Indeed intellectual doubt is a sign of very discriminating and responsible persons, who are alert to the peculiarities of honest thought.

Among the issues of life which have often caused a so-called "gap" is the idealism of youth and the realism of parents as thoughts are focused on Christianity. Youth often find it difficult to accept truths based on grounds other than intellectual. Yet Christianity does not lend itself to a neat package ready for dissecting with every factor well established on an intellectual basis. It is not just another theory or plan for unfolding every detail of the universe. Rather Christianity is addressed to the issue of people making their

lives count for something and of meeting the great issues of life—a desire for life eternal, a plan and pattern that will enable one to attain immortal life in eternal bliss, and help for living a God-approved life as one makes his journey to his eternal home.

Christianity thus appeals to our need for a personal quality that is resilient and strong, that will withstand the criticism and scrutiny of the most critical mind. It fits all common human needs, if one will bring into the open his own shortcomings and his dissatisfaction with himself.

The need for dissatisfaction, however, is the crucial point which must preface the encounter with the Christian life. If the search for truth and knowledge reveals anything, it will reveal the fact that man is a dependent creation, that he has no self-sufficiency, and that his complete terrestrial existence as he lives in anticipation of immortal bliss is conditioned by knowing truth—a metaphysical quality that has its origin in God.

Death to the adolescent mind seems to be many years removed, and with normal circumstances it will be; but truth reveals an encounter with death, and until a person finds meaning in death, he will find no meaning in life.

When meaning in life is achieved, successful meeting of life's confrontations will develop; and when life's confrontations are met successfully, they will be met on the basis of revealed truth. Truth does not lead in blind and misdirected paths, but brings to those who diligently seek it a mature and emotionally sound life. ●



Eastern Photo Service

James E. Humbertson, dean of West Coast Bible College for five years, holds the master of religious education degree. Since March 1 of this year he has served as editorial assistant in the area of Sunday school and youth literature of the Church of God.



A Crucifixion in Florida

By EDWIN LOVELL



A YOUNG WOMAN, a teenager, was crucified. What crime did she commit? The refusal to degrade herself in order to obtain money to be given to a member of the Outlaws motorcycle gang. For this act of defiance she was nailed to a tree to remain there for fifteen minutes. She had no intention of reporting the incident, but pain and infection drove her to seek aid. She was hospitalized in West Palm Beach.

The former leader of the Outlaws was in police custody—the result of a raid upon his hangout several months previous to the crucifixion. If he had been present, it is doubtful the event would have taken place. He was lawless in many ways, but he was not inclined to brutality. Despite this environment of beatings, sex orgies, and marijuana parties, a seed was planted which was to bear unexpected fruit.

During the period the leader was being held in a local jail, he was visited on numerous occasions by

several of the girls who had been involved with the gang. He was also visited repeatedly by an area minister who talked with him of salvation. Eventually he and one of the girls realized the meaning of God and Christianity, and both came to accept Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour. This was only a beginning.

The church, of which I am a member, has a young peoples' recreation program in progress under the leadership of a youth director, a ministerial student nineteen years of age. This program has religious overtones and is open to all, regardless of race or creed. The new Christian girl was invited to speak at a meeting of this group.

The testimony of this teen-ager was a revelation. It was the story of her life, beginning as a cigarette-smoking girl of ten. It was told in a language easily understood by her young listeners, and its very simplicity made it the more emphatic. She omitted nothing, and the manner in which she discussed certain subjects indi-

cated a delicacy and taste unexpected from a person of her background and experience. The climax of her recital came when she told of her conversion, and the meaning of Jesus Christ to her.

The impact of this girl's discourse was fantastic. A large number of young people gave testimonies, some of a most surprising nature. Twenty-one teen-agers made decisions for Christ. This occurred at a mid-week meeting. Since a strong emotional element was present, no official action was taken at the time. However, on the following Sunday and on subsequent Sundays, many boys and girls came forward to accept Christ as their personal Saviour and were baptized.

God has His own methods. The headquarters of the godless Outlaws was to all intents and purposes, an arid field for regeneration. Nevertheless, it was there that acts of lawlessness, including the crucifixion of a young girl, were to be indirectly responsible for leading many young people to Christ. •

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Photo by Bob Taylor

By HORACE WARD, Ph.D.

SINCE THE STUDENT revolt at Berkeley five years ago, middle-aged America has been thoroughly frightened by its younger generation. The source of the fear is not to be found in the fact of rebellion, immorality or lawlessness; for delinquent gangs, sex parties, teen-age drinking, and the conspiratorial attitude of adolescent society had already been matters of prime concern.

The frightening specter appeared in the form of a chant which would become a theme of the new rebellion, "Don't trust anyone over thirty!" A new concept was being verbalized which would be proclaimed in literature and in the mass media as "The Generation Gap."

A barrage of books, articles, discussions, lectures, and broadcasts systematically persuaded America that she was suffering from a new disease, when in fact an old ailment was being diagnosed in exag-

gerated terms under a new name.

It was already well known to psychologists that adolescence marked a withdrawal of the child from close home ties, involving him in an exclusive peer culture, and pitting him in a "cat-and-mouse" game against adult society. The phenomenon had been studied from the early days of psychology.

Parents had already bemoaned an inability to communicate with their children. For twenty-four centuries history had recorded the complaint of Socrates that:

The children now love luxury; they show disrespect for elders and love chatter in place of exercise. Children are tyrants, not the servants of their households. They no longer rise when their elders enter the room. They contradict their parents, chatter before company, gobble up dainties at the table, cross their legs, and tyrannize over their teachers.

Almost four centuries ago Shakespeare had recorded a similar criticism:

I would there were no age between ten and three and twenty or that youth would sleep out the rest. For there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancients, stealing, fighting.

It was a difficult process, but it was nature's way of nudging the adolescent from his nest—from dependency toward autonomy, from childhood to adulthood. If it were a disease, time would provide the cure. Mark Twain offered his experience in evidence when he reported that at fourteen he seriously questioned the intelligence of his father, but at twenty-one he was surprised to see how much an old man could learn in just seven years.

A most comforting thought to psychologists and parents was the fact that in many families the

Gap

A Diagnosis More Deadly Than the Disease

transition was made very easily. Both parents and children sensed a mutual understanding. For them there was no "gap."

Widening the Gap

The "generation gap" is now being dangerously widened by a number of modern influences.

A primary influence is the naive conceit resulting from the evolutionary hypothesis. We have deluded ourselves into supposing that our generation represents the pinnacle of civilization—that our accomplishments are the greatest, our intellects the most brilliant, our innovations the most daring, and our problems the most insoluble.

Somehow our superior position frees us from the rules and responsibilities which had bound lesser men from less enlightened days. Somehow living in the shadow of the bomb can be rationalized into a justification for radicalism, rebellion, impertinence, and hedonism.

For a society of superior intellects, we seem to be surprisingly ignorant of the wisdom which we are borrowing from previous ages. We have built our science on the genius of the Greeks. Our engineering is still challenged by the brilliance of the ancient Egyptians. Shakespeare stands unchallenged as the apex of English literature. The new fashions plagiarize designs from the Roaring Twenties. The new morality borrows from Adam and Eve. Social activism is a poor imitation of abolitionism, prohibitionism, and the suffragette movement—failing to provide the moral force of Carry Nation and Susan B. Anthony, though attempting to use their methods. Even our violence and anarchy in Chicago, Paris, and Pakistan was presaged

by the Peasants' Revolt and the French Revolution.

What remains is the feeble rationalization that the threat of the bomb somehow justifies our irresponsibility and irreverence, but this is no more awesome to us than were the bubonic plague and Indian massacres to our forbears.

It has been said, "The more things change, the more they remain the same." But our naive conceit is nevertheless being used to justify the perpetuation of a dangerous condition.

Pragmatism and existentialism have flattered man into believing that he is the measure of all things, that his experience is the only relevant criterion, and that he is at liberty to "do his own thing." Psychology has produced a confusing mass of conjectures concerning the efficacy of various child-rearing methods and has arbitrarily promoted an extreme permissiveness which the data do not support. These influences have promoted an egocentrism which obstructs inter-generation communication and understanding.

The sensationalist mass media have aided self-serving propagandists in portraying the riotous excesses of a few students as a glorious revolution of the entire younger generation. In a university enrolling tens of thousands, a few hundred students will be portrayed as the younger generation, while the responsible thousands will be ignored or called "square." By generalization and oversimplification a band-wagon effect has been created and rebellion has spread. A sickening "youth cult" makes many adults join the band-wagon, because in this country nobody wants to grow up, except chil-

dren—age and experience have lost their appeal.

The population explosion and continued urbanization have initiated children into outside society before their familial education has been completed. Family roles are not learned, and parental prestige is undermined. Parents, who on the farm would be the most knowledgeable person in the child's acquaintance, are supplanted by specialization and innovations such as the new math. They no longer are supreme in the minds of their children, and they have begun to abdicate their roles of authority and instruction.

In the fertile breasts of gullible youth, these seeds can breed a dangerous harvest.

Critical Consequences

Having diagnosed the new disease and hysterically spread the word throughout the human community, we have endowed the syndrome with a legitimacy which it did not previously possess. Youth accepts the term as a justification for continued arrogance, inexperience, and rebellion. Lines are rigidly drawn, and communication is obstructed.

The young will pay the dearest price of all, for they have surrendered a precious privilege of the human race—the ability to learn from the experience of others. Not having learned the appropriate

Continued on page 21

Dr. Ward is dean of students at Lee College, Cleveland, Tenn., where he is highly respected for his keen ability and his godly deportment. He has addressed youth groups in numerous states and has led many young people to Christ.



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AT-1AT

SPENDING TIME WITH MY CHILDREN

OH, MOTHER, I'VE wasted my whole day!" Those were the words spoken by Marjorie, my eighteen-year-old daughter, that set me to wondering. Just what are wasted hours?

A widow living alone with my two teen-age children, I can adjust my hours to suit theirs. I enjoy every minute spent with them.

This morning being Marjorie's day off from work and no school for Jimmy, we slept late. After a leisurely, pleasant breakfast we wandered from kitchen to the living room to have a final cup of coffee in front of the fireplace. Before we realized it, the hours had slipped away.

On glancing at the mantel clock Marjorie exclaimed, "Oh, Mother, I've wasted my one day off this week. Look at this house. I do hope that no one comes, Mother. They never would understand our sitting here at one o'clock in the afternoon still wearing our house-coats, our breakfast dishes in the sink, beds unmade, and dust on the furniture."

"I don't care, it's been fun," I said defiantly. "Haven't you enjoyed just relaxing for a change, after six days of schedules and hurry?"

"Sure, Mother, but such a waste of time. Now it's too late to get anything done."

I still was not convinced, for it had been such a happy, homey morning. True, we had done nothing but sit before the fire and make plans for our future. A lot of the plans had been only wonderful daydreams that probably never would come true, but it had been such fun.

Like so many people, my daughter was learning to follow the well-established routine of the world from day to day and missing much

away from our everyday routine from time to time, to let our minds run fancy free. Fantasy and useful reverie can add to the richness of our lives in those leisure hours.

Only yesterday I took some of my allotted hours and wasted them, as my daughter would say, strolling along the mossy bank of the silvery, small creek that runs through our farm. If I tried, could I ever convince her that my time was well spent in watching a small, black spider as it danced across a intricate, sun-illuminated web and started to devour its snared, buzzing victim; in seeing the flash of a trout's pink belly as it leaped to catch a gnat; in thrilling at the lilting sound of a tinkling cowbell, and being completely enthralled with the antics of a scampering, beautifully striped chipmunk; or in gazing skyward at a band of geese honking their way South?

I know that there are mothers who could never neglect their housework as I do, or even feel that it would be in the best interest of their children to drop everything and waste time doing some of the many things that I have done. But were the hours wasted that I spent learning to ride our old black mare, at the request of my son, lonesome for the companionship of a recently lost father? Sure, I ended up with a stiff neck, sore muscles, and butterflies in my stomach; but my son and I had some good laughs, and he came home with some of the edge off his recent sorrow.

Another time, while the dishes piled up in the sink and dust undisturbed, lazed on the furniture, I spent the day in boxing gloves just trying to comply with my son's request, "Hit me, Mom." I had

By NORA ANN KUEHN



of the joy of living. She was forgetting the pleasure of relaxing in the rush of modern life.

I was happy that she had grown into a dependable and capable worker, but I did not want her mind to become so occupied with disturbances and problems that she would forget to enjoy the many blessings that are ours if only we will take the time to enjoy them.

It is such fun to deliberately walk

started out with fear of hurting him; but before the day was over, it was I who had black and blue marks on my arms from ramming into his gloves, flashing up to protect his face. He had promised not to hit me and only guard himself. This he did very well until he got to feeling a little too sure of himself. I landed a blow then that cut his lip and broke my heart. I slumped into the nearest chair and sobbed, while he assured me that it "didn't hurt a bit."

Shameful waste of time? I hardly think so. It sent a young boy to the PTA fair that night with the confidence to go in and win his boxing match.

I have idled hours of time away sitting on a riverbank with my son, fish pole in hand, just sharing and being content—not even talking much. This time could have been spent storing up financial gains, but I thought it more important for my son to know that I'll never be too busy to have time, just for him.

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I have spent time learning other things while the cream soured in the churn. Sinful waste? I excuse myself by remembering that Jesus attended gatherings in Jerusalem, not because they were religious festivals but because he loved to see people enjoying themselves.

When I am gone and the rumble of civilization pushes on, someone with fewer dreams and more ambition will pursue with dust cloth and broom all the daily tasks that I have so sadly neglected. There will be wasted hours just waiting and begging to be claimed. I only hope that I have taught my children to enjoy some of them. For I have loved all my wasted hours. They are all the worldly gains that I have to leave my heirs. •

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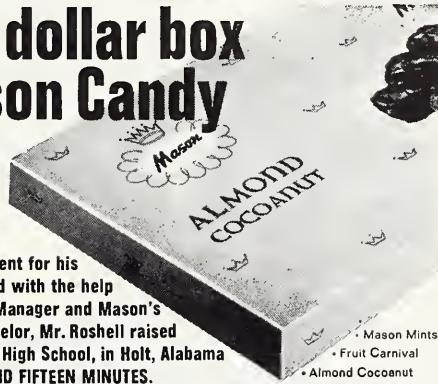
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Bridging the Generation Gap

from page 6



in building a successful youth program instead of building successful youth. We sometimes measure what we are doing by statistics alone, and forget that the shepherd who searched for the one lost sheep did not shout, "Hallelujah! I have 99 percent attendance today!"

What then should be the overall objectives of our churches' ministries to youth? The Reverend Warren W. Wiersbe of Covington, Kentucky, suggests several goals:

1. We should help them to identify with Christ and the church.
2. We should help them gain a practical knowledge of the Bible.
3. We should give them an opportunity to find themselves. Every young person is searching for answers to three questions: What am I like? What can I do? What am I worth?
4. We should present a Christian standard of conduct.

I often point out to teens that there is a vast difference between prejudice, opinion, and conviction. Whenever I say, "I feel that this is wrong!" I am showing my prejudice. If I say, "I think this or that . . ." then I am sharing an opinion. But when I say, "I know!" I am displaying a conviction.

Far too many church youth make their decisions on the basis of inherited prejudices or borrowed opinions, and not from real convictions based on the Word of God. Many church teens refuse to go certain places "because the church prohibits it" or "because Mother doesn't like it."

These young people may have a certain amount of respect for church and home, but will this suffice when they face moral issues on a college campus away from home and church? Convictions are the backbone of the inner man, and we dare not allow our church youth to grow up spiritually spineless!

In his message, "Reaching and Retaining Teens," preached at the Council on Evangelism in St. Louis Missouri, William Thornton, Jr., made the following statement:

"Authority structures recognized in the past are being undermined today. The state is being resisted as a figure of authority. The home, perhaps the main authority structure in any sound society, is losing its prestige. The world's last hope is the church. We must not fail. This is the nature of religion—it has the last word. A church without authority is a farce. And unless this authority is expressed by firm positions on current trends, issues, concepts, and behavioral fads, the church is an enigma. A church on fire with authority is the only saving agency the world has ever known. The church derives its authority from the Word of God." Let us continue to preach the Word and "contend for the faith once delivered to the saints."

"They took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus" (Acts 4:13). We must live a holy life and then preach holiness with all our heart. As soon as a preacher opens his mouth and begins to preach on trivials, I know immediately that he is absolutely too lazy to study his Bible to find out what the doctrine of sanctification is all about.

Do not underrate our teens! The "now generation" is calling for dedicated, committed, and unafraid leaders to guide them and to channel their tremendous vitality. The potential of these young people is, by far, greater than any in recent history or in any generation. Mel Johnson said, "They are square with their convictions—so square that they make some so-called learned theologians look round, bouncy, and foolish."

Let us tell them that the kingdom of God is ultimately going to prevail and that we are on the winning side. Let us not allow the problems to overwhelm us, but let us put our complete confidence in the power of the Holy Spirit to communicate His message to our generation. •

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CHANGE - *Good or Bad?*

By MATILDA NORDETVEDT

YOU WON'T GROW up in the world you were born in, and you won't die in the world you grew up in," someone sagely remarked. So fast is our world changing. Scientist Ulrich Jelenik states that the same amount of knowledge has been acquired in the last fifteen years as in all the previous years of history, and this store of knowledge is expected to double in the next five years. With this increase of knowledge comes cataclysmic changes in our world.

Some long with nostalgia for the "good old days." Solomon says, "Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this" (Ecclesiastes 7:10). Would we really like to exchange our cars for horses, our running water for the old pump, or our modern plumbing for "the bath with a path"? We will have to admit that these changes have been good.

People resist change. Radio was frowned upon, especially by Christians, when it first appeared. Tele-

vision, dubbed "the idiot box" or "the one-eyed monster," was regarded with suspicion even more than radio. Slides and movies, even of missionary work, were at first classed "of the devil."

Elizabeth Elliott, wife of one of the five missionaries killed by the Auca Indians of Ecuador, in her book, "The Liberty of Obedience," tells how she was forced to take a new look at Christian standards when she went to live with the Aucas. How could she teach them to dress modestly when they wore no clothes at all? How could she explain "worldliness" to them in our terms when their "world" is so totally different from ours?

Different denominations with various backgrounds have different standards. Standards vary in different parts of our country. Add *change* to this, and it is a bewildering situation for the Christian, especially a new or young one.

On the other hand, is "situation ethics" for the Christian? Are we to make our own rules according

to the place or situation in which we find ourselves? Is something sin one time but not another—or wrong for me but not for you?

Some things are always wrong because God says they are: lying, stealing, adultery, hate, love of the world, et cetera. God's laws are absolute—not subject to change depending upon the situation. Could it be that we are forgetting this today? A. W. Tozer of the Christian and Missionary Alliance said, "The authority of God is waning in our evangelical churches today." In an effort to be understanding about the externals, have we replaced God's authority with what is convenient and "in"? Are we like the Israelites in the time of the judges: "Every man did that which was right in his own eyes"?

God's Word must be the final authority; otherwise, we are on dangerous ground. "But where does it tell us in the Bible that we should not go to movies or smoke?" many young people ask. While there are no specific commandments regarding these things, we

are warned to "flee youthful lusts," "to love not the world," and "to take care of our bodies as the temple of the Holy Spirit."

What else does the Bible say concerning these matters? Each of us must have his own convictions. "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind," says Paul in Romans 14:5. We must not judge our fellow Christian. "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth" (Romans 14:4). We must do nothing to cause a fellow Christian to stumble.

Paul said, "Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend" (1 Corinthians 8:13). We must not do anything which we consider is wrong, no matter how acceptable it is to others. Concerning the eating of meat offered to idols, Paul maintains that there is really nothing wrong with it. "But anyone who feels it is wrong shouldn't do it. He sins if he does, for he thinks it is wrong; and so for him it is wrong. Anything that's done apart from what he feels is right is sin" (Romans 14:23, *Living Letters*).

There's another side to the question, too. "All things are lawful for me, but all things edify not [or, are not good for me] (1 Corinthians 10:23). Think about this scripture. Also, remember God's command through Paul, "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God" (1 Corinthians 10:31).

No, we may not go back to all the rules of our great grandparents any more than we would like to return to the horse and buggy stage. However, we must be certain that we cling to the Christ of our grandparents. Externals change, but God never changes. His Word is still the final authority for faith and action. It alone is changeless in our fast-changing world. As Solomon said in Proverbs 4:13, "Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go: keep her; for she is thy life." We cannot go wrong if we follow the rules of God's Book closely. ●

The Generation Gap

from page 13



family roles they will be incapable of properly rearing their own children.

Unless we can stem the tide and bridge the "gap" we are in serious danger of breeding a cynical, lawless, godless society for the future.

Curative Conditions

The first step toward better understanding must be mutual respect. Parents must respect the creative, flexible, uninhibited minds of their children, and children must respect maturity and experience; for these are their goals.

A second step is the faithful bearing of responsibility. Parents must not abdicate their authoritative roles, for discipline is their domain. They must value their age and experience, and must realize that the knowledge which they share with their children is supremely more important than vocational training and academic tutoring.

Children should prepare for their roles in life by the gradual assumption of responsibility for their own lives. Autonomy comes from experience in self-direction, and this experience must begin earlier than ever because children are now becoming involved with the outside world at a much earlier age.

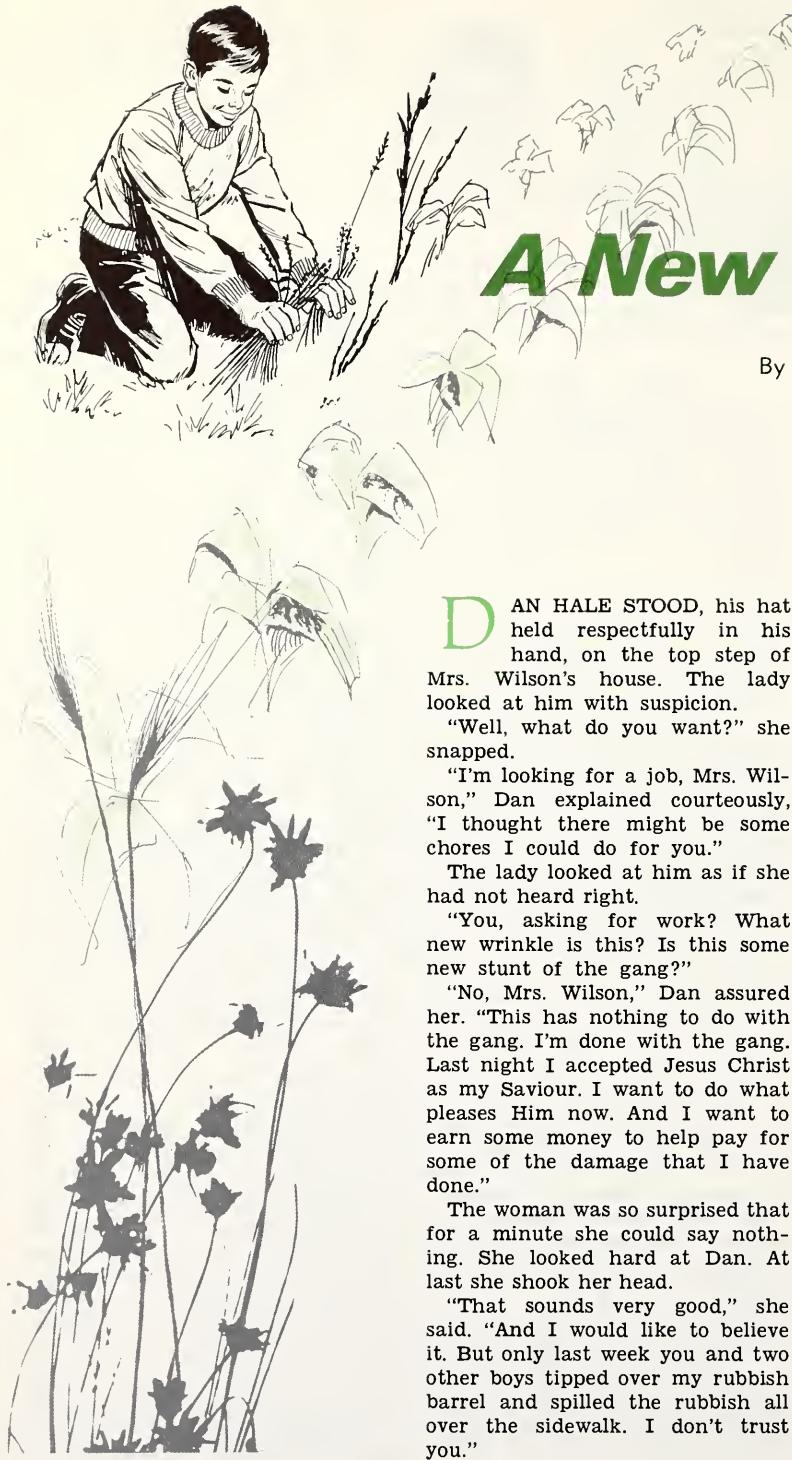
A final step toward understanding is tentativeness—a willingness to concede that one might not have the final answer. Both youth and old age are prone to dogmatism. By the very nature of things, parents are not perfect, and children are not omniscient, but this allows us to learn and grow together.

While admitting to the existence of a communication gap, let us not justify it or accept it, but rather, let us bridge it from both directions. Our lives and our future depend on it. ●

Family Training Hour (YPE)

By Paul F. Henson
General Director
June Attendance

Buford, Georgia	211
Atlanta (Mt. Paran), Georgia	190
Greenville (Tremont Ave.),	
South Carolina	189
Lakeland (Lake Wire), Florida	184
Rome (North), Georgia	153
Huntsville (College Park), Alabama	149
Somerset, Pennsylvania	148
Orlando (Orange Avenue), Florida	145
Wyandotte, Michigan	145
Rossville, Georgia	144
Lexington (Loudon Ave.), Kentucky	138
Wilson, North Carolina	137
Hurst, Texas	127
Paris, Texas	126
Radford (4th St.), Virginia	122
Pulaski, Virginia	120
Norfolk (Azalea Gardens), Virginia	117
Canton (Canton Temple), Ohio	117
Roanoke, Virginia	116
Naples, Florida	109
Princeton, West Virginia	107
Wilmington, North Carolina	104
Swift Current, Saskatchewan, Canada	104
Chattanooga (North), Tennessee	103
Jackson (Bailey Ave.), Mississippi	101
Fort Lauderdale, Florida	99
Lorain, Ohio	98
Cleveland (Mt. Olive), Tennessee	96
Clover, South Carolina	92
Winchester, Kentucky	90
Somerset, Kentucky	90
Cleveland (Big Springs), Tennessee	89
Jacksonville (Springfield), Florida	89
Plant City, Florida	88
North Ridgeville, Ohio	87
Lemmon, South Dakota	86
Williamsburg, Pennsylvania	84
North Conway, South Carolina	83
Douglas, Georgia	80
Yakima, Washington	77
Xenia, Ohio	76
Dallas (Oak Cliff), Texas	75
Dayton, Tennessee	73
W. Indianapolis, Indiana	71
Poplar, California	70
Corbin (Center St.), Kentucky	70
San Fernando Valley, California	69
Sanford, Florida	69
Fort Myers, Florida	68
Brenton, West Virginia	66
Graham, Texas	63
Pompano Beach, Florida	62
Vanceburg, Kentucky	62
Orangeburg, South Carolina	61
Peoria, Illinois	60
Sharpes Chapel, Louisiana	60
Clarksdale, Mississippi	60
Brownfield, Texas	60
Jesup, Georgia	56
W. Frankfort, Illinois	56
Anawalt (Conklin town), West Virginia	55



A New Start

By ALBERT A. RAND

DAN HALE STOOD, his hat held respectfully in his hand, on the top step of Mrs. Wilson's house. The lady looked at him with suspicion.

"Well, what do you want?" she snapped.

"I'm looking for a job, Mrs. Wilson," Dan explained courteously, "I thought there might be some chores I could do for you."

The lady looked at him as if she had not heard right.

"You, asking for work? What new wrinkle is this? Is this some new stunt of the gang?"

"No, Mrs. Wilson," Dan assured her. "This has nothing to do with the gang. I'm done with the gang. Last night I accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour. I want to do what pleases Him now. And I want to earn some money to help pay for some of the damage that I have done."

The woman was so surprised that for a minute she could say nothing. She looked hard at Dan. At last she shook her head.

"That sounds very good," she said. "And I would like to believe it. But only last week you and two other boys tipped over my rubbish barrel and spilled the rubbish all over the sidewalk. I don't trust you."

Dan was disappointed but he tried another house. The result was the same. Danville was a small town and everybody knew the boys in the gang. So, when one of them went around offering to do something useful, people could hardly be blamed for suspecting some trick.

By nightfall Dan had made a dozen calls but without result.

"You must prove yourself first," one lady told him.

Dan had thanked her for the advice and then had gone on.

"How can I prove that I really mean business if nobody will give me a chance?" he said to himself. He had never realized before how important a fellow's reputation is and how hard it is to live down the wrong kind. He decided to start out again the next day.

That night he prayed that he might find a way; but when he started out the next morning, things were no different.

Then on his way home he passed the house of Mr. Ellis. He had not called there. Not long ago he and the boys of the gang had raided Mr. Ellis' orchard. The man had told them that if he ever caught one of them on his land again, he would have him arrested.

But as Dan walked by, he looked

over at the house. Mr. Ellis had a fine flower garden. He also had some hens in a yard that was fenced in and had a gate.

Dan saw that the gate was open and that the hens were enjoying themselves in the garden. No one was in sight.

Once Dan would have said that it served Mr. Ellis right to have his garden destroyed, but now he felt differently. He looked at the house again. No one seemed to be around. He knew that he would be taking a chance, but then it really was to bad to have that beautiful garden ruined.

He walked over and began trying to drive the hens out; however, they had different ideas. They were enjoying themselves and did not want to leave.

It took Dan quite a while to get them into the yard and lock the gate.

Still nobody was around.

Then Dan realized the situation. He had done the good deed that he had been wanting to do, but nobody had seen him do it. He was no nearer to proving his new purpose than he had been at the beginning. But all the same he was glad that he had done it.

It was hot that afternoon and Dan decided that he would go over to the lake for a swim. So he took his bathing suit and started along.

He was halfway there when he passed the cottage where Mrs. Jackson lived. The old lady was on her knees in the garden, pulling weeds. Just as Dan came along, she started to get up but lost her balance and fell over.

Dan ran and helped her to her feet.

"You shouldn't be doing this, Mrs. Jackson," he told her. "It's too hard for you."

"I know that," Mrs. Jackson agreed, "but it may rain tomorrow and the weeding must be done. More than likely I shall have to do it myself."

"What do you mean by that?" Dan asked.

Mrs. Jackson smiled.

'I'm a project. Some of the boys in the church downstreet started a Christian service project. They were to take turns helping people around here who needed help. One of them offered to help me around the place. He has been doing well; but when I asked him to weed the garden, he said that he was going to the beach. Now that hot weather is here. I'll probably not see much of them until fall."

Dan looked at the big bed of weeds. He thought of the cool water in the lake. He fingered the bathing suit over his shoulder. Then he said, "I'll weed the garden for you, Mrs. Jackson."

The old lady looked at him with a smile of approval.

"Are you one of the 'project' boys?" she asked.

"No, I'm not."

"Well you should be. You're a real Christian."

Dan was happy as he started digging in the soil. Those words sounded very good to him. ●

from page 27

TUESDAY, September 23 □. *Read: Ezekiel 6, note verse 1, "And the word of the Lord came unto me, saying. . . ."* *Think:* God speaks to us today through the Bible. Every teen-ager should become involved in a daily plan of reading God's personal message to him from the Bible. *Pray:*

WEDNESDAY, September 24 □. *Read: Daniel 5, note verse 6, "Then the king's countenance was changed."* *Think:* Involvement in worldly pursuits and practices will reap the displeasures and judgments of God. *Pray:*

THURSDAY, September 25 □. *Read: Joel 2, note verse 13, "And rend your heart, and not your garments."* *Think:* Involvement with God goes beyond outward show; it also includes heart holiness and holy conduct habits. *Pray:*

Involvement Invitation

FRIDAY, September 26 □. *Read: Jonah 1, note verse 8, "What is thine occupation?"* *Think:* The occupation of a believer is to become involved in living godly, in living to help others, and in living to please Christ. *Pray:*

SATURDAY, September 27 □. *Read: Habakkuk 3, note verse 2, "O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years."* *Think:* God revives His work and displays His power as believers become involved and become concerned about the impact of the gospel message. *Pray:*

SUNDAY, September 28 □. *Read: Zechariah 2, note verse 1, "Behold a man with a measuring line in his hand."* *Think:* List two ways in which God measures the involvement of a person in His work. What lesson does this teach? *Pray:*

MONDAY, September 29 □. *Read: Malachi 1, note verse 2, "I have loved you, saith the Lord."* *Think:* In what ways does God show that He loves us? In what ways does involvement show that we love Him? *Pray:*

TUESDAY, September 30 □. *Read: Malachi 3, note verse 6, "For I am the Lord, I change not."* *Think:* God has always required His children to become involved in serving Him and in working for Him. He has not changed in His demand for involvement. *Pray:*

TODAY'S SPIRITUAL REVOLUTION

By ROY Z. KEMP



Photo by Alan Cliburn

THERE IS EVIDENCE that a spiritual revolution is in progress today in the world, and especially is it noticeable in America. Churches seem to be taking a liberal bent and are speaking much about relevancy and involvement. By this, they mean active participation in social, political, and economic activities. The true Christian person seems to have lost his authority, his leadership.

The Bible has fast become merely a book of antiquity and a library of legend, and it is losing its validity in the eyes of the young. The fabric of religion is being torn to shreds.

An amazing number of people are observing that the churches have failed in their responsibility. "We are biblical illiterates," one woman states. "The ministers are not preaching nor teaching the gospel any more."

An editor attending a World Council of Churches assembly stated that the churches of today are "preoccupied with practical, social, political, and economic issues of the day rather than with a far greater human hunger, the spiritual starvation of mankind." These are strong words, a strong indictment. Yet—they appear to be true, judging from present church activities.

"This is not Christianity which

are detestable. Many leaders condone killing, greed, and class distinction; and they advocate these things.

Religion seems to have become big business, demanding absolute loyalty from all who are on its payroll. Personal security, promotion, appreciation, and unmolested privacy are often dependent upon servitude to the very powers that Jesus opposed and exposed.

A keynote speaker at an assembly of an internationally religious convention stated: "I would not condemn those who resort to violent action in order to bring about justice in society, because the existing order may be allowing a good deal of violence and injustice."

Another stated: "There are situations where Christians may become involved in violence. The use by Christians of revolutionary methods, by which is meant violent overthrow of an existing political order, cannot be excluded."

How does such teaching or belief correspond with Timothy's instructions: "And the servant of the Lord must not strive; but be gentle unto all men" (2 Timothy 2:24)?

Christians are taught a precept in 1 Corinthians 1:10-13 which every true believer should follow: There should not be divisions among them, but that each be fitly united in the same mind and in the same line of thought. How can Jesus the Christ exist in a divided state?

One of the educators in a Southern college aptly described the present student revolt on America's college campuses as "the abandonment of atonement gospel for a gospel of celebration."

Every man of God who will fearlessly uphold the truth of God's Word is certainly worthy of the encouragement, prayers, and open support of those who seek the honor that comes only from God. The breach between today's Christianity and the true biblical Christianity widens with each passing day. There are those within the system who feel that they serve God by

participating in character assassination, prejudice, bias, or by bringing discredit upon those who refuse to take the route of the modernist.

These so-called church leaders are finding themselves incapable of commanding the respect and honor of the younger generation, who are filled with dissatisfaction and discontent. Some of these young people are seeking for something that will satisfy an inner need. They present a challenge to church leaders everywhere.

Some young people seem to be seeking the Spirit of God, which is the only thing that will bring them peace and contentment of heart and mind. But few seem to know how to go about finding this Spirit and are receiving less and less instruction from the spiritual leaders. Until the church leaders themselves can return to the teachings of Jesus Christ and are willing to follow His ways, there is little help that they give to the needy ones.

Worldly standards and patterns are rampant in far too many of today's churches. The church is retreating from biblical ways on every front in an attempt to survive. Chaotic conditions reign. Outspoken criticism—even ridicule—is being heard on every hand. The old standards are being challenged, but no new and better ones are being presented.

The crises of today are too great for any lesser power than that of the almighty hand of God. The lack of relevant evangelism and aggressive Christian education has been marked. America—in fact, the entire world—must begin its return to God if it is to survive.

God the Father tells us in Revelation 22:13: "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last."

Men have always felt the need of help from a power greater than themselves. And today, under the stress and pressures of today's living, the need for help is greater than ever before. Men must turn to God. He, alone, is the answer today! ●

these so-called Christian ministers are preaching," one newspaper editorial stated; "it is not even religion of any sort. People are upset because the old values are being discarded as so much rubbish. If there are no absolute values, there is no need for a church."

Jesus displayed little sympathy with the spiritual leaders of the people of His day, because of their lack of courage, their complacent attitude toward unrighteousness, and their continual grooming of their own images in the eyes of their people.

His words to these leaders were very blunt: "I know you, that ye have not the love of God in you. I am come in my Father's name, and ye receive me not: if another shall come in his own name, him ye will receive. How can ye believe, which receive honour one of another, and seek not the honour that cometh from God only" (John 5:42-44).

Far too many of our spiritual leaders fit into the described category. Few, indeed, among them are those whose convictions are deep-rooted enough to enable them to speak God's truth, regardless of the consequence. For the most part, too many are spineless and afraid to speak the truth.

What is wrong with the churches of our Christian world? Do they really preach and teach Christianity? It is a known fact that many practices of certain churches today

INVOLVED

"A way of life for Christian teens"
Old Testament Emphasis

By FLOYD D. CAREY

The theme for Church of God National Youth Week, October 5-11, is "Involved." This action-orientated program will include an exciting Youth Sunday feature, five nights of youth *direction* and *dialogue*, a nationwide Youth Tract Crusade, and a Youth Banquet. The entire program will focus on the importance and value of personal involvement in both the spiritual and material projects and pursuits of life.

How involved are you in living life zestfully, in participating in the outreach efforts of your local church, and in making your life as spiritually bright and balanced as possible? The daily devotion format for this month is geared to assist you in arriving at satisfactory answers to these questions. The Scripture reading assignments will be taken from the Old Testament. Next month, the New Testament will be surveyed with emphasis on youth involvement. God wants you to become involved.

The prayer section will be left blank for you to fill in. This will enable you to accept more responsibility in becoming involved in communion with God. Record the items and persons' names each day in the provided blank. Old Testament events and admonitions support this idea.

Involvement Insight

MONDAY, September 1 **Read:** Genesis 1, *note* verse 28, "And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it." **Think:** God could have created the world perfect; He chose, however to command Adam and Eve (and those that would follow) to subdue it. Why? Was it to get them involved (to be partners) in His work and world? **Pray:**

TUESDAY, September 2 **Read:** Genesis 6, *note*



verse 14, "Make thee an ark of gopher wood." **Think:** It would have been simple for God to speak an ark into existence to protect Noah and his family from the flood; but if He had done this, Noah would not have been involved in the project. **Pray:**

WEDNESDAY, September 3 **Read:** Genesis 11, *note* verse 7, "Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech." **Think:** Those who refuse to become involved with God, who ignore His instructions, and to do their "own thing," will be judged and punished accordingly. **Pray:**

THURSDAY, September 4 **Read:** Genesis 14, *note* verse 20, "And blessed be the most high God . . . and he gave him tithes of all." **Think:** Supporting the ministry of the local church through tithes, offerings, and attendance is one medium whereby all believers can become meaningfully involved in God's work. **Pray:**

FRIDAY, September 5 **Read:** Exodus 2, *note* verse 6, "And she had compassion on him, and said, This is one of the Hebrews' children." **Think:** God sometimes works in unusual ways to prepare a person to become involved in a particular phase, or a special mission, of His work. **Pray:**

Involvement In-Depth

SATURDAY, September 6 **Read:** Leviticus 1, *note* verses 1, 2, "And the Lord called unto Moses, and spake unto him out of the tabernacle of the congregation, saying. . . . bring an offering unto the Lord." **Think:** The burnt offering, the meat offering,

the peace offering, the sin offering, and the trespass offering were all instituted as a means for man to become involved in worshiping God, in serving God, and in being sorry for his sin. *Pray:* _____

SUNDAY, September 7 *Read:* Numbers 13, *note verse 10*, "And, behold, Miriam became leprous, white as snow." *Think:* Becoming involved with the trends (sins) of the time reaps God's punishment for sin. *Pray:* _____

MONDAY, September 8 *Read:* Deuteronomy 10, *note verse 1*, "At that time the Lord said unto me, Hew thee two tables of stone like unto the first." *Think:* God's work requires personal involvement. This involvement is not always mental; many times it requires manual labor. *Pray:* _____

TUESDAY, September 9 *Read:* Joshua 6, *note verse 5*, "And the wall of the city shall fall down flat, and the people shall ascend up every man straight before him." *Think:* Why all the walking? Why all the trumpet blowing and shouting? God wanted His people to be involved in the conquest and in the thrill of victory. How does this apply to your life? *Pray:* _____

WEDNESDAY, September 10 *Read:* Judges 7, *note verse 6*, "And the number of them that lapped, putting their hand to their mouth, were three hundred men." *Think:* The ability to achieve worthy goals is provided through involvement with God and not because of influential friends, financial power, or a flashy personality. *Pray:* _____

THURSDAY, September 11 *Read:* Ruth 1, *note verse 18*, "When she saw that she was stedfastly minded to go with her, then she left speaking unto her." *Think:* Spiritual involvement calls for a positive stand, a personal declaration, and purposeful determination. *Pray:* _____

FRIDAY, September 12 *Read:* 1 Samuel 3, *note verse 10*, "Then Samuel answered, Speak; for thy servant heareth." *Think:* Respect and receptivity lead to total involvement. How receptive are you to God's will for your life? *Pray:* _____

Involvement Inspiration

SATURDAY, September 13 *Read:* 1 Kings 2, *note verse 3*, "And keep the charge of the Lord thy God." *Think:* Is it possible to really be involved without keeping the charge of the Lord? List two things included in the charge of the Lord to youth. *Pray:* _____

SUNDAY, September 14 *Read:* 2 Chronicles 2, *note verse 1*, "And Solomon determined to build an house for the name of the Lord, and an house for his kingdom." *Think:* Involvement with God will generate a desire to do something that will honor Him and will focus attention on His goodness. *Pray:* _____

MONDAY, September 15 *Read:* Ezra 9, *note verse 15*, "For we cannot stand before thee because of this." *Think:* When a person deliberately violates God's expressed will, fellowship and involvement with Him are dissolved. How can this be avoided? *Pray:* _____

TUESDAY, September 16 *Read:* Nehemiah 1, *note verse 4*, "And it came to pass, when I heard these words, that I sat down and wept." *Think:* The weak dedication of some church members—their poor participation in church activities and inconsistent spiritual involvement—should trouble dedicated church members and cause them to seek God and to ask Him to use them as instruments to bring about revival. *Pray:* _____

WEDNESDAY, September 17 *Read:* Esther 4, *note verse 16*, "And so will I go in unto the king, which is not according to the law: and if I perish, I perish." *Think:* Are you willing to risk your life for Christ? Total involvement is the formula for "happiness plus" in life. *Pray:* _____

THURSDAY, September 18 *Read:* Job 2, *note verse 3*, "Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth." *Think:* Can God trust you with a special assignment? Involvement without dependability is like faith without works. *Pray:* _____

FRIDAY, September 19 *Read:* Psalms 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, *note verse 8 of Psalm 5*, "Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness because of mine enemies." *Think:* God's righteousness (His gift of grace to the believer) is the foundation for satisfying involvement. However, your enemies (Satan and false teachers) will try to influence you with their man-made foundation doctrine. *Pray:* _____

Involvement Innroads

SATURDAY, September 20 *Read:* Proverbs 22, *note verse 1*, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." *Think:* The respect others have for a Christian (for his name) will determine his effectiveness in winning the lost and in becoming involved in the ministry of the local church. *Pray:* _____

SUNDAY, September 21 *Read:* Isaiah 38, *note verse 5*, "Behold, I will add unto thy days fifteen years." *Think:* Close involvement with God, through faith and fruitbearing, offers both present and future rewards. *Pray:* _____

MONDAY, September 22 *Read:* Jeremiah 1, *note verse 7*, "But the Lord said unto me, Say not, I am a child." *Think:* Even though you are young, God still has an important work for you to do. Ask Him to reveal it to you. Accept it. *Pray:* _____

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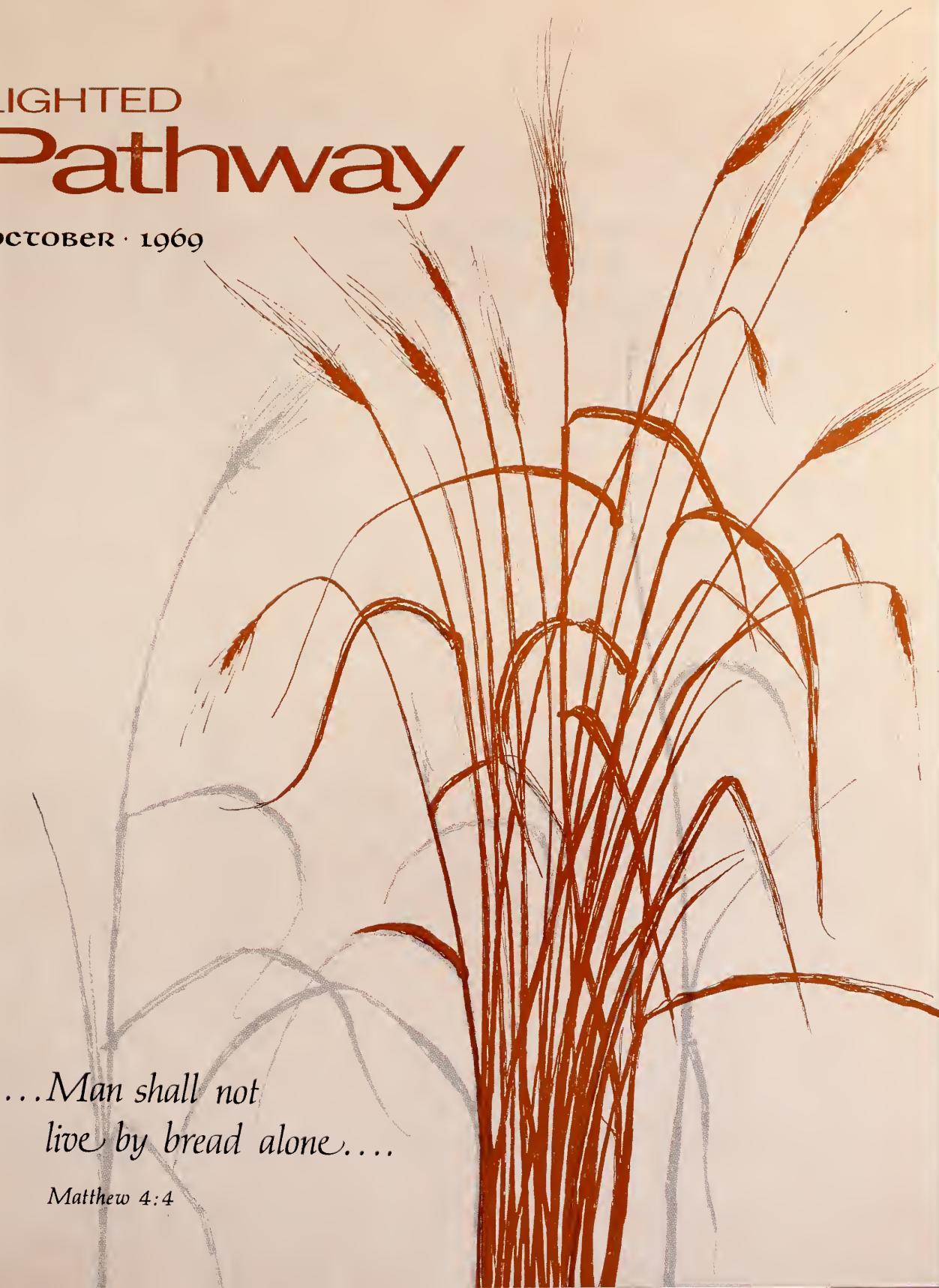
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*...Man shall not
live by bread alone....*

Matthew 4:4

LIGHTED Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

October, 1969
Vol. 40, No. 10

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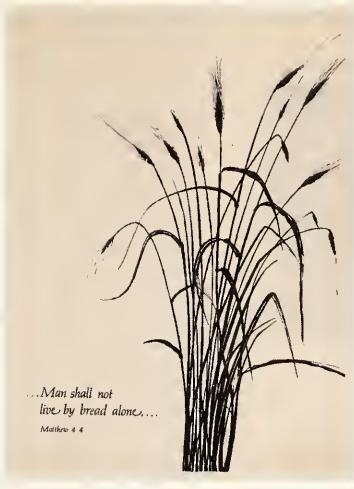
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Not By Bread Alone

LAST MONTH JAMES A. Pike, former Episcopal bishop of California, was found dead in the wilderness near Bethlehem. His death was freighted with symbolism, for earlier this year he publicly turned his back on Christianity, stating that he was not a Christian. Then he lost the battle for his life in the very wilderness where Christ confronted Satan.

Just as the bishop failed in life to be a driving force for the saving power of Jesus, he also failed during his last hours to be triumphant over his natural surroundings. He did not fare nearly so well in the wilderness as did Jesus. Quite likely they fought the battle differently.

In that wilderness temptation the Lord made a statement to Satan that served as a pungent rebuke to the tempter. Though Christ was gaunt and ravished with hunger, having existed forty days without food, he refused to yield to Satan's suggestion that He turn stones into bread. Like ancient Job who stated that he thought God's Word was more important than food, Jesus told the devil, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God" (Matthew 4:4).

Christ was teaching the devil,

and us, a very consequential lesson that day. He would have us to know for a certainty that neither just the things we eat, nor just the things we wear, nor just the things we own, nor just the things we do are to be considered sufficient for our existence. Precisely, the Lord was saying that life is more than our appetite, and we must not forget it.

Jonathan Goforth, a powerful man of God who ministered to the Chinese during the first third of this century, knew that man should not live by bread alone. He wrote a book based on the scripture, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord" Zechariah 4:6. Using the title *By My Spirit*, Goforth points out repeatedly how God worked in his ministry, not by man's ingenuity, but by His own Spirit.

Missionary Goforth learned that prayer, dependence upon God's Word, and trusting himself to the guidance of the Holy Spirit was the only key to successful work among the Chinese. An experience which he relates is worth repeating here. After faithfully ministering for nineteen years on the mission field, he had experienced almost no spiritual results. Then suddenly God began to richly bless. Whereas formerly only a few came to hear him, now the people came

by the hundreds, and later by the thousands. Revival swept the area and scores were saved.

During a certain worship service, Goforth sat on the rostrum facing a sea of eager faces. Satan whispered to him that he was finally a success. "All of these people have come just to hear you. You are one of the most important preachers in the world," the tempter said. Goforth was agreeing with him, enjoying the feeling of accomplishment; but then the missionary realized that actually Satan was tempting him. He recoiled from the devil and prayed this prayer: "God, I am willing to be as the smallest atom floating through space, if only Your name can be glorified." The devil ceased his temptation.

Today, God is eager to bless you and me, spiritually speaking. He wants us to be victors in the wilderness, as was His Son. He does not want us to be victims of the wilderness, as was Pike. Of course, the choice is up to us. If we live by bread alone, there is no alternative but that we be swallowed up by this world's wilderness. However, if through prayer, Bible study, and trust, we will establish a balance for our lives between bread and every word that comes from the mouth of God, we will triumph over the wilderness of this world. •



1.



2.



3.

A SEARCH for UNDERSTANDING

By LAMAR VEST

SOME MAY BE willing to dismiss the present youthful rebellion as a sign of the final death pangs of our society and leave them quarry to every ideology that would care to lay claim on them but not the Church of God. We still have faith in our youth and faith in our elders to understand our youth.

Believing that the church does indeed have the message for today's youth, almost six hundred Church of God ministers gathered on the campus of Lee College, Cleveland, Tennessee, August 11-15, 1969, for a special Ministers' Conference of Youth. The theme, "Save Our Youth," denoted the urgency of the conference. The involvement of the delegates in striving to gain maximum benefit from the conference indicated the eagerness of ministers to understand youth.

The featured speakers were selected from diverse backgrounds of youth work. Dave Wilkerson, director of Teen Challenge, has con-

fronted that minority of the youthful subculture which has totally alienated itself from the rest of society. His work has brought him face-to-face with teen-agers who have become hardened to every kind of crime and viciousness. Wilkerson emphasized that the church should stop trying to answer the questions of this generation and quickly realize that there is but one solution to today's dilemma: Jesus Christ. He cited the greatest danger of the church today as that of bypassing the simplicity of the gospel.

Paul L. Walker, pastor of the Mount Paran Church of God in Atlanta, Georgia, imparted both spiritual and psychological insight on understanding youth. Drawing from his vast experience as a youth counselor, he assured the delegation that an understanding of the problems of personality in the adolescent is essential if we are to guide them to emotional security. In view of the consequences of universal youth in rebellion, a

better understanding of the problems of the adolescent is the ounce of prevention that is worth a pound of cure.

Nationally known youth pastor and author of several guidebooks for teens, Dr. Warren Wiersbe, elucidated the pastor's role in youth work. He thoroughly catalogued the characteristics of the "now" generation concluding that we are dealing with a different brand of teen-ager today than ever before. Thus, we cannot draw from past experience, but we must be keenly aware of the needs of today's generation. The answers are the same as they have always been: the difference is in communicating them.

The keynote address of the conference was delivered by Dr. Charles W. Conn, general overseer of the Church of God. He spoke on "The Responsibility of the Church to Its Youth." Dr. Conn asserted that one great responsibility of the church is to provide preaching that is honest and right, rather than entertaining and proper. What a challenge . . . to develop our youth into well-rounded adults who will have great respect for the church that gave them a positive faith.

An outstanding highlight of the conference was the time spent in the discussion groups. Each group, consisting of twenty-five to thirty ministers, met immediately following the morning sessions. Many personal ideas were either formed or strengthened through these discussions. One minister remarked, "This is one conference in which everyone is involved. We have all been forced into making decisions for ourselves."

Not all of the speakers agreed on each aspect of the youth revolution. In fact, there were marked disagreements. This forced each concerned minister to draw his own conclusions. Hence, most of the almost six hundred delegates left Cleveland with convictions that were concretely personal.

We have lost our youth in the home by failing to place Jesus Christ at the center of every phase of life. We have lost them in the

church by failing to communicate God's Word with them at a young age. We do not lose our teen-agers—we lose our children. If the church has failed to satisfy the spiritual hunger of a young person in his pre-teens, what magic do we expect to bring a solution to his problems as a teen? If we have failed to teach him the Word of God as a beginner in Sunday school, leading him to a working knowledge of the Bible through his junior years, why should we expect him to be a spiritually mature teenager. Surely we have an obligation to reclaim the fragments of the misspent lives of riotous youth. But, we also have a divine obligation to those little ones already in our care.

The "now" generation is up for grabs. Every ideology known to man reaches out to claim it. Who will eventually win it? It all depends on our answer to another incisive question: Does the church have the message that today's youth need, or do we dismiss the whole youth movement as a lost cause?

In an age infamous for its moral laxity and its tragic gaps, the church owes its youth more than a chance to tell it like it is—or, like they think it is. We must come

to understand their real hang-ups. We must face their frankness with honest answers. We must offer hope of a Christian future to those preoccupied with the here and now. In short, the Word of God must be communicated with today's youth.

Unfortunately, much more attention has been given to the misdeeds of youth than to trying to understand them. Many elders are ready to write off this young generation as hopeless and senseless. But the idea of a generation gap is nothing new. These words found on an Assyrian clay tablet dated 2800 B.C. indicate that every age has had its generation gap:

Our earth is degenerate in these latter days; bribery and corruption are common; children no longer obey their parents; the end of the world is evidently approaching.

The Greek poet Hesiod in the eighth century B.C. said:

I see no hope for the future of our people if they are dependent on the frivolous youth of today, for certainly all youth are reckless beyond words. . . . When I was a boy, we were

taught to be discreet and respectful of elders, but the present youth are exceedingly wise and impatient of restraint.

Many sincere ministers have been driven to the brink of despair in search of rapport with their youth. Scores have admitted fear of failure in confronting youth with the issues that trouble them most. Others have confessed distress in understanding youth and in meeting them on their own grounds. Inasmuch as the majority of the world's population is under the age of twenty-five and getting younger daily, the church must establish effective dialogue with the young. The task is clear, if not simple.

The Church of God stands at the threshold of the greatest opportunity it has ever faced. There is a world of youth to be saved. They are searching for a cause to which their lives may be committed. They want a banner to uphold and a purpose to champion. Jesus Christ alone is worthy of every person's commitment. This is the message the "now" generation so desperately needs to hear and understand. We have that message. •

4.

1. Dr. Hubert Black led a discussion group.

2. Dave Wilkerson spoke several times.

3. Paul F. Henson directed the conference

4. The five hundred plus delegates ate in the college cafeteria.

5. The youth panel looked on as Dr. Charles W. Conn spoke.

5





By JAMES F. BYRD

A LOOK AT OURSELVES AND YOUTH

IT IS PAINFUL, at times, to look in the mirror and view reality! Honest self-examination is infinitely sharper than the surgeon's scalpel, and many times more painful! Yet, such is necessary prior to any useful diagnosis and subsequent attempt at treatment. To engage in an open, objective look at self, whether it be individual or group, calls from that person or group of persons a courageous boldness beyond measure.

Such was the prevailing disposition of general leadership and the five hundred plus in attendance who met at the recently conducted Ministers' Conference on Youth. Their purpose was sounded in the words of the keynoter who said, "We will take a long, hard, raw look at youth, their problems and the place of our church in youth ministry."

That this meeting became reality is in itself significant when in some circles there is increasing sound and fury, indeed disenchantment with the organized church as an effective vehicle of communication with today's youth. From within there are those who use the very platform which the church provides to sound its death knell as

a meaningful institution. From without there is hue and cry by those who opt for a new approach and the subsequent abandonment of old patterns without offering anything more than sub-Christian activity and goals as substitutes.

Further, the reality of the meeting is remarkable in that still others have chosen to "turn off" this now generation as hopeless and unreachable and have focused their thrust on nonpersonal, no-risk ministries which do not call for involvement and commitment.

What transpired at the conference? Was it worthwhile or just another meeting? If you were there the answers are settled and sure! Without qualification, the writer submits that it was the most useful meeting of its kind in years.

That the church can be a meaningful, significant instrument shaping lives was reaffirmed. Indeed, in the words of one speaker, the Pentecostal family of faith very well may be "the last and only hope, for this age."

To be sure, there was discussion about problems in youth ministry, and they were well-defined; however, this was noteworthy only in that it prompted deeper understanding and a subsequent urge to identify personally with the individual needs of the troubled teen.

Questions? Certainly! Answers? You better believe it! No, not the compartmentalized, "sacred-cow" generalities and not the kind of short-cut platitudes devoid of a cutting edge. Rather, the answers verbalized were practical and spoke to life-situations.

More than just perfunctory mechanics and an exercise in futility, it must also be said that Jesus Christ was exalted. Indeed, He was, is, and shall be the continuing message of this church to this generation of rhythm, riot, and rebellion.

History, as yet unwritten, from the pen of historians unborn will record more fully the results of this meeting. And it will not be written in mere printers' ink, but rather in disciplined ministers, builded characters, and changed lives! •



The delegates had a time of recreation in the afternoon.



The Sammy Hall Trio sang

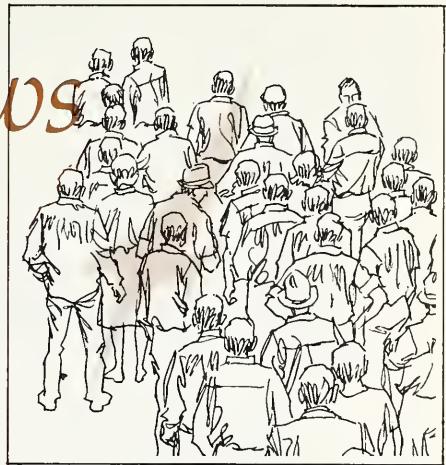


Teen-agers welcomed delegates. Clynette Buxton welcomed Pastor Carl Green, Baldwin Park, California, while Dudley Pyeatt III unloaded the car. Rick Painter, student body president, looked on.

MEN

and Sparrows

By DANIEL L. BLACK



SOME TIME AGO as I drove along the highway a sparrow chanced to dart into the path of the car. Instantly its life was snuffed out by the impact of the fast-moving vehicle. So what? What is so tragic about the death of a sparrow? Why even take time to think about such a minor accident?

The thing which made that rather insignificant collision between bird and car significant for me was the remembrance of something Jesus said. "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthing, and not one of them is forgotten before God?" (Luke 12:6). Profound! God takes notice of the misfortune of a small bird. That is what Jesus said. With a truth like that, not anything or anybody in all this wide world is unimportant.

"But," Jesus continued, "even the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not therefore: ye are of more value than many sparrows." Was there ever a time when such words were more needed than now? Every soul who hears good news like this should take courage. In a crowded and complicated world strewn with human souls

knocked down by life's numerous collisions, it is good to know that God is looking on with great concern.

How can God possibly know and care about every man—much less every bird? The question rises out of a technical problem. There just seems to be too much for even God to keep up with. Not the least part of this problem is the knowledge that the world's population is approaching four billion. What can one man mean in a crowd like that? He means much to God; and faith, the willingness to trust oneself to God in obedience, can penetrate the barrier of uncertainty and secure the assurance that what Jesus said is true.

If God does know and care, why does He not set everything straight? He will in due time. In the meantime we are invited to help set things straight. To share in that awareness which notices falling birds and faltering men. The child in the ghetto, the lonely person in the crowd, the successful-looking failure, the unemployed father, the prisoner, the elderly and the sick, the soldier in Vietnam—not one is forgotten by God.

Since God sees and cares, it must be the duty of each Christian to see and care.

We are invited to a partnership with God in opposing the wrong and alleviating misery and suffering. And that good work must reach the spiritual needs of the individual, no matter how broad the outer perimeter of its concern. It must be the work in word and practice of the hope which delivers from sin.

God's compassion, which follows with loving interest even the least of His creatures, is more than an assurance. It is a call to service—to responsible living, to the kind of living which regards life as sacred and everything in life as meaningful. And people are especially important. •

Daniel L. Black pastors the Church of God in Bismarck, North Dakota. He is a frequent contributor to the LIGHTED PATHWAY.



aSPIRITUAL WORK of the church of prime importance is to nurture the young people and to admonish them in the Word. This conviction has motivated an aggressive, yet practical, youth and educational ministry at the Tremont Avenue Church of God. Dividends have been realized in spiritual development and worship participation of our children, juniors, and teenagers.

A continual search is in progress for methods of improving communication and increasing involvement. The minister of youth and education and the pastor discuss each project, carefully coordinating the church calendar before presenting plans to the Christian Education Board for consideration, suggestions, and approval. Projects requiring significant expenditure are referred to the church council. Emphasis is placed upon assignment of responsibility to lay personnel. The church staff serves in a training and coordinating capacity. In a material center, all equipment—visuals, books, and other teaching aids—are stored, cataloged, and cross-referenced to provide effective use in Sunday school, Family Training Hour, children's

church, and vacation Bible school.

The children's church for each age level—kindergarten, primary, and junior—provides training in Pentecostal worship, explanation in biblical terms for the conduct in a Pentecostal service, and preparation to worship in spirit and in truth. Approximately fifteen children accepted Christ in our Children's Crusade conducted by our minister of youth, while adults participated in "Revival Through the Word" with M. G. McLuhan.

A day camp program was initiated this past summer. Two weeks for primaries, juniors, and young teens. Students left the church at 8:30 a.m. each day by bus for a large lodge in a mountain setting. The atmosphere was particularly suitable for a study course on "God and Creation." Handcrafts, recreation, nature trail hikes, and devotions filled the delightful day till they returned at 5:00 p.m. Children in each age group acclaimed the day camps. The entire staff was gratified by the unusual response and interest of the students. Regular daily vacation Bible school classes were conducted at the church for nursery, kindergarten, and adult groups.

The Pioneers for Christ Club has

A Practical Program of **Christian**

By LOUIS A. CROSS





4



5

Education



3

- 1.) Louis Cross, pastor, and Bill Wooten, minister of youth and education, lay plans for their work.
- 2.) The Tremont Avenue Church of God, Greenville, South Carolina.
- 3.) The singing talent of teenagers is developed in the youth choir.
- 4.) A church-sponsored day camp.
- 5.) The Christian Education Board discusses the church's educational program.
- 6.) The junior Pioneers for Christ club trains youth to witness.
- 7.) The Children's Church offers worship and training for the child.



6



7

made impressive strides in leading juniors and the young teens in witnessing activities, in faithful church service, and in personal devotion. A rank and recognition system provides incentive for achievement.

A Youtharama service each fourth Sunday night features youth talent, including primary, junior, and teen choirs. The congregation, young and old, have responded to this feature. Regularly scheduled teen dialogues permit teens to question candidly their pastor, minister of youth, and visiting ministers. These sessions have provided improved communications, better understanding, and some progress in solution to problems.

Christian education extends into the recreational and social functions. The supervisor of activities in the gym each week is asked to see that recreation is preceded by devotions. A recent teen social in

the Fellowship Center culminated in a service of consecration. At least two young persons accepted Christ as Saviour.

This ministry extends far beyond the church walls. Emphasis is constantly placed on witnessing and service. The Sunday services are recorded on tape and carried by church groups to the sick and infirm. Just recently a man was gloriously saved while listening to the pastor's Sunday morning message on Monday.

Our minister of youth and education for the past year, William D. Wooten, has provided outstanding leadership in Christian education. He has an extensive knowledge, the skill of accomplishment, and a deep passion for souls. Recently he has accepted a position as State Sunday School and Youth Director in Indiana. We were reluctant to release him, but we feel the church needs broader exposure to the leadership and actual ser-

vice to young people that he provides. Our Christian education program will continue.

An expansion program is now underway at our church. An expenditure of \$50,000 on a parking lot and drive-in entrance is being accomplished without increasing the indebtedness. Four Sunday school rooms and a new audio system have been authorized. The people have responded to the program by supporting the church with their finances. Every month in the last year the tithe exceeded the all-time record existing three years ago—a total of \$92,258.61 for the year (August - July). The missions offerings exceeded \$22,000, and orphanage offerings were over \$2,700.

God has honored the program by giving us bountiful spiritual blessings, by sending conviction upon the congregation, and by saving sinners at the altar. A sound Christian education program will indeed provide a spiritual harvest. ●

HAPPINESS IS SERVED in the finest of China. Sipped slowly, it colors and sparkles the wise man's day. Gulped greedily, it sours on the stomach and leaves a taste that makes contentment impossible.

In knowledge, our generation is filthy rich; in happiness, we are beggars. What is worse, we are beggars of the lowest nature. Our poverty comes not of birth nor of circumstance but of our choice. We

have taken a gilded cup, exquisite crystal formed of tears and sweat and blood and refined in the crucible of persecution, and we have held it carelessly as children in life's kitchen, failing to appreciate its worth and carelessly juggling it until we have smashed it at our feet.

Now, with hungry souls and with the full weight of our loss hitting home, we look around as men stepping from sleep into early morning

and we question whether or not there is such a thing as happiness.

Could it be that man's destiny is forever to learn values by losing them? Is it true that something basic to our natures forbids appreciation of the Father's House until there is first the smell of pigs in our nostrils?

Perhaps.

But let us not prolong the agony. Let us not lengthen the days we spend sitting by life's roadside, sorefestered and dying; but let us turn quickly from the world's marketplace, where only cheap and quack remedies are offered.

And how pitiful indeed are this world's prescriptions for happiness!

Not many months ago I heard Arthur Godfrey sing a little tune entitled, "Happiness Is." It was a catchy ditty, and the melody danced through my mind for weeks. Months passed. Then I heard the same song over again—this time on radio as a cigarette commercial. The tune? Happiness is . . . "the taste of Kent."

Only a commercial, sure, but it illustrates the worthlessness of our

Life's Delicate Cup

By HOYT E. STONE



Photo by Bob Taylor

themes. What this world pawns off as valid tickets to paradise all too quickly turns to carbon and ash. And yet, as men obsessed, driven en masse, caught in the throes of materialistic mania, we reach out for the substitutes, we clutch in both hands, and we cram into our gullets innumerable synthetics and dream of a time when, once again as in childhood, we will find happiness in a pill or a can or a wrapper.

Years ago God's prophet sketched a portrait of modern man: "And thy life shall hang in doubt before thee; and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life: In the morning thou shalt say, Would God it were even! and at even thou shalt say, Would God it were morning! (Deuteronomy 28:66, 67)."



Photo by Camerique

Moses was speaking to Israel, reminding them of what would happen if they forgot God. It sounds most appropriate for us, does it not?

Real happiness, then, is remembering God. This consciousness is the weight attached to man's soul. It keeps the wheel of life balanced and turning smoothly; and, when lost, upsets the intricate mechanism that gives perspective and makes man postpone until tomorrow the living and the happiness which he should find today.

When, with the dawn, there also rises in man the consciousness of God and His goodness, then the moment is hallowed and from the trees and the associations and the contacts of that day will drip the dew of grace. There will be challenge and excitement, victory and reward. There will be faith and a robustness that sets that man apart and makes him a salt with savor and a light that burns.

When a man goes to his job, knowing it is God who gives him strength and admitting that without God he is nothing, then that man's work will have heart and feeling. He will justly give of his energy, as much concerned with his honest investment as with his return. That man will labor with a smile. He will sing and rejoice no matter how menial the task, and his happiness will be nectar in his mouth.

Aw, happiness! So illusive to those who search and fight! So wonderful when God-given to those who have lost!

Happiness is not a hundred piece band with loud cymbals, piercing trumpets, and rolling drums. If it were, then this generation of demonstrating, rioting, lamenting teenagers would be most blessed. Their songs would veer from pathos to joy. Their lives would take on beauty and purpose.

Happiness is not grasping and hoarding, seeking and getting, taking and saving. If it were, then this middle-class, affluent, obese society of ours would be content. Tranquillizers and sedatives would vanish from our well-used medi-

cine cabinets. Psychiatrists would go out of business. Hospitals would be virtually empty and the front lawns of our suburban homes would be dotted in late evening with mothers and dads content to live and relax and depend on God.

And yet, happiness is! We see it occasionally and the discovery is like a lonely star in a black winter's night. We find it in the oddest places, sparkling and glittering deep blue like a sapphire.

Happiness is a little man I met in Marked Tree, Arkansas. It was, fittingly enough, in church that I first glimpsed the shine on his aged face and the sparkle in his eyes.

Next morning I visited his home. Most people, of course, would not consider his riverboat a home. It has been pulled out of the water for forty years, and periodically over those years he has pushed under it another log to keep it level.

This seventy-year-old man has sweated out a living by cutting kindling wood and dredging shells from the river bottom. I found him in his yard building a box to keep winter's cold from freezing his water pump. A red squirrel frisked in the tree tops above us. I was pitched a pear so ripe and yellow that the juice dripped onto my shirt and tie. He invited me into the warmth of his home. I saw cleanliness and smelled wood smoke and beans and heard the slow bubbling of water in a big pot.

"God has been so good to me," he said. "I've served him for nearly forty years." And he smiled about it.

That man's contentment etched in my mind the portrait of a happy heart and his callused hands held nobly life's most delicate and precious cup.

Would that we, too, might be wise! ●

Hoyt E. Stone is Director of Alumni Affairs at Lee College, Cleveland, Tennessee. Not only is he a highly trained writer, but he is an excellent speaker, also.



THE LAST TIME I SAW HAMAN

By A. M. LONG

Editorial, The Pentecostal Holiness Advocate, June 21, 1969. Used with permission.

HANGING BY THE neck on a scaffold which he had cunningly devised for another—that is where I last saw Haman. His well-laid plans had not called for that last turn of events. The man on the scaffold was to have been Mordecai. Haman was supposed to be climbing, not hanging. His future was to be spent in the lofty environment of the policy makers for Ahasuerus, king of Persia. But something went wrong! What happened?

A little man had been assigned a big job; and instead of being impressed with the opportunities for service the new task afforded him, he became obsessed with his own importance. His vanity outgrew his decency. He was literally jubilant when all the king's servants were required to bow in his presence. He forgot who he was and chose to bathe his pride in the bright sunshine of fantasyland.

Everything went well until he met Mordecai. "Bow down, you little Jew! Don't you know whose presence you are in?"

But Mordecai would not bow.

Here was a man whose countenance and posture said, "I'm not for sale."

Yes, that is what went wrong for Haman; he just could not believe that some people can not be bought. His whole life had been built on the concept that every man has his price.

That is how it started—this chain of events that was to put the people of God in the safest position they had enjoyed for decades, and to put their avowed enemy on his own self-made scaffold.

But there were other factors involved too. What were they?

Haman had forgotten the law of sowing and reaping. Last September, I stood at Obersalzberg, Germany, near the site of Hitler's pre-war home. Around us were the beautiful Bavarian Alps. Nearby were ruins of buildings that once housed Hitler's S. S. Troops. Our West German guide pointed out the infamous landmarks and told us that Hitler at one time tried his hand at farming. I thought I saw a slight twinkle in his eyes when he said, "But you see, he was not a very good farmer." Haman would not have been either, because he had overlooked a basic truth that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Haman had forgotten the power of prayer. If he had ever known anything about God, he had failed to remember that He is of great mercy, and is pledged to come to the aid of humble hearts who call on Him in times of distress. Haman did not know that "God is a very present help in trouble." He could not conceive or even imagine that God can intervene and bring order out of chaos and triumph out of tragedy, or that He can transform

stumbling blocks into stepping-stones. The very last thing he would have believed is that "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose" (Romans 8:28).

Haman—like so many before and after him—overlooked the fact that the objects of his wrath were the chosen people of God. He was willing to destroy all the Jews in the kingdom just to rid himself of one man who would not flatter his ego.

It is not exactly the safest kind of pastime to come up against even one man who is called according to God's purpose. But when individuals or nations set themselves against the purposes and plans of God, downfall is certain and imminent. All history, both sacred and profane, can be called to attest this fact.

If we are to make our lives count for God in this world, it is of vital importance that we discover His will for our own lives and for those causes to which we give our time and energies. It is not enough to ask God to be by our side; we must find His side and give Him our eternal allegiance.

We live in a time when men have accepted the idea that if God ever lived at all, He is now dead—that He has nothing to do with what happens to men or nations.

When avowed atheists beat their chests and defy God, it is easy to imagine that He laughs at their folly. But when churches and whole denominations that were once used of the Lord teach such doctrines, it is time to expect His intervention.

The great danger to true Christians is that we may, if we are not careful, become mesmerized by the materialistic philosophy that is all around us and forget that this world is not a friend to God. We are in the world, but not of it. Our code of conduct must not be dictated by the methods that are acceptable to modern society. We must not even compare ourselves with good men. Christ is our example.

Continued on page 23

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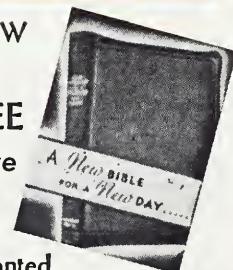
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Just to be Sociable!

By MARJORIE CLIFTON

BUT I JUST had a social drink!" was the feeble cry that went up from the hospital bed next to mine, in a semi-private room recently.

The cry came from a young woman, a housewife in her twenties, who had had a cocktail, or maybe two, at the home of a friend, and then had attempted to drive herself and her two-year-old daughter to their own home.

Neither of them made it: the heartbroken mother, with a ruptured spleen, crushed ribs, and a broken leg, was here, sharing my room as I waited to go home after minor surgery.

The little girl was DOA (dead on arrival). She had been thrown through the windshield when the car had swerved, left the road, and smashed head on into a telephone pole.

Having to be there in that room, seeing that young woman's suffering, both physical and mental, was a trying experience for me. It certainly set me to thinking. I wondered if anyone who had ever witnessed such a scene could ever take another social drink!

Her pain-filled words were enough to haunt me the rest of my life.

While we have never had any sort of drinking problem at home, I realized that my husband and I had been guilty of letting television commercials, programs featuring so-called 'social drinking,' magazines whose advertisements show the finest and healthiest-looking people with a cocktail glass in hand, into our home.

Our children had been allowed to view these things without having any possible way of knowing the tragic aftereffects of such actions—without knowing that much the same happening as that in my hospital room was being reenacted the whole nation over, several times a day, along with other heart-breaking "accidents" caused from drinking.

For the awful fact is, statistics show, that one person out of every seventeen who begin with "just a little social drinking" in a few years becomes an alcoholic. This the beer, wine, and whiskey ads do not tell us. If they did, of course, many would not buy their products.

Vast sums of money are being spent every day to convince the public that they just are not "with it" if they do not drink.

You can be charming to your wife or husband, so they say, so-

Photo by Harold M. Lambert

cially equal with your boss, a good host to company only if you offer them the best beer, wine, or whiskey.

The truth is, there is no "best" of these drinks. All brands of any alcoholic beverage contain enough alcohol to make them dangerous. Not only are they intoxicating, thereby causing a usually reliable person to become unreliable in any situation, but over a period of time, they will poison the whole system of the body. Brain processes slow down and then may break down completely.

If we would only read "between the lines" of these advertisements, and if every person who "takes a drink just to be sociable," or who ever will, could spend twelve hours in a hospital room with one of the victims of social drinking as I did, they perhaps would never touch another drop of alcoholic beverage in any form—social or non-social.

More than likely this will not ever happen. So how can we combat this evil?

There are several ways. We can use the off knob of the television set to discriminate between good and bad entertainment. Not only this, but we can and should let the television station which sponsors such programs know where we stand and why.

Ban from your home such un-Christian literature as supports the sale of alcoholic beverages. Let the publishers of this literature also know what you are doing and why.

As much as is possible, patronize only those establishments which do not sell alcoholic beverages. (Even the grocery stores are joining the trend toward promotion of beer and wine. How long will it be before hard liquor will be included?)

Make it a definite point that no alcoholic beverage be brought into your home by anyone.

This will not do away with the evil of social drinking, but it will put your distinct stamp of disapproval on it for those closely associated with you, especially your children. It might prevent them from trying "to be sociable" by drinking. •

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Religion can be Useless

By CECIL E. BURRIDGE

IT IS SAD to see so many people taking up some useless kind of religion that condemns their souls to hell. They are lost just as surely as those who do not believe at all. It is sad to see them live and die happy in the knowledge that they have "got religion," when in reality their religion is false, ineffective, and absolutely useless.

A religion in which Jesus Christ is not the central figure is entirely useless. There are many who are trying to live the Christian life without first becoming Christians. Some go to church quite regularly and are proud of their denomination, but they are not Christians. They live a substandard life which is not at all Christian. Their religion consists of a few vague notions and empty expressions. They trust that they are no worse than many others, they try to do their duty, they do nobody any harm or hurt; and so they hope that God will be merciful to them and pardon their sins and take them to heaven when they die.

However, Christ is not in their lives because they have never had a personal relationship with Him. They have never become acquainted with the washing of regeneration through Christ's shed blood; they do not understand why He

had to die as God's sinless, sacrificial Lamb; and they know nothing of His role as mediator, priest, and intercessor.

When these people are asked if they have been "born again" of the Spirit of God, or if they have been sanctified in Christ, or if they have assurance of saving faith, they cannot give an answer—they do not know. This is the religion of thousands of religious people who know not the Saviour.

It is possible for us to have been reared in a church or in a home where religion was often discussed and to have had parents who took us to church consistently—and we might have believed everything that we ever heard about the *historical* Jesus Christ—but until we confess the *Saviour* Jesus Christ with our mouths and believe with our hearts, we do not possess eternal life: We are not Christians, and our religion is useless.

The churchianity that is the religion of many today will never take anyone to heaven. It may be acceptable in the eyes of men, but God does not see it as saving faith. It will never bring comfort in time of sorrow or bereavement, it will never soothe the conscience or cleanse one of sin, and it will never save the soul.

The Bible states plainly: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16:31). "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life" (John 3:36). "That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Romans 10:9).

The New Testament is liberally sprinkled with texts that say again and again, the only way to be sure that we are saved and heaven-bound is to be "born again." In fact it is the theme of the entire Bible. All other notions and theories about God being merciful, apart from Christ and except through Christ, are baseless delusions, empty fancies, and products of man's inventions. Such ideas do not come down from heaven—they come from man; and man's ideas are Satan-inspired to keep us on the road to hell. But the Scriptures show that God has appointed His Son, Jesus Christ, as the only Saviour—and all who would be saved must be content to be saved by Him, or they will never be saved at all.

It is a useless religion that allows people to run their religious life their own way. For instance, many

say, "I cannot see any harm in doing this," so they do it. They say, "I can't see why I should do that," so they do not do it. They say, "I don't see anything in prayer," so they do not pray. They say, "I cannot understand the Bible, and I don't see why I should read it," so they do not read the Bible. They say, "I can be a Christian without going to church," so they do not go. It is amazing that people will harbor such notions and yet call themselves Christian.

Religion can be useless under such conditions—so religion is not necessarily a good thing. Religious people are not inevitably good people. Everything depends on the religion they have and the God in whom they believe. If a man's spiritual life is not centered in Jesus Christ, then his religion will not save him from the fires of hell.

The only religion that gives absolute assurance of forgiveness of sins, eternal life in heaven, and blessed fellowship with God, is the Christian gospel as taught by Christ and His apostles. Throughout Jesus' entire ministry He emphasized continually that it was absolutely necessary to know Him in a personal way through the new birth. "Ye must be born again," He said. That was the message of His day; it was the message of apostolic times; it is still the message.

All other religions are founded upon traditions, superstitions, and human works; their followers are in a constant state of apprehension of evil, fear of death, and general fearful uncertainty of both the present and future. No wonder the philosophy "Eat drink and be merry: for tomorrow we die" is the only religion some people have.

The Bible is the only infallible rule of faith and practice, but unless we practice it our religion is useless. It is comforting to find in its pages the solutions to our present-day problems and to learn that God still takes care of His own in this nuclear-threatened, war-mad world. Religion is of no avail unless Christ resides in the heart. •

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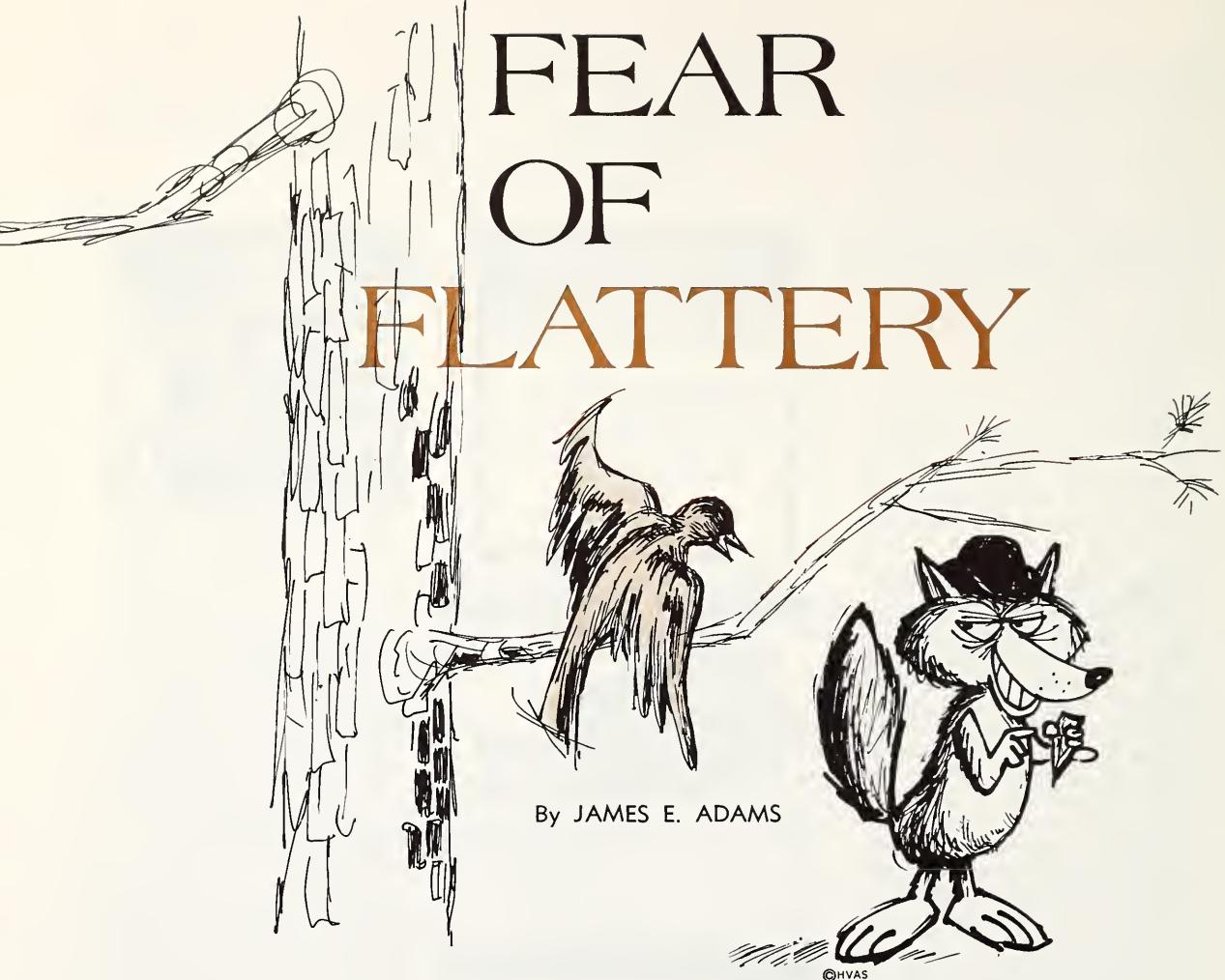
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PHONE	ZIP
NAME OF ANOTHER OFFICER	
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FEAR OF FLATTERY

By JAMES E. ADAMS

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AESOP HAD A message. So he placed his fabled fox by a tree as a crow was alighting to enjoy a bit of pilfered cheese. The fox coveted the tasty tidbit. Looking up, he said, "How well you look today, Mistress Crow! How glossy your feathers! How bright your eye! Your voice must surpass that of all the other birds. Let me hear one song that I may greet you queen of the birds!"

The crow's breast swelled with pride. She lifted her head and opened her mouth. "Caw—" The cheese fell. The wily fox snapped

it up saying, "Here's some advice for the future: 'Never trust a flatterer.'

Webster defines flattery as "commendation bestowed for the purpose of gaining favor and influence, or to accomplish some purpose; false praise." And the Bible says, "A man that flattereth his neighbour spreadeth a net for his feet" (Proverbs 29:5). Flattery has turned many a head even though it is insincere and, therefore, obnoxious to most people.

But all that tickles the ear is not flattery. Commendation

pleases. And there is a time for compliments.

A mother could not see this. She objected to her husband's telling their daughter that she was pretty. The mother was so fearful of his spoiling the fourteen-year-old miss that she asked the advice of a friend.

This lady pointed out that the girl whose father makes her feel pretty special is not apt to have her head turned by the praise of a boy. She suggested, however, that the father spread his compliments to cover other things so the

daughter would realize looks were not all that counted.

Do we feel occasionally like that mother? Does the fear of flattering people, of making them vain, keep us from rendering praise and honor when it is due them?

From the Bible we learn that God gives honor to men when it is their due. He called Job "perfect and upright." He said that Moses was "meek." He described David as "a man after mine own heart." Jesus said of Nathanael, "Behold, an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!" And Christ commended faith wherever and in whomever He found it.

A father even complimented his six-year-old daughter—unintentionally. The small horse-loving miss had tried vainly to persuade him to buy her a horse. As a next best thing he arranged for her to spend a day at a farm, where she was allowed to ride one for hours. When she returned home, her father looked in love at her beaming little face. Then he sniffed and with a grin announced, "You smell just like a horse."

"Oh, Daddy," his daughter said ecstatically, "thank you, thank you."

Children are not inhibited with a fear of spoiling one another with flattery. They praise directly and sincerely. A ten-year-old boy attended vacation Bible school (VBS) in another church, since his church was not having a school. The teacher put him at ease and made him feel right at home. On the last day of VBS the little fellow walked up to him and said gravely, "Thank you."

The teacher's eyes moistened. "Tommy," he said, "that means a lot to a teacher." But the elderly man did not miss this opportunity either, and he continued, "You have been very attentive. You have made it easier for me to teach. I'm glad you have been with us these two weeks."

Compliment the worthy and deserving. Do not be afraid of flattering. Flattery and sincere praise are poles apart. •

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IT WAS RAINING. The drops of rain sliding down the kitchen window reminded Milly of the teardrops that were ready to roll down her face into the pool of dishwater beneath her hands. A call from the hospital that morning about her father had not been very hopeful.

Milly drained her always handy coffee cup, rinsed it out, and set it next to the coffeepot. She left the kitchen and went down the hall to the bedroom. Her youngest daughter, Judy, followed, with her doll cradled in each arm. She stopped in the doorway to the bedroom, watching her mother.

"Would you like to talk to God about Grandpa with me?" Milly asked, extending her arms, the phone receiver in one hand.

Judy clutched her dolls close. "No, Mommy," she answered, shaking her short curls and backing out of the room. Milly heard her run down the hall back to the living room and TV.

Milly laid the phone receiver on the night table and knelt beside the bed. For a long time she prayed for God's will concerning her father's health and strength for the loved ones who suffered with him.

When she came out of the bedroom and was busy with the housework, Judy joined her.

"Did you talk to God?" Judy asked.

Milly nodded and began folding the warm clothes she had pulled from the dryer.

"Mommy."

"Yes, Judy."

"I can't talk to God."

Milly stopped folding the pajamas she held and stooped down, lifting Judy's face in her hands.

"Yes you can, honey. Anyone can talk to God."

Judy shook her head, tears beginning to slide from beneath her lowered eyelashes.

"Tell Mother why you can't talk to God," Milly urged gently.

"I don't know His phone number. And I don't know how to find it in the telephone book."

Milly held back a sigh—thankful it was nothing more serious, but

knowing that it was very serious to Judy and that she must find a way to explain.

"Mother doesn't talk to God on the telephone."

"Yes you do. In the bedroom. You had the phone in your hand." Judy told her earnestly.

"I was putting the receiver on the night table so no one would disturb me while I pray."

"Is talking to God like praying in Sunday school?"

"That's right, Judy. And you can talk to Him any time you want to . . . even right now."

"How, Mommy? I want to ask God to make Grandpa all right."

"It's just like in Sunday school. Bow your head, close your eyes and talk to Him, as if you were talking to me."

Judy did as her mother said. Milly bowed her head, too, and heard Judy whisper, "Dear God, please make my grandpa all better so he can come home from the hospital."

"Amen," Milly prompted softly and Judy echoed her.

Judy looked up, "Do you think He heard me?"

Milly put her arms around Judy, holding her close. "Oh, yes, honey. He heard you. He hears every word . . . even the smallest prayer." •

The Smallest Prayer



Photo by A. Devaney

By RAMONA WARREN

OCTOBER MORN

I see God's beauty everywhere
On this golden October morn:
Orange pumpkin, red apple, pear,
Chrysanthemum, aster, silken corn.
Then I send up a song of praise
To Him, the great Ancient of Days!

—Earle J. Grant

FAMILY TRAINING HOUR

By Paul F. Henson
General Director

July 1969

Lakeland (Lake Wire), Florida	212
Buford, Georgia	205
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Atlanta (Mt. Paran), Georgia	169
Ranlo, South Carolina	155
Orlando (Orange Ave.), Florida	151
Rome (North), Georgia	149
Cincinnati (Central Pkwy.), Ohio	144
Huntsville (College Park), Alabama	143
Rossview, Georgia	135
Hurst, Texas	130
Paris, Texas	127
Wilmington (Fourth St.), South Carolina	124
East Lumberton, North Carolina	122
Radford, Virginia	122
Hamilton (Princeton Pike), Ohio	118
Norfolk (Azalea Gardens), Virginia	118
Fort Worth (Riverside), Texas	116
Princeton, West Virginia	116
Cleveland (North), Tennessee	110
Canton (Canton Temple), Ohio	108
Pulaski, Virginia	101
Jacksonville (Springfield), Florida	97
Roanoke, Virginia	96
Conway, South Carolina	94
Dayton (E. Fourth St.), Ohio	91
Poplar, California	90
Catford, England	90
Cahokia, Illinois	89
North Ridgeville, Ohio	89
Clover, South Carolina	89
Chattanooga (East), Tennessee	88
Dallas (Oak Cliff), Texas	87
Lorain, Ohio	82
Lexington, Kentucky	80
Eight Mile (Indian Springs), Alabama	79
Jesup, Georgia	78
Covington (Shepherds Fold), Louisiana	76
W. Monroe, Louisiana	75
Dudley, England	74
Sanford, Florida	74
Thorn, Mississippi	74
Cleveland (Mt. Olive), Tennessee	74
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Cleveland (Big Springs), Tennessee	70
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AUSTIN, INDIANA, BOY SCOUTS

Six young men of the Austin, Indiana, Church of God recently completed the God and Country program. They were Dillard Collins, Danny Burns, Ricky Burns, Andrew Eversole, Larry Napier, and Charles Collins.

The God and Country program is for the benefit of scouts of the Protestant faith. A scout must be first class in rank and must have completed one year of service and study in order to earn the award.

The design for the emblem, taken from the shield of the Crusaders, features a red cross on a white background; and the ribbon is blue.

The boys are members of Troop 120 and Post 120, which are sponsored by the Church of God. There are twenty-four boys in the troupe and nine in the post.

—Damon Collins

FAIRFAX, VIRGINIA HAS SUCCESSFUL VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL

Much prayer and early preparation helped make our vacation Bible school (VBS) a great success. God's Holy Spirit impressed me to direct a VBS in our local church. Lacking experience and feeling wholly inadequate for the task, I said, "Lord, I can't do it." His leading was so evident and persistent, that after much prayer and waiting on God for His guidance, I became willing and said, "I'll try."

We had no previous records of past accomplishments to help formulate our plans when our VBS Council met in February. Our aims were determined and our goals were set. Length, date, and time of VBS were decided and our key leaders were chosen.

Our financial chairman made an appeal for a VBS offering, and the sum of \$130 was pledged spontaneously. This reassured us that God was leading.

Our council decided our VBS offerings would be given for missions in order to instill in the children the need for missions. Our pastor, Brother Ramsey, had read in *SOW* magazine that Ruth Crawford in Brazil needed construction paper in their school, and this project was chosen. We wrote Sister Crawford and she answered with a very interesting and informative letter about the school. She also sent pictures. These pictures and information were used in our Mission Center along with a flannelgraph missionary story about Brazil. Brother Slay let us use his slides on the Church of God work in Brazil. The children and staff enjoyed seeing where their offerings would be sent.

Average attendance during VBS was seventy-seven and the offerings amounted to \$134.74. Through VBS the Lord revitalized the spiritual life of some of our workers. What a privilege it was to be "workmen together with Him" in vacation Bible School.—Mrs. Charlie B. Ramsey.

DEVOTIONS FOR YOUTH

from page 27

"And this is love, that we walk after his commandments." *Think:* A Christian teen love-in represents involvement, plus obedience, to the commandments of Christ. Practice it! *Pray:* -----

FRIDAY, October 24 *Read:* 3 John, note verse 2, "Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health." *Think:* What about it young person? Does God want you to prosper? to have friends and finance? and to be in good physical condition? Support your conclusion with the Scriptures. *Pray:* -----

SATURDAY, October 25 *Read:* Jude, note verse 2, "Mercy unto you, and peace, and love, be multiplied." *Think:* Can you add and subtract? God multiplies His blessings to those who are involved in living a life of separation and service. *Pray:* -----

SUNDAY, October 26 *Read:* Revelation 1, note verse 10, "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day." *Think:* A teen can live in the Spirit and his life can also be empowered and directed by the Spirit. Read Acts 2:39. *Pray:* -----

MONDAY, October 27 *Read:* Revelation 2, note verse 1, "These things saith he that holdeth the seven stars in his right hand." *Think:* God reveals His will and His plan for your life through His Word. Get involved in daily Bible reading. *Pray:* -----

TUESDAY, October 28 *Read:* Revelation 13, note verse 9, "If any man have an ear, let him hear." *Think:* Listen to God as He speaks to you through the Bible and through service opportunities. Are you ready to respond to the invitation to be involved—to dedicate, to radiate, and to activate. *Pray:* -----

WEDNESDAY, October 29 *Read:* Revelation 21, note verse 7, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things." *Think:* What is the difference in the inheritance of an overcomer and an unbeliever? Is there any comparison? Invest your life in involvement with Christ. *Pray:* -----

THURSDAY, October 30 *Read:* Revelation 22, note verse 21, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all." *Think:* Get involved, teen-ager, the grace of Christ is sufficient. Read 2 Corinthians 12:9. *Pray:* -----

FRIDAY, October 31 *Read:* A chapter of your own selection. *Ask:* Am I really involved in living a Christian life? Do I have deep abiding joy? *Plan:* What can I do to strengthen my testimony and stewardship service? Outline a definite route to follow. *Pray:* For faith to believe, for wisdom to understand, and for stamina to perform.

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MY LITTLE BOY

What happened to my little boy—
The one I used to hold
Close to my heart and rock to sleep,
And cover from the cold?

What happened to my little boy?
I close my eyes and see
His first tooth, halting steps, and
hear
His first words, filled with glee.

What happened to my little boy,
Who played cowboy, and rode
The trees and all the fences down;
And handled worm and toad?

What happened to my little boy,
Who learned to drive, grew tall,
In high school years, made many
friends?
I knew him scarce at all.

What happened to my little boy?
He is a man; I'm glad.
But, oh, the house is silent and
I feel so sad . . . so sad.

—Jessie J. Brown

The Last Time I Saw Haman

from page 12

There are times, it seems, when God withdraws Himself for a while just to see what man will do. At such times men like Haman flourish. They tear down their barns and build greater ones. They spread themselves like green bay trees.

No Christlike person takes joy in the fall of any human being. He does, however, have a deep settled peace that tells him to trust in God and not to be afraid. We must be firmly committed to the truth that right makes might, and in that faith, dare to do our duty as we understand it. If this indeed is the guiding principle of our lives, we will be shouting on the hills of glory when all the enemies of God are hanging on the forgotten scaffolds of oblivion. ●

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I Climbed a Mountain

By JOHNNIE A. JONES

(As told to Evelyn P. Johnson)

A NEWSPAPER STORY recently told about a man who had gone to an undisclosed island where he hoped, in a period of isolation, to conquer the habit of smoking. I, too, fought this enemy of health some years ago, but I went to a mountain.

For more than thirty-five years I emptied my pocketbook and burned out my throat and lungs with nicotine and tar. At the height of my addiction, I smoked more than two packs of cigarettes a day. I was a chain smoker; and by using the butt of one cigarette to light another, I have actually smoked one full pack with only one match. When I did not have a cigarette between my lips, I was miserable.

I began smoking as a teen-ager, sneaking a puff with friends at first and then buying my own as soon as I was old enough to earn my own spending money. I lived with an uncle and aunt who were generous with love but were much more particular where money was concerned. It was their aim—and my big dream—that I graduate from high school and go to college.

Those plans were curtailed when my foster parents became disabled to work, and I had to drop out of school to earn a living for all of us. Sawmill work provided an

existence and, at nineteen, I fell in love with a neighborhood girl and we were married. Within a couple of years I lost not only my foster parents, but also my young wife and our infant daughter.

Life became empty. I was bitter. I had been denied an education—and now had lost every member of my family. Why should I bother to work at all? I grew shiftless and worked only enough to provide the bare necessities of life—and tobacco. Steadily I began placing more importance on the latter. My clothes might have been soiled or ragged and my stomach empty, but somehow I always managed to keep a pack of cigarettes or a sack of tobacco. I would beg, borrow, or steal to get a smoke.

Then I became afflicted with a

terrible shortness of breath at the slightest exertion, and I had prolonged seizures of coughing. I realized that I was ruining my health with tobacco, and I began to think about giving up the habit.

However, thinking was all I did. I dreaded the thought of going through the agonizing period of withdrawal, doubting that I could really do it. I had no faith in the many advertised remedies which producers guaranteed to cure the habit. Some of my friends had tried these and, invariably, they still smoked. What help was there for those of us who were slaves to this health-destroying fiend?

I still had the Bible my aunt had given my bride and me for a wedding present and, despite my degenerate life, I occasionally



Photo by Ewing Galloway

WHY SMOKE?

*I don't have to smoke," some say,
"When I want to, I can quit,"
Pardon if I say, "Oh yeah?"
For they keep right on with it!
It's not an easy thing to quit—
For all habits grip and bind;
But prayer and faith can help one leave
This old habit far behind!
If you have never smoked the things,
You are very smart indeed;
And think of all the cash you've saved—
Not wasted upon that weed!
Your fingernails will not be brown,
You'll not have smoker's breath;
You'll have a healthy pair of lungs—
And not cough yourself to death!*

—Roy J. Wilkins

thumbed through the Book, reading a passage here and there.

One night while reading in the book of Joshua, I came to the story of Caleb, and his request "Give me this mountain," suddenly took on a new and vital meaning. It was as if a light shined in my room that had been midnight-dark, as if a superhuman force had pushed me back in my chair and said, "Listen!"

At the age of eighty-five, Caleb was asking for the promotion which Moses had promised him forty-five years earlier. He was answering a challenge by asking for a tougher assignment, stepping out on faith in the promises of God. Mount Hebron had been promised to him; but before taking over the new land, he had to drive out the giant inhabitants, the Anakim, who were protected by great fences.

This spirit of conquest as we see it in the life and character of Caleb is symbolic of that demonstrated by man down through the ages and unto the present day. Each generation has produced its quota of mountains, geographical and symbolic. Job faced a mountain of physical, moral, and spiritual affliction. Daniel's mountain of threats, torture, and intimidation in attempts to force him into idolatry was conquered in a den of hungry lions.

Christ conquered the mountain of temptation in the wilderness. Columbus took the mountain of navigation by sailing west through the Atlantic Ocean's uncharted waters to discover America. Astronauts are conquering the mountain of space. And specialists in cardiac surgery are prolonging the lives of people by replacing diseased hearts with healthy organs.

All human problems are mountains. Our reaction to them and the unwavering faith we manifest as we seek the solution will determine if we really mean it when we say, "Give me this mountain."

After prayerfully searching the Scriptures, I realized that God had loved me enough to give His dearest possession, His only begotten Son, to take my place and to die the shameful death of a sinner (John 3:16)—all without my having asked Him to do it. Then why should I hesitate to ask Him for strength and will power to quit smoking?

The problem of laying aside this destructive habit had loomed as large as the highest hill and, like Caleb, I decided to ask for the mountain. (In Romans 8:32 Paul asks, "How shall he not . . . also freely give us *all* things?")

After reading David's assurance that "the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof . . ." (Psalm

24:1), I knew that God does not have to ration the blessings He gives to His children in order to avoid a shortage of supply. His blessings are not gauged by material values and dimensions, but by the degree and the quality of faith we have in His goodness and mercy.

My fight was not easy and victory was not instantaneous. Just as Caleb had to fight against the Anakim, I had to drive out the giant of temptation. I had to stifle the gnawing desire for the taste of a cigarette and struggle through torturous moments when my friends "lit up."

But God's help was sufficient (Psalm 27:1) and He gave me strength to conquer the enemy of evil habit. By clinging to His promise that "every mountain . . . shall be made low . . . (Isaiah 40:4), I have remained master of the tempter; and I have also learned to climb other "mountains" by accepting the challenge and relying on faith in the goodness and mercy of God.

I climbed the mountain back to self-respect and went back to a regular job. Instead of sitting around in self-pity, I spent my leisure time in reading, studying—anything constructive that I could find.

I went to church, became a regular attendant again, and became active in the work of the church. I regained my sense of moral and spiritual values and realized that I had been trying to satisfy my hungry soul with material food which can only supply the need of a material body and which, like tobacco, sometimes proves more harmful than beneficial.

Once more I have a goal in life. I want to try to pass along to others some of the loaves and fishes which God, in His mercy, has set before me. And when I testify to members of my Sunday school class, with the Psalmist David I can say, "My heart trusted in him, and I am helped; therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth; and with my song will I praise him!" (Psalm 28:7). ●

Part 2—New Testament Emphasis

INVOLVED

By FLOYD D. CAREY

Church of God National Youth Week—October 5-11

Do twentieth-century youth want to be involved? Without doubt, the answer to this inquiry is a positive Yes. Involvement is a way of life for teen-agers. You, better than anyone else, are aware of this. As a young person, you want to stay busy; to get involved in a special project, a hobby, or in group activities. Involvement, however, can be either constructive or destructive. The following statistics are examples of this maxim.

Last year 129,000 teen-agers were arrested as runaways. The Federal Bureau of Narcotics reports that teen-age use of dangerous drugs has become a major problem. A recent report indicates that young people are responsible for 65 percent of all shoplifting acts.

Youth can be involved, however, in constructive projects and practices. A group of Miami teenagers organized a group called "Clean Teen Power" to protest obscenity and filth. The interreligious groups hope to form an international youth organization. The United States Office of Education is preparing to give students a larger voice in shaping Federal education policies that affect campus affairs.

Christian Teen-ager, God wants you to be involved in His program too. New Testament events and admonitions support this position. This month, the prayer section will be left blank for you to fill in. This will enable you to accept more responsibility in becoming involved in communion with God.

Involvement—Dedicate

WEDNESDAY, October 1 **Read:** Matthew 4, note verse 19, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." **Think:** Christ called Peter and Andrew to a life of involvement in "soul" service. "Soul" service provides soul contentment and fulfillment. **Pray:** _____



Photo by A. Devaney

THURSDAY, October 2 **Read:** Mark 1, note verse 6, "And John was clothed with camel's hair, and with a girdle." **Think:** Can a person's involvement be determined by the clothing he wears? or by his respect for the person and work of Christ? Check verse 7. **Pray:** _____

FRIDAY, October 3 **Read:** Luke 12, note verse 34, "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." **Think:** Involvement with Christ in "concerned service" will condition a teen-ager to look for—and to be prepared for—His soon return to earth. **Pray:** _____

SATURDAY, October 4 **Read:** John 13, note verse 14, "If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; ye also ought to wash one another's feet." **Think:** The washing of the disciples' feet was a pat-

tern-act of involvement and humble service. In your opinion, are teens included in the involvement service call of Christ? *Pray:*

SUNDAY, October 5 *Read:* Acts 9, note verse 6, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" *Think:* This verse outlines the route to refreshing and rewarding involvement. Lay it on the line teen-ager! Tell Christ that you want to be involved. *Pray:*

MONDAY, October 6 *Read:* Romans 8, note verse 1, "Who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." *Think:* Explain the difference between the flesh and the Spirit. Through involvement, wisdom, and will-power, strength is obtained to resist the works of the flesh. *Pray:*

TUESDAY, October 7 *Read:* 1 Corinthians 6, note verse 5, "Is it so, that there is not a wise man among you?" *Think:* There are many unwise teens today—those who are participating in the use of drugs and dope, and in demonstrations. Tall up, teen-ager, wise up and get "in" with Christlike living. *Pray:*

WEDNESDAY, October 8 *Read:* 2 Corinthians 11, note verse 1, "Would to God ye could bear with me a little in my folly." *Think:* Why should not a Christian be happy? This is what spiritual involvement is all about—contentment, joy, expectation. *Pray:*

THURSDAY, October 9 *Read:* Galatians 3, note verse 1, "O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you." *Think:* Satan is the founder and the director of the new morality move. Do not be bewitched, teenager. Keep up your defense, preserve your purity, maintain your involvement rank. *Pray:*

FRIDAY, October 10 *Read:* Ephesians 5, note verse 17, "But understanding what the will of the Lord is." *Think:* It is God's will that you be involved in heavenly goals through worship, discipleship work, and winning the lost. *Pray:*

Involved—Radiate

SATURDAY, October 11 *Read:* Philippians 1, note verse 11, "Being filled with the fruits of righteousness." *Think:* When a teen is totally involved with Christ, both head (mind) and heart (muscles), his life will be fruitful and the unconverted will be influenced by his Christian fruit. *Pray:*

SUNDAY, October 12 *Read:* Colossians 2, note verse 16, "Let no man therefore judge you in meat, or in drink." *Think:* How should a person judge a Christian teen? Is service involvement important? *Pray:*

MONDAY, October 13 *Read:* 1 Thessalonians 4, note verse 11, "And that ye study to be quiet." *Think:* A teen cannot radiate the love of Christ to his class-

mates unless he learns when to speak and when not to speak. *Pray:*

TUESDAY, October 14 *Read:* 2 Thessalonians 2, note verse 13, "But we are bound to give thanks alway to God for you." *Think:* When is the last time you complimented a friend for a job well done? Get involved and "give thanks" for the dedicated work of others. *Pray:*

WEDNESDAY, October 15 *Read:* 1 Timothy 4, note verse 7, "And exercise thyself rather unto godliness." *Think:* A Christian teen can stay in shape spiritually through godly exercise; push-ups (service), knee bends (prayer), backbends (poise, politeness and understanding). *Pray:*

THURSDAY, October 16 *Read:* 2 Timothy 2, note verse 22, "Flee also youthful lusts." *Think:* The moral code of society has changed through the years, but God's laws pertaining to purity have not changed. Radiate the glow of a pure life. *Pray:*

FRIDAY, October 17 *Read:* Titus 3, note verse 1, "Put them in mind to be subject to principals and powers." *Think:* List three ways that a teen-ager can exhibit loyalty and respect for his country, her leaders, and the American way of life. *Pray:*

SATURDAY, October 18 *Read:* Hebrews 12, note verse 14, "Follow peace with all men." *Think:* Peace has a price—law, order, and discipline. Freedom is not "free-dumb." *Pray:*

SUNDAY, October 19 *Read:* James 2, note verse 8, "If ye fulfil the royal law according to the scripture." *Think:* What is the royal law? Repeat it aloud. This is involvement in the interest of others—*effective radiation*. *Pray:*

MONDAY, October 20 *Read:* 1 Peter 3, note verse 15, "But sanctify the Lord God in your hearts." *Think:* How can you make Christ feel at home in your heart? What about cleanliness, a good conscience, and having the mind of Christ? *Pray:*

Involved—Activate

TUESDAY, October 21 *Read:* 2 Peter 2, note verse 9, "The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations." *Think:* Teens have temptations—smoking, sex, suds; but through involved-commitment, deliverance has been promised. *Pray:*

WEDNESDAY, October 22 *Read:* 1 John 5, note verse 5, "Who is he that overcometh the world?" *Think:* Can a teen overcome the anti-do-right spirit of the world? Faith-involvement is the formula. *Pray:*

THURSDAY, October 23 *Read:* 2 John, note verse 6, *(Continued on page 22)*



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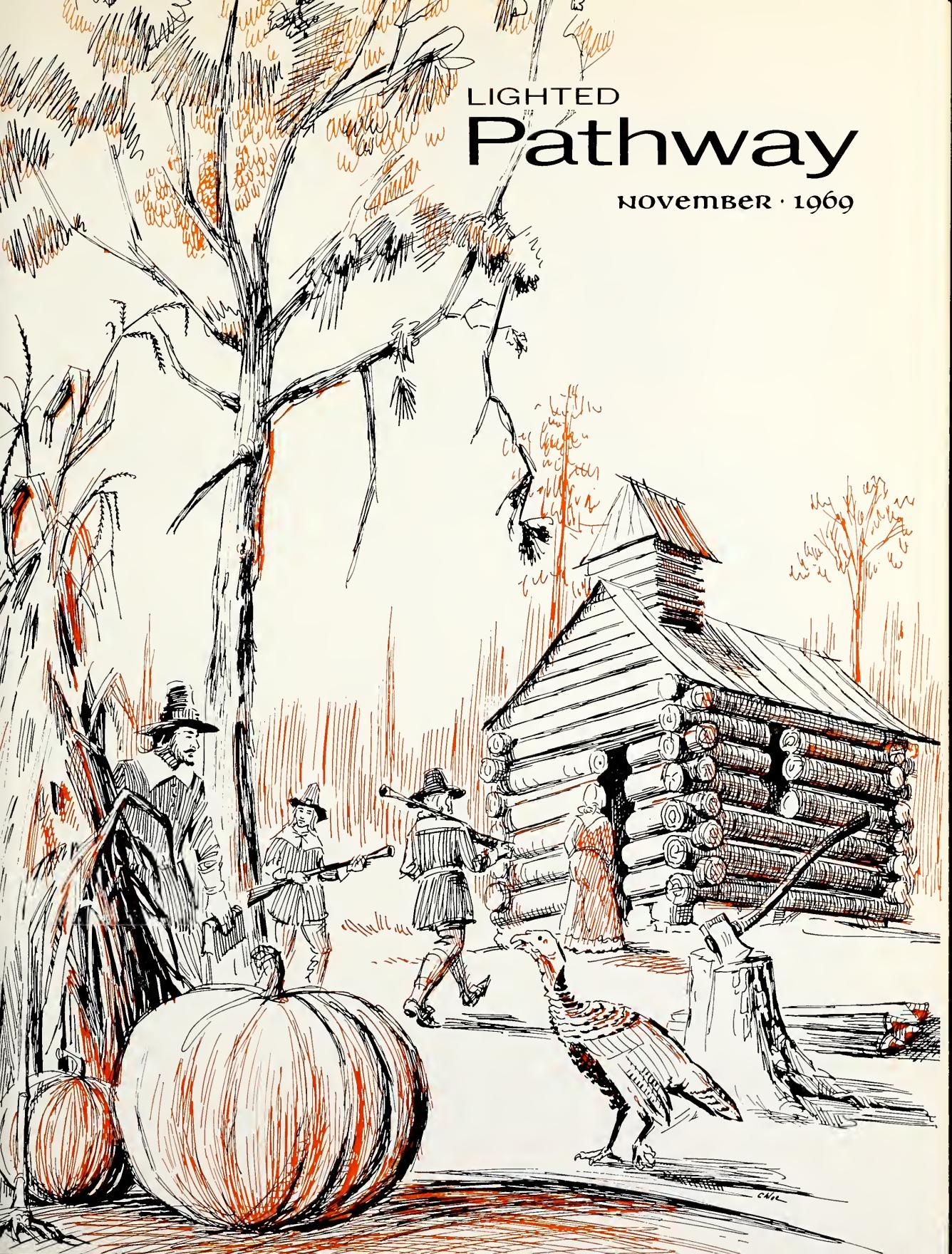
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LIGHTED Pathway

NOVEMBER · 1969

Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows unto the most High: And call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me (Psalm 50:14, 15).

GOLDEN AUTUMN

The landscape was golden-glazed
And my breath was taken away.
Shaggy chrysanthemums blazed;
The landscape was golden-glazed—
I felt that God should be praised
For all the beauty of the day.
The landscape was golden-glazed
And my breath was taken away.

—Earle J. Grant

MY THANKS GLORIFY GOD

I give thanks to God for fresh air and space,
For soft morning light, for a quiet place;
For the clear mountain stream—for the ocean wide;
For rest, when day is done—all work laid aside.

If I keep my vows unto God most High
In the troubled day He will hear my cry.
He has promised, "I will deliver thee."
Then He added, "Thou shalt glorify me."

Just to think! He values my gratitude
For sunshine and rain, fireside and food!
But all man's greatest words are so feeble—small
To express thanks for Christ, God's gift to all.

—Maggie Lee Gray

A FAMILY PRAYS

Dear Lord: As we prepare now to partake
Of blessings this Thanksgiving holiday,
With grateful hearts we reverently pause
In humbleness to lift our voice to pray.

We realize each gift that we hold dear
Is but a product of Thy tender grace.
May we be worthy of such faithful love
As we reside here in this earthly place.

We are so thankful, Father, for our home,
For family and friends, and for our food.
This is the supplication we submit
In Jesus' name, with heartfelt gratitude.

—Joyce A. Inman

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Day of Thanksgiving



IN THESE DAYS when godless men thank God for nothing, and never mention His name except in profanity, America needs to return to the humble, thankful attitude of many of its founding fathers. Our country reflects well the verbal picture given by the Apostle Paul when he stated, ". . . when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened" (Romans 1: 21).

Though some current historians have endeavored to discredit the common belief that a large portion of our nation's founding fathers were devout, they have not succeeded. Many of those early men were prayerful and godly. For example, reputable reference works state that in 1623 a day of fasting and prayer for rain during a prolonged drought was changed into one of thanksgiving by the coming of rain during the prayers.

Our thankful forefathers were the lineal progenitors of some of us and were the spiritual ancestors of every loyal American. At least six of our Presidents were descendants of *Mayflower* families.

Those Pilgrims who crossed the Atlantic in the *Mayflower* spent nine hectic weeks at sea. When, on that momentous December day in 1620, those one hundred and two

persons reached Provincetown Bay, they gave thanks to the Almighty God. Governor Bradford recorded the following: "They fell on their knees and blessed the God of Heaven who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean and delivered them from all the pains and miseries thereof." Upon gathering their first harvest the following fall, these colonists observed a day of thanksgiving and prayer.

Historians state that in studying the genealogies and records preserved in old family Bibles of early New Englanders, one soon becomes keenly aware of the colonists' extensive, detailed knowledge of the Holy Word. This is also reflected in their predilection for the near unpronounceable names which they chose from the Old Testament for their children.

Emerson held the piety and dedication of the Pilgrim Fathers in high esteem. Though he deviated from many of the cardinal tenets of an earlier New England theology, he ardently admired the reverence with which the Puritan fathers had held the Sabbath. He wrote that the proper observance of the Sabbath is the basis of civilization.

Begun by the Pilgrims, the custom of setting aside one day a year especially to thank God for His multitudinous blessings led to our nation's declaring an official

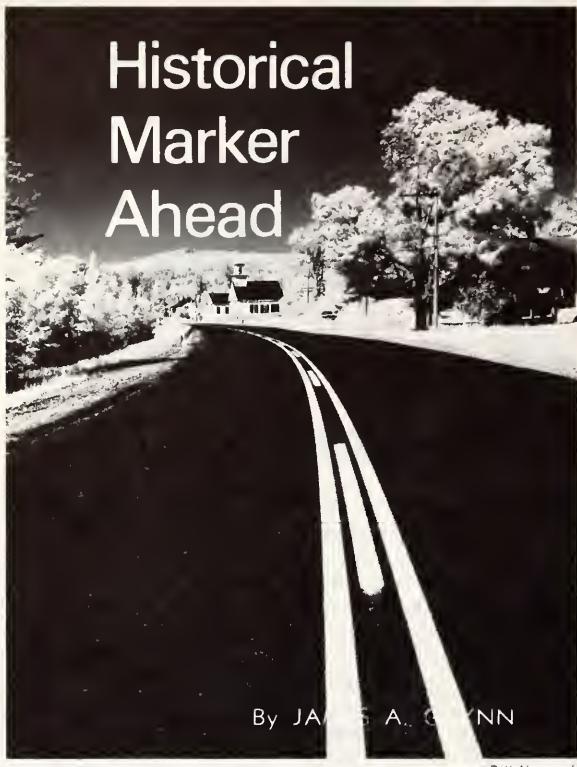
Thanksgiving Day. Though such a day was observed by numerous states years earlier, the observance became nationwide in 1864 when President Lincoln issued his Thanksgiving Day proclamation.

Thankfulness to God is a precious attribute for a nation to possess. America's history reflects such a quality. In his proclamation Lincoln wrote as follows: "I do, therefore, invite my fellow citizens in every part of the United States . . . to observe . . . a day of thanksgiving and praise to our beneficent Father who dwelleth in the heavens . . ." Franklin D. Roosevelt proclaimed: "To set aside in the autumn of each year a day on which to give thanks to Almighty God for the blessings of life is a wise and reverent custom."

During this Thanksgiving season the admonition of Saint Paul to the church at Colossae is fitting for us. It reads: "And let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body; and be ye thankful." Johnson Oatman, the songwriter, suggested the following:

*Count your many blessings;
name them one by one, and
it will surprise you what the
Lord hath done.*

God is a compassionate and benevolent Father. Let us constantly thank Him for His many unmerited blessings.



By JAMES A. GUYNN

Bill Newrock

WE WERE TRAVELING at sixty miles an hour when I saw the sign—"Historical Marker Ahead." "Well," I thought, "we are on vacation, so why not stop and look!" Quite suddenly our car was crunching through gravel and soon came to a dusty stop in front of a large bronze plaque. As we got out of our car the noise of passing trucks and cars filled the air, leaving little whirlwinds of dust as they roared by. I gazed for a moment at the surroundings and wondered what could have warranted the placing of a historical marker here.

As I began reading the words on the memorial I became aware that this area had been the scene of a great military battle. Here, men had fought and had given their lives for a cause which since has passed from view. This almost unnoticed place by the side of a busy

highway now took on new meaning for me. Someone had set up a memorial and marked the place so those of us who follow may know of and remember the hopes and fears, and agonies and courage of a past generation.

The Hebrew word translated "memorial" can be traced back to a primitive root properly meaning to mark (so as to be recognized). In all nations man has desired to be remembered—from the ancient Egyptians who built towering pyramids, to the familiar memorial gardens of modern man. It has been said that man is the only creature on earth who builds tombs to mark a place of remembrance.

Remembering is one of man's distinctive capabilities. God gave us the ability to recall to our minds thoughts and ideas that can vary from the ridiculous to the profound. This capacity is so great

that past events can be brought before our minds to be relived again.

At the Last Supper when Jesus gave His disciples the bread and the cup of the Passover meal, He was, in effect, saying to them, "There is a historical marker ahead." Paul, some years later, looked back to the same event when writing to the Corinthians and said, "For I received from the Lord Himself that which I passed on to you—it was given to me personally; that the Lord Jesus on the night when He was treacherously delivered up and while His betrayal was in progress took bread, And when He had given thanks, He broke [it], and said, *Take, eat. This is My body which is broken for you. Do this to call Me [affectionately] to remembrance*" (1 Corinthians 11:23, 24; *Amplified Bible*).

Concerning the cup, Christ again in verse 25 makes known His desire to be called into affectionate remembrance. With great desire Jesus ate the Last Supper with His disciples. In the present day, and with equal longing, He desires us to share with Him in this unique memorial, calling to memory the full significance of God's historical marker. "For every time you eat this bread and drink this cup, you are representing and signifying and proclaiming the fact of the Lord's death until He comes [again]" (1 Corinthians 11:26; *Amplified Bible*).

As we share in His memorial of communion and call Him affectionately into remembrance may we ever remember His great sacrifice on Calvary. Let us place a mark of hopeful anticipation of His soon return firmly in our minds and hearts, which will say to us as we travel the highway of time—"Historical Marker Ahead." ●

James A. Guynn pastors the Mount Healthy Heights Church of God in Cincinnati, Ohio. Before moving to Ohio, he ministered in Illinois where he was a member of the state council.





By BOB LAIR

THE HABIT OF THANKFULNESS

IT WAS A small child who taught me the lesson, and I've never forgotten it. She had been reminded again and again by her parents to say "thank you" whenever given anything or when shown any kindness. Hardly a day went by that they didn't prompt her: "Say 'thank you,' darling, for the nickel." "Say 'thank you' to that kind man holding the door for you." "Say 'thank you' to Grandpa for the candy."

They thought at first it would take forever for her to learn the lesson, but finally it became a habit. After that it was a rare occasion on which Mommy had to offer a reminder. But then one afternoon the tables were turned. The child had worked hard making a special card for her father.

When she presented it, her father said quickly: "Why, that's a beautiful card!" But he had forgotten the magic words. In a flash she rebuked him with: "Say 'thank you,' Daddy!"

That child's mild retort set me thinking. I began to realize how terribly mechanical we are about the matters of gratitude. We usually are prompt with our verbal thank-yous, but they do not always emerge from genuinely appreciative hearts. In fact, we are often rather mechanical about the whole thing. Thank-yous have become a matter of habit, while real gratitude is a rarer commodity.

I notice it sometimes when we pause for prayer before meals. We would be ashamed to start piling food on our plates without that

reverential moment, but too frequently I fear we go at "the blessing" in a disinterested, perfunctory way, not expressing genuine gratitude at all, but merely going through the motions of an empty ritual.

"Father, we thank Thee for this food. Amen." Or "Bless this food to our bodies we pray. Amen." We say the words, but our hearts are not in them. We have fallen victim to our "habit of gratitude." Watch yourself the next time you pause to pray at mealtime; see if I am not right.

If I am, then we only make a hollow mockery of that moment in which we ought to acknowledge our utter dependence upon God and to praise Him devotedly for seeing to it that we have no need unsupplied. It is no wonder that our children sometimes question our spiritual sincerity, when thanksgiving is only a ritual and not an honest giving of praise to God from grateful hearts.

I am sure it is true of other aspects of our lives as well. How much genuine gratitude do we feel for the personal benefits of health, for the dawning of a new day, for courage to face difficult moments, for spiritual blessings and insight gained in the routine of regular worship and weekly attendance at Bible study and prayer?

How often have our hearts earnestly thanked God for the joy of home and children, for the comfort and fellowship of Christian wife or husband, for capacity for work and a job at hand, for fresh air and beautiful summer days, for opportunities to witness and the sense of His nearness?

We should not cultivate the habit of seeming to be thankful, but rather we should possess a genuine response of heart and spirit to the graciousness of God which is manifest in each moment of life. Dr. Bob Jones often warned: "When gratitude dies on the altar of a man's life, that man is well-nigh hopeless." How profoundly true. Unless our gratitude is more than habit, unless it bursts spontaneously from the soul of praise, our lives are empty indeed. ●

IN EVERYTHING

By IRMA HEGEL

MARILYN BARRY CHEWED the end of her ballpoint, scowling down at the paper before her. At last she raised her head of dish-brown curls, her freckled face looking questioningly at her husband engrossed in his trade journal. "Nate, should we invite your father to come to visit us this Thanksgiving?"

Nathan's journal went down. His lean face regarded her in shocked dismay. "Of course," he retorted. "Why ask?"

Marilyn's dark eyes brimmed with sudden tears. "Dad Barry is slowly dying, Nate. We both know that. How's Dad going to feel at a family dinner where he can't eat any of the good things? How's he going to take the cold trip past the frozen fields and bare trees?"

"Stop it," Nate commanded. "We do believe Jesus' promise of the Resurrection, so does Dad. Invite Dad now while you invite the others."

Marilyn returned to her invitation-writing. She had never faced death in her own family. The Forsythes were a healthy clan. Of course, up to now, Nate's father had been healthy too, managing his small nursery in the north part of their state, visiting them on occasion while they visited in turn.

Such happy times they had together. It was unthinkable that Dad, with his growing malignancy, should be snatched from them in a few months' time.

"I'll be happy to be at the Thanksgiving dinner with you, Nate, and the family," Keziah Barry wrote a few days later. "Dorothy and Walter have promised to pick me up and take me along with them to your home."

Marilyn promptly planned special broth and gelatine. Such dishes would be easy enough to slip on Dad's plate in lieu of the heartier meal the others would be eating. The rest would be more difficult—keeping the children from bothering him, making sure no word of illness or death would be spoken, instructing Nate to take over Dad's usual prayer of Thanksgiving—and, oh, yes, making sure the drapes at the windows were pulled in order that Dad couldn't see the now lifeless yard which was so beautiful in the summer. A frozen yard might remind him of death.

Thanksgiving Day dawned gray with an overcast sky and a hint of snow. Marilyn turned the thermostat higher and lit the log fire in the grate. From the kitchen

drifted the savory fragrance of the roasting turkey and spicy pies.

June and Langford arrived first with their three children. Mom and Dad Forsythe came next, bringing Uncle Clive and Aunt Ann. Their living room was already crowded when Dorothy and Walter's long car pulled up behind the other cars on the drive. Marilyn flung a sweater about her shoulders and darted out to meet Nate's sister and college-professor brother-in-law. "We've brought Dad," Walter announced, helping the older man from the car. "He's been acting like a kid on a holiday."

"A holiday it is!" Dad Barry stood beside her, so much thinner than when Marilyn had seen him last. His topcoat hung loosely on his tall gaunt frame. His weather-browned face had sharpened in the loss of weight. Only his gentle eyes were the same.

"I have the guest room ready if you want to lie down." Marilyn looked compassionately at him.

"Do you honestly think the trip tired me? Not at all. We're on a continued journey, my dear child, and the same loving Pilot remains with us always." He swung a thin arm about her shoulders and leaned heavily upon her as they walked

GIVE Thanks

to the house.

In the living room June's children rushed at Dad Barry. "What are we going to do, Gramps? Have you got any new games?"

"Leave your grandfather alone," Marilyn told them fiercely.

Dad Barry was rumpling the brown and blonde heads clustering about him. "Just let me get my coat off, youngsters, and we'll have a story as a starter."

Marilyn looked appealingly at June and Langford. They were smiling, seemingly unconscious of the strain this trip must have been on a very sick man. Marilyn stalked angrily to the kitchen to baste the turkey. *An unthinking selfish family they were.* She was ashamed for every one of them. Whatever gratitude she had had for today was disappearing fast.

At the table, Dad waved her carefully-tutored Nate away. "I'll pray," he declared and bowed his white-thatched head. "For this happy year, and all the years to come, we thank You, Father. Help us to carry on, to establish Your kingdom on earth. Keep our heads up and our eyes aglow in Jesus' name. Amen."

It had not been the prayer Marilyn had expected from a dying

man. How could Dad Barry speak of a happy year after that dreadful pronouncement from his doctor? How could any of them ever be happy without him?

Her eyes filled as she watched Dad sip only half of her carefully prepared broth and merely nibble at her gelatine. Everyone else was stuffing himself. Dad joked about their appetites and laughed with the children, the gayest of the guests.

While the family lingered over coffee and pie, Marilyn rushed to the kitchen and stood by the window. The tears were streaming down her cheeks. She pressed a handkerchief to her mouth to stifle her sobs.

Dad Barry came suddenly up behind her. "Tears?" he questioned. "On this day of thanks? Come, let's you and I take a turn around your garden."

"Oh, no, Dad, please. It's cold and empty out there. Night's coming on. I can't be grateful for the dark."

"Why not?" Dad took Nate's jacket from the peg behind the kitchen door and tucked it about her. "I want to see that apple tree I planted when you and Nate were first married."

"The tree is bare." *Dead* was the word she had wanted to say and choked it back in time.

They strolled out from the warm lighted kitchen to the cold outdoors. Dry frozen grass lay chilled beneath their feet. Beds that had been gay with colored flowers all summer were piled high with leaves like graves. The apple tree Dad had planted for them stood skeleton-naked in the darkness.

Dad drew her toward the tree, and they stood beneath it. "Look up," he urged her. "Through those bare branches you can see what was hidden by the leaves till now—the stars."

Marilyn peered up and saw the stars, larger than they had ever looked before. In the black expanse of the sky they twinkled like exquisite jewels. She remembered a verse from Keats and quoted softly, "Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art."

Dad Barry chuckled. "Steadfast we humans are not always. We doubt, we fear, we panic. But ah—grateful we can and must be. In everything give thanks—for what we understand and for what we do not understand—*everything*, Marilyn."

To trust God for it all, Marilyn thought—the joy, the pain of suffering. That was faith—not her own sentimental variety that withered in the first blast like the leaves and flowers, but His faith that had looked beyond the cross to God. Dad Barry could not have reminded her that they were on a continued journey, the same loving Pilot with us, if he had not first been thankful.

The kitchen door opened in a square of light. "Marilyn! . . . Dad!" Nate was calling. "Is anything wrong?"

"Everything's right," Marilyn called back to her husband. "Come out and see what Dad's been showing me through the bare branches of our apple tree. It's one more thank-You-God for a truly thankful day." •

"We are saved by hope" (Romans 8:24).

THE BLESSED HOPE

THE GIFT OF eternal life is offered to all. Grace bringing salvation has appeared to everyone, "Teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people (His very own), zealous of good works" (Titus 2:12-14).

Paul speaks of "hope which is laid up for you in heaven" (Colossians 1:5). There is very little hope on earth apart from Christ. This world is the home of sin and sorrow. It "is a stormy sea, whose every wave is strewn with the wrecks of mortals that perish in it." "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. And not only they, but ourselves also, which have the firstfruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body" (Romans 8:22, 23). Hurricane Camille's recent devastation of southern Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, that left thousands homeless and hundreds dead, is another grim reminder of the divine curse which fell upon all this world nearly six thousand years ago.

But fired with a mighty revelation of the future glory of the saints, of their inheritance incorruptible, Paul pours forth the full message of redemption, "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us" (Romans

8:18). And Peter says, "Gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ" (1 Peter 1:13).

"The creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God" (Romans 8:21). All creation shall be delivered from debility and decay. The lion and the lamb shall feed together, and the lamb will not be on the inside of the lion! There shall be no hurt nor harm. The curse shall be lifted. Even the parched ground shall become a pool and the thirsty land shall have springs of living water. Happy hearts shall sing the song of realized hope.

It will not be death. It will be glory! It will not be dark. It will be light! It will not be stumbling, groping, or even faith—it will be sight! It will not be grief. It will be all tears wiped away! It will be sunrise—the morning of our eternal day! It will not be praying—it will be speaking face-to-face! It will be seeing the wonders of His grace, not through a darkened mirror but in true reality!

It will be the end of pleading for strength to bear our pain, for suffering's dark memory will never live again. Martha Snell Nicholson was talking about realized hope when she said, "How did I bear the earth life before I came up higher? Before my soul was granted its every deep desire? Before I knew this rapture of meeting face-to-face the One who sought me, saved me, and kept me by His grace." Our blessed hope will be fully realized only through "the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ" (Titus 2:

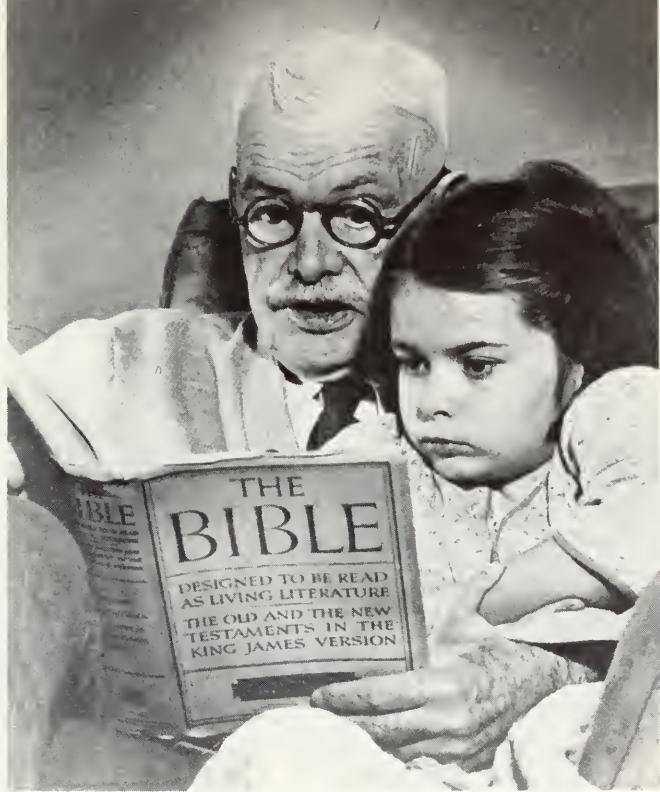
13). From my heart I praise the Lord because He gave Himself for us—to redeem us; to purify us; to make us His own private, personal, peculiar (one of a kind) treasure—the jewels of His amazing grace!

For man's sake the earth was cursed. It, too, shall be redeemed. For a long time now it has been out of harmony with God. Even the heavens are unclean in His sight because of "the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience" (Ephesians 2:2). The great harp of the universe is off key. Even the recent pictures from the moon show stark desolation. Could it be that fallen angels or demon spirits are responsible for the feelings of oppression and depression that grip so many people today, causing some to lose their minds and others to take their own lives?

There is but one way to overcome "the accuser of our brethren" who is reminding God and all of us day and night that we have sinned, we have failed, we have come short. We are all guilty. Satan keeps hounding us with our past. But praise be to God, we overcome this old enemy of our souls and all his emissaries by the blood of the Lamb of God and by the word of our testimony. And Jesus is coming again! This is a blessed hope in our hearts. It makes bearable the discord and dissonance of a world unfriendly to grace. This present system shall pass away but we see "new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness" (2 Peter 3:13).

The man who is sick today hopes that he will be well tomorrow. Those who are poverty-stricken

By J. E. DeVORE



Religious News Service

hope for the day when they will be financially secure. The weak hope for a time when they will be strong. And the saints, to put it in the language of the New Testament, hope for that day "when Christ, who is our life, shall appear" for then we shall "also appear with him in glory" (Colossians 3:4). This is a blessed hope indeed and those who have it purify themselves even as Christ is pure.

He has promised to return for His church. He has not told us the exact time of His coming. "In the glow of early morning. In the solemn hush of night. Down from heaven's open portals steals a messenger of light, whispering sweetly to my spirit, while the hosts of heaven sing—'tis the wondrous thrilling story of the coming of the King." Be ready. In an hour that you think not, He will appear.

A group of children was promised a trip by their teacher. She said, "Be ready anytime after

twelve." One boy thought he had plenty of time. He went on past the noon hour with his playing. He forgot to get ready. When his teacher came, it was too late. She could not wait. Sorrowfully, she had to leave the tearful lad; the bus was scheduled and the driver had to go on.

Friend, do not miss the trip of all trips—the Rapture, the translation of the church, because of your own negligence. How will you escape the wrath that is to come upon this world if you neglect your salvation? Call on the name of the Lord Jesus Christ now. Repent now. Believe in the Son of God now. And you will be saved from your sins now. You will be ready to meet the Lord when He comes or calls.

"I will come again" is His word of truth and His message of hope to every believer. He said there would be great wickedness on earth near the end, as in the days of Noah and Lot. Sin is abounding.

Many are departing from their "first love." Concerning the heavenly hope, there is a falling away. Paul spoke of such spiritual declension before the coming of the Lord. Jesus Christ did not tell us the day nor the hour. Nevertheless, He spoke of many signs of His coming, all of which are now in evidence.

It is time for us to be constantly ready—to look up and to lift up our heads for our redemption is at hand. Our Redeemer is coming for those who are looking for His appearing. "Hold fast the confidence" (Hebrews 3:6) you have in Him and keep on rejoicing in the blessed hope, holding to it firmly unto the end. ●

The Reverend J. E. DeVore, a contributing editor to the *LIGHTED PATHWAY*, is state overseer of the Church of God in Louisiana. Not only is he a competent writer, but he is also an outstanding speaker and often appears on camp meeting and convention programs.



Professor and Student

By PHILIP C. MORRIS

GLAD YOU CAME by the office, John. Have a seat.

Thank you.

What have you got on your mind?

Christians, Mr. Morris. I'm fed up with Christians!

Really? Why should you want to tell me what's wrong with Christians?

'Cause you run down their characteristics so much in class.

I do?

Yes, you do. So I knew you would be very understanding.

You mean you want a *B* in the course.

No, Mr. Morris, you're straightforward and truthful about everything.

You really want an *A*.

Oh, come off it. You know what I mean. I want to talk to someone who'll level with me.

But, John, I thought that understanding, frankness, and truthfulness were the main characteristics of Christians.

You're really out of it, Mr. Morris. You wouldn't make it to first base as a Christian.

I wouldn't? You'd better tell me something about these Christians. What are they like?

Aw, come on. You know them!

No, I guess I don't.

Well, they're like that phony hanky you've got there from the dry cleaners.

You must be some kind of a nut. What are you getting at?

Like your phony handkerchief, Mr. Morris. Pretty blue silk only where it shows. Nothing but cardboard where it's hidden.

And that's what a Christian is?

That's it. A pretty show. An empty life.

Maybe you know the wrong Christians, John.

Naw, they're all alike.

Then, I wonder why you came to me?

'Cause you hate falseness and hypocrisy. Our class discussions show that. The establishment and the war. The arts and the soul. You know. You tell it like it is.

I'm a Christian, John.

You don't lie about life. About reality.

I'm a Christian, John.

You don't try to be something you're—What? Just a minute. I think I got carried away. What did you say, Mr. Morris?

I said I'm a Christian.

Well, there goes my grade.

Now, come on, John.

I'm sorry.

Don't apologize.

You better believe I'm sorry.

Don't say that.

Good-by *B*. Hello *F*.

Phooey, you know better than that.

I hope better than that.

Besides, you've not been running me down.

But you just said you were a Christian, and I've not exactly been pushing them for office.

But you've been complimenting me just the same.

How?

You said I'd never make it to first base as a Christian.

That's a compliment?

It certainly is when I hear you define Christianity as a pretty show but an empty life.

You're still telling it like it is.

And you don't seem to think I'm a phony, silk handkerchief.

No, I wouldn't be here if I thought that. But I still say the Christians I know are phonies.

Do you think I'm a phony, John?

Well, considering grades go out next week—

Aw, come on. You don't have to answer that. You're not fed up with Christians. You're fed up with phonies. Phonies leave God at the church so they can keep Him out of their lives.

You're a real heretic.

Not really, for the Spirit-filled Christian keeps God in his life by inviting Him into his heart.

And you really think that's the difference?

It is for me.

And me?

I can't speak for you. It's every man for himself.

But I'm just a boy.

Well, boy, we'd better go. It's time for class.

Teacher, were you ever going to be a preacher?

Mind your own business, boy. We'll be late. ●



Mr. Philip Morris taught at Lee College for several years. Presently he is studying toward a doctorate and is teaching in Salisbury (Maryland) State Teachers' College.

Lee College Homecoming

By CLYNE W. BUXTON

President, Lee College
Alumni Association

The date is traditional: Thanksgiving, November 27, 1969.

The invitation is open. All alumni are invited. Come just for a visit. Come to see your children. Come to introduce your younger children to Cleveland. Come to get away from "what's bothering you now" and take a peep at what "once bothered you," back when it seemed evident that something had to be done about the state of world affairs.

The program is varied. The Lee Vikings in action. Planned luncheon. Banquet at the Holiday Inn. Crowning of the Homecoming Queen. Class reunions. Fellowship. Laughter. Sermon by special guest alumnus. Alumnus of the Year announcement. Dedication of the new Girls Dormitory. That annual extravaganza known as the Lee College Music Festival. And, of most importance, an opportunity for you to see first hand exactly why we have so many reasons for pride in Lee College of '69.

Accommodations are reasonable. Plan to stay two nights and the Holiday Inn will allow you a special alumni guest rate at their spacious facilities located on the Keith Street bypass. The rate is \$10.50 per night for two adults (the usual single rate) with minimum charge of \$1.00 for additional children under twelve and \$2.00 for children over twelve.



Students of the first term of Lee College, which convened in 1918

Your room will be reserved for you if you write to the alumni office, Lee College, Cleveland, Tennessee 37311. Too, Cleveland offers other excellent motel facilities besides the Holiday Inn.

The business session will begin Wednesday at 2 p.m. Although each State and Local Chapter will be sending picked voting delegates, other alumni can and should sit in on the meetings. Class reunions will convene for those years shown in the following column.

Class	Agent
1969	Bill Winters
1964	William Dean McKinney
1959	Jerry Young
1954	E. K. Waldrop
1949	Trudale Shelton
1944	Vessie D. Hargraves
1939	George Ayers
1934	James A. Cross
Before 1930	Paul H. Walker

II READILY ADMIT that, like most fathers, I sometimes show more than a passing interest in my children's toys. Some time ago I found myself quite absorbed in experimenting with my teen-age son's toy gyroscope. Once the wheel is set to spinning by means of a vigorous tug on a string wrapped around its axle, the instrument can be made to balance on a pencil point or on a string. Looping the string around one of the small posts on the gyroscope's outer gimbal and letting the toy hang straight down, one sees it stand at a gravity-defying right angle to the string. It is really fascinating.

But the gyroscope is much more than a toy. Gyroscopes and the gyroscopic principle play a very important part in the lives of all of us. The earth itself whirling through space is a perfect gyroscope. It is gyroscopic inertia that keeps a bicycle upright as long as its wheels are turning and sends a spinning football straight to its target.

Though there are many different types and sizes of gyroscopes, they share several important features. They resist the force of gravity, they are not affected by magnetic attraction, and the wheel tends to spin in the same plane offering an uncanny resistance to any force that tries to alter that plane.

Because of these features gyroscopes are used to great advantage in many ways. They make it possible to determine and control the direction of oil well shafts thousands of feet below the earth's surface. They aim antiaircraft guns and are used in bombsights to insure accuracy. They aid in mapping highways and in surveying railroads, charting precisely the curves and grades and uneven places.

In the field of navigation they are indispensable. Guided missiles, spaceships, airplanes, and ocean vessels all use them. An airplane has several. At night when the horizon is not visible a gyro provides an artificial one. Another one is used in the turn-and-bank indi-

A LESSON FROM THE GYROSCOPE

By JACK H. POPE



A. Devaney, Inc.

cator to let the pilot know exactly how sharply to bank the plane for the degree turn he wants to make. Two gyros, one vertical and one horizontal, compose the automatic pilot which when turned on keeps the craft on a given course because it refuses to change altitude or deviate either to the left or to the right.

Ships as well as planes use huge gyroscopes called gyrostabilizers to reduce rolling in the craft, thereby providing greater safety and comfort. In ships they compose about 1.5 percent of the vessel's weight which comes to several thousand pounds. Another gyro mounted on a swivel base, so that

the wheel's movement is unaffected by either the sidewise or lengthwise movements of the ship that carries it, provides a gyrocompass superior to the magnetic compass because it is oriented to point to the *true* north instead of the magnetic north and it is not affected by magnetic forces.

It must be a source of great comfort to the captain and crew of a storm-buffeted vessel in mid-ocean to hear the whirr of the giant stabilizer and to watch the gyrocompass point faithfully the way to go, undaunted and unchanged by the blast of the wind, the pounding of the waves, the blackness of the night, or any of the other forces that assail the ship. Though the vessel itself may groan and strain under the pressures of the elements the gyrocompass is oblivious to all this and furnishes a point of reference that one can depend on.

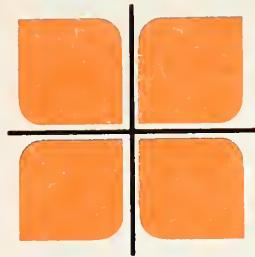
God in His infinite wisdom has provided for His children just such a stabilizer-compass. In an age when fortunes are being rapidly made and lost and when fabulous wealth exists in juxtaposition with appalling poverty, we need an experience which will enable us to say as did Paul, "I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: every where and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need" (Philippians 4:12).

There are those who draw closer to God under adversity and there are others who defect. Conversely there are those who are apparently warmed spiritually by receiving material wealth and others whose lives are visibly cooled by it. There was the fugitive David who behaved so admirably while running for his life (he refused to kill the sleeping Saul). And then there was King David

Continued on page 19

The Reverend Jack H. Pope, a native of Alabama, is overseer of the central region of the Church of God in Brazil. An enthusiastic and dedicated missionary, he resides with his wife and children in Goiania-Goias, Brazil.





STATE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND YOUTH DIRECTORS CITED FOR ACHIEVEMENT



DAVID BEATTY



SIM A. WILSON



R. EDWIN KING



LAMAR VEST



HOWARD HANCOCK



JAMES BYRD



JERRY HOWELL



RON RAGAN



RAY PACE



BILLY J. O'NEAL

By PAUL F. HENSON

As a result of a program designed to guide the State Sunday School and Youth Directors toward greater effectiveness and efficiency in the ministry of Christian education, ten state directors were awarded a "Citation of Achievement," the highest award offered in the program.

This program was created by the General Sunday School and Youth Board and has been lauded by the directors. Listed below are the directors who were given "Merit Awards" and "Service Awards" in the achievement program.

ACHIEVEMENT CITATION

DAVID BEATTY, Missouri
SIM A. WILSON, West Virginia
R. EDWIN KING, Northern California-Nevada
LAMAR VEST, Southern California-Nevada
HOWARD HANCOCK, Maryland-Delaware-D.C.
JAMES BYRD, Indiana
JERRY HOWELL, Florida
RON RAGAN, Washington
RAY PACE, Georgia
BILLY J. O'NEAL, Louisiana

MERIT AWARDS

FLOYD D. CAREY, *South Carolina*
W. A. DAVIS, *Virginia*
JIM MADISON, *Ohio*
TROY BAGGETT, *Texas*
DOUGLAS LeROY, *Oklahoma*
WALTER A. ENGEL, *Western Canada*
J. R. BREWER, *Arkansas*
JOHN E. LEMONS, *Tennessee*
B. L. KELLEY, *Illinois*
DAVID E. MILLS, *New York*
LAWRENCE LEONHARDT, JR., *Kentucky*

SERVICE AWARDS

H. B. THOMPSON, JR., *Arizona*
BOB SUSTAR, *North Carolina*

The State Sunday School and Youth Directors throughout the church play a vital role in the effectiveness of our church. Their dedication to Christ and their constant promotion of God's work is a genuine credit to them and a great blessing to the church.

SOMETHING IN RETURN

By MARY J. CAPPS

I HAVE BEEN practically shockproof since I first learned to read and discovered with my own two eyes that "sugah" really had an "r" on the end of it. Of course, Granny didn't believe it. She warned my parents that book larnin' was making me uppity, so I didn't mention that "chimbly" was supposed to be chimney, "greazy" should be pronounced with an "s" sound, or that "hant" had a "u" in it.

By the time I reached the fourth grade, I was disillusioned and discouraged by the grudging suspicion that my mother tongue bore little resemblance to the King's English—or to the United States' variety, either. But I continued to read any book I could get my hands on, and, heady with power, mentally corrected Granny's "Pull up a cheer and set a spell," "Dreen the juice off'n them 'taters," "Rinch out the churn," or "Git them younguns outen thet loft." But, wisely, I kept the corrections to myself. Granny's "tam-pin's" were several degrees more painful than her "switchin's" or "thrashin's," and she was a proud woman.

Granny had "biled" mountains of turnip greens for her twelve children, over the years, but as I savored the strangeness of "boil," I felt traitorously disloyal in the thought that she probably wouldn't know what it meant—not without "thinkin' on it."

When I was ten, we moved to town and I spent my fifth year of school walking a tightrope. My forgetful lapses into mountain colloquialisms sent my more sophisticated classmates into gales of hysterical laughter that humiliated me. And they seemed almost physically painful to my teacher, Mrs. Hawkins, who spoke English with a perfection I had never heard before. I adored her, but my eyes filled with tears often, as it seemed she deliberately made my life difficult.

Wincing, she would quietly correct my "his'n" or "her'n," then close her eyes to gather the inner strength to cope with my new version, "Hit was hers." I worked hard, but I seemed to spend more time unlearning than learning. The past tense of heat wasn't "hotted" or "het," and it was dived, not "div." Half of my vocabulary

didn't exist, according to Mr. Webster and Mrs. Hawkins!

Granny struck up a close friendship with our new next-door neighbor, Mrs. Pettena. This peppery little Italian woman spoke only a few words of English, but the two of them communicated without trouble, seeming to work on the theory that if one shouted, either in Italian or English, it became more understandable. They visited together for hours, swapped recipes and flower starts, and often shopped together. I could not believe it when Granny told me that my teacher, Mrs. Hawkins, was Mrs. Pettena's daughter!

One Sunday afternoon, Granny was resting in the porch swing as I studied on the front steps. To my dismay, Mrs. Hawkins and her mother crossed the lawn to visit. Granny and my teacher had not met before, although Mrs. Hawkins had always nodded pleasantly when she visited her parents. I cringed as I thought of Mrs. Hawkins' precise speech. What would she think of Granny's grammar?

For the first time in my life, I was ashamed of my grandmother!

Continued on page 17

**A****B****C****D****E**

These men and women are earning \$12,000 to \$25,000 a year doing Christian work!

(others working part-time earn \$75.00 to \$200.00 weekly).

Four of these five people started part-time, now they work full-time.

Read their amazing stories then rush coupon for free book—tells how you too can double or triple your income!

A MINISTER, BUSINESSMAN

Six months ago, I started this rewarding work. I have earned an average of \$1,465.00 each month working full-time, and at the same time helping hundreds of Christian families to know the Bible better. Just recently I was given a great management opportunity.

Mr. W. M., Oregon

B HOUSEWIFE, MOTHER

During my first five months, I averaged \$275.00 a week working less than two full days a week. I also have deep personal satisfaction knowing people are helped spiritually through my work.

Mrs. D. J., Texas

C MINISTER, MANAGER

This work gives financial independence, job security, management opportunity, liberal retirement benefits — plus spiritual satisfaction. I know of no other business that pays so handsomely for the hours invested.

Mr. A. C., Texas

D HOUSEWIFE, PART-TIME

When my husband wanted to return to the University for his graduate work I prayed for a part-time job that would permit me to be home with the children and still earn enough to help pay the family expenses. I've been working 12 hours a week averaging well over \$11.00 an hour.

Mrs. J. P., Canada

E SALESMAN, FULL-TIME

For the last two months, I averaged \$537 weekly . . . but more important, I found many wonderful opportunities to bring spiritual blessing to others . . . for 20 years this work has been the answer to my prayers about financial needs and a chance to help others know of God's Word.

C. E., Pennsylvania

ARE YOU READY FOR THIS ONE-OF-A-KIND CAREER OPPORTUNITY?

One that will give you the financial independence we all seek — besides providing service to the Christian community. You will be performing a vital home ministry — without competition. Thousands of men and women have benefitted from this dynamic, new, ex-

citing program. You will enjoy the support of Christian leaders nationally and locally. Hundreds of men and women are now earning \$150 and more per week, part-time, and over \$300 per week full-time. The secret is the John Rudin Income Plan.

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MANAGERS, SUPERVISORS URGENTLY NEEDED

Housewives, pastors, students, teachers, and other Christians . . . opportunity for even larger incomes and promotion is waiting. If you have a deep interest in people and need a substantial, independent income, we have an opening for you. Act now, mail the coupon below. When you receive our free booklet, you will see how the tried and proven Rudin Income Plan has brought complete financial independence to so many. You will read of a career opportunity that is not dependent on age, education, or background. You will get all the facts about a fine repu-

table, long-established company undergoing dynamic expansion in an unlimited market.

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Free Rudin plan provides all the materials you need for immediate and lasting success. Immediate openings. There's no better time to take advantage of this dignified, high-paying career opportunity. So mail the coupon now, before your location is taken.



FREE!

The John Rudin success story in a nutshell. This booklet gives all the exciting facts.

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22 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill. 60602**

Yes! Please rush your free booklet and all facts about the Rudin Income Plan.

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Address _____

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CGTB

CAMPING IN THE CHURCH OF GOD

By CECIL R. GUILES

TODAY'S phenomenal camping program traces its history to the stirring Civil War years. In 1861 Frederick Wilson Gunn, being aware how the youth were affected by the awful national crises, conducted a two-week summer encampment at Milford-on-the-Sound, where the boys worked, hiked, fished, and boated. He continued his summer camp program until 1879. Gunn is recognized as the "Father of the American Camping Movement."

Camping is not limited to church-sponsored camps. Each summer scores of secular camps are conducted. However church camping is obviously the fastest growing activity in the camping field today. The church of God has shown tremendous growth in total camping weeks. Despite a parallel increase in the investment in camping facilities, there is a con-

stant search for more places where states can conduct camps. Campsites range from camp meeting facilities to state park camps. In Alabama, a beautiful wooded camp has been purchased and developed to accommodate the state's burgeoning camps.

The most significant difference between church camping and secular camping is perhaps where priorities are placed. The distinctiveness of the church camp lies in the Christian leadership provided. Under Christian leadership the full scope of life's activities can be faced in the light of Christian vocation. On this premise, the church camp is very different from a secular camp. The Church of God is taking its mission seriously; it chooses camp workers as carefully as it chooses any leader who is entrusted with the guidance of young lives.

Because we view our counselors and staff first as Christian leaders, youth camp affords a tremendous opportunity to minister to youth. Youth camp is viewed as an instrument for Christian education. Alert counselors observe and teach through interpersonal relations. Campers are guided into new understanding concerning what it means to be a Christian in day-by-day activities.

Church camping is not an end in itself. It is a Christian education tool that is being wielded through the Holy Spirit for the salvation and spiritual growth of young people. Camping is not designed to provide activity alone. It is changed lives, spiritual changes in the lives of the campers, that count! The spiritual life permeates the entire camp program and is not limited to formal meetings.

In the evening youth camp

meeting service, a strong evangelistic message on the level of the campers is presented, followed by a fervent altar call, which usually has a good response. There are dramatic changes in demeanor as weeping youth experience the joy of forgiveness. Conviction is usually deep, praying is lusty and unabashed, conversions are genuine, and radical changes are wrought in the lives of youth.

However, spiritual needs of campers are not limited to the evening service, or one day of the week, nor any particular time or place. No camp director or counselor can tell in advance when a shy question or an embarrassing statement will require the most thoughtful, helpful reply he is capable of giving. Those moments may arise at any time, as when counselor and camper are walking slowly down a road at twilight, or lingering over a campfire, or doing camp chores together. The time and place are unimportant; the important thing is that the camper's question or statement is met squarely, seriously, understandingly, and completely.

Camping has done much to help conserve the youth of our church. It is perhaps the most important step the church has taken to nurture and conserve its youth. Campers who knelt at camp altars are serving as ministers and active laymen today. In camp, young people have been encouraged to live a separated life and to grow strong spiritually. The fact that over 1,978 campers received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, 2,928 were saved, 2,024 were sanctified, and 2,153 were baptized in water, indicates the spiritual nurture and spiritual advancement that many youth are making.

In these days of national emergency, what is more important than the training of our youth in skills, self-reliance, initiative, and the ability to work and plan together democratically? What better setting can one find than a youth camp to provide a healthful, normal atmosphere, free from the tensions that can be so destructive to the mental well-being of young

people? The setting, the small groups with mature counselors, the cooperative living, the program of doing, and the climate of fun and adventure all combine to make the camp a place where learning takes place rapidly, easily, and naturally.

The camper is the reason for summer camps. Without him, tents, cabins, dormitories, dining room, swimming pools, staff, and play field would serve no purpose. It is concern for his joys, his spiritual growth, his newfound skills, and his social gains that cause state directors and state Sunday School and Youth Boards to plan, support, and maintain camps.

Now that the curtain has fallen on the 1969 youth camps, the sounds of camp life, the mingling with boys and girls, the clanking of pots and pans in bustling kitchens, and the sometime torrid pace on the athletic fields have ceased, and campers and staff have gone home to wait for the 1970 youth campers, it is well to take a look in retrospect. It was a year in which camps witnessed scenes of great spiritual refreshings. It was a year that saw 74 camps conducted across the United States and Canada, and a total of 17,632 enrolled in camp.

It was a year in which North Carolina led the United States and Canada in attendance with a total attendance of 1,990. Alabama was second with 1,337, and Tennessee was third with 1,299. It was a year that witnessed as many as 105 receiving the baptism of the Holy Ghost in one service in the Alabama Youth Camp. It was a year in which new camping programs were introduced. And it was a year that saw hundreds of youth leave camp with a fresh dedication to Christ and the church, with a renewed determination to make their lives "living epistles," read of all young people. ●

The Reverend Cecil R. Guiles is Assistant General Sunday School and Youth Director of the Church of God. Before his election to that position, he distinguished himself as an outstanding leader in Sunday school and Youth work in the states of Illinois, Alabama, and Tennessee.



Something in Return

From page 14

I was ashamed, too, of my lack of progress. Mrs. Hawkins' handicap was so much greater than mine—she had had to switch to a whole new language! All I had had to do was to correct my native tongue—and try to remember to pronounce "ing's" instead of dropping "g's" all over the place—and I had failed miserably!

Shyly I looked up as Mrs. Pettena spoke to me. "You Granny, she's helpa me so much to learna the Eng-lish. Soma day I gonna talk so good as she."

Granny beamed with pride, swinging contentedly as she smiled at her friend. Turning to Mrs. Hawkins, she said, "Yep, Miz Hawkins, I'm gonna larn her English real good. You jes' wait 'n see. Her'n ain't too awful bad now—d'you think?"

Mortified, I stared at my book and tried to wish myself back to my beautiful green hills, where everyone spoke that way. Granny was right! Too much book larnin' could put your brain in a sling (mine needed one right then, I was certain!) and make you "tolerable" unhappy and ashamed of your kin—and for what? I would quit school and go back home and live with Aunt Eddy! The only thing I would read from now on was catalogs!

Dimly I heard Mrs. Hawkins talking to Granny, her voice sounding strangely soft and wobbly. "You're a wonderful friend to my mother. For years she's refused to attempt really to learn English. Now she's working very hard at it, and I'm proud of both of you. She says you're a very wise woman, and she will learn from you."

Then she murmured something else that sounded like "Quid pro quo." When I looked it up, it meant "something in return." I wasn't sure, but I thought it probably had something to do with her working so hard to teach me. ●



Captain David S. Cavin

Know Your Chaplain

I received a deferment from active duty while attending seminary at Duke University, and after graduation I applied for a transfer into the Chaplain's Corps. During the summer of 1964 I attended the chaplain's basic course at Fort Hamilton, New York, and also requested to be called to active duty; but I waited almost two years before I received orders to report to Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

During my four months at Fort Bragg my duties included assisting the post chaplain, providing Protestant coverage for the ROTC summer camp and finally, battalion chaplain for the 14th Engineer Battalion. The latter unit was already on orders to Vietnam when I joined it, so it was only a few days until we were on our way to join the other units of the 18th Brigade in Vietnam. After twenty-four days on ship (including a few days of seasickness) I walked ashore at Vung Ro Bay, Vietnam. We set up headquarters initially at Phieu Hiip, but after a few weeks we moved south to Dong Ba Thin where the headquarters remained as long as I was with the unit.

The five companies of the battalion were often separated from one hundred to five hundred miles apart. They were engaged in building airstrips, roads, bridges, and giving combat engineer support to infantry units. I spent a lot of my time flying from one company to another conducting worship services, counseling, visiting the sick and wounded, and conducting memorial services. When I got back to the headquarters, there was always work to be done in the local orphanage and refugee camps. There were many opportunities to serve God under these combat conditions.

One of the highlights of my tour in Vietnam was the time of Christian fellowship we had with Brother Conn, Brother Spain, and Brother Johnson when they met with Chaplain Crick, Chaplain Layne, and me in Saigon.

Since returning from Vietnam, I have been stationed in the Train-

It is my desire that you become more familiar with our Church of God chaplains and their ministry. This is the first of a series of articles entitled, "Know Your Chaplain." Each of our chaplains will be featured in a future article.

Our chaplain of the month is Captain David S. Cavin, an ordained minister and member of the Church of God, La Fayette, Georgia.

Chaplain Cavin was born May 18, 1934, in Centre, Alabama. He attended Lee College from 1957-59. He received his A.B. degree from

the University of Chattanooga in 1961 and his B.D. degree from Duke University in 1964. He is married to the former Anna Brovayer; and they have one son, Michael David, who is eleven months old.

Presently, Chaplain Cavin is stationed in Korea. Prior to this assignment, he served in Vietnam for one year.

God has blessed this dedicated man and we, the Church of God, are proud that he is one of us!

C. Raymond Spain
Executive Director

The sixteenth of May, 1966, was a very important day in my life, for it marked the beginning of my ministry as a Church of God chaplain in the United States Army. The seed for this ministry had been planted years before when I was in the Army as an enlisted man stationed in Frankfurt, Germany.

During my tour of duty in Germany, I found many opportunities to work with the chaplains and became aware of their important ministry to the men in uniform. It was hard for me to un-

derstand why so few Church of God ministers had entered the chaplaincy when there was such a great need for Spirit-filled ministers to work with the men in the Armed Forces.

I returned from Germany in 1957, but it was not until 1959, while going to school at the University of Chattanooga, that I made a decision to prepare for the chaplaincy. I enrolled in the ROTC (Reserve Officers' Training Corp) program and was commissioned a second lieutenant in the infantry after graduation in 1961.

ing Center at Fort Lewis, Washington, as the assistant brigade chaplain of the 3rd AIT Brigade. I feel that the opportunity is just as great here, as it was in Vietnam, to reach the men with the good news about God's concern for them. During this period of training these young men are confronting some really difficult adjustment problems, and they often seek counsel with the chaplain. I feel that the Training Center provides the alert chaplain with an unparalleled opportunity to present the relevance of the gospel during this time of transition.

I just received word today that my next assignment will be in Korea; I am sure that there is much to be done for the kingdom of God in Korea. Remember me when you pray that I will ever be faithful in fulfilling the motto of the Chaplains' Corps: "Bring God to Man and Man to God." •

The Gyroscope

From page 12

who, when these pressures were lifted, killed his friend so that he could take his wife.

We are living in a day when nudity is equated with innocence and honesty and when the shedding of religious convictions is hailed as "liberation from hypocrisy." Using Isaiah's words, it is a day when men "call evil good, and good evil . . . put darkness for light, and light for darkness . . . put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter" (Isaiah 5:20). It is an age when we need a gyrocompass that is unaffected by the magnetic forces of worldly appeal or the gravitational pull asserted by the multitude of defectors.

We need a stabilizer that will enable us to withstand the trials of poverty or the seductiveness of affluence. We have such a compass and stabilizer in the abiding presence of Jesus Christ through the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. If you do not have Christ, seek Him. If you do have Him, do not neglect Him. The gyro only works if it is turning. •



Sunday School Memory Course Awards

Twelve juniors received certificates of awards for their accomplishments in the Sunday School Memory Course at North Cleveland Church of God. Six girls received the "Pilot Pin," an award for completing the three-year memory

course. They were required to read the New Testament through and to memorize many portions of the Scriptures.

Pictured with the recipients of the awards are the other members of the class and two sponsors.

—Geneva Carroll

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Where is Your Tent Pitched?

By MARGIE SNOWDEN NORTH

When Lot beheld the plains of Jordan and saw how lush and green they were, quite naturally he chose to go in that direction. Some might think of him as being a bit selfish, but who is there among us that would not have done the same, if given a chance?

This probably was not the worst mistake Lot made. His main blunder was not the fact that he chose to dwell in the cities of the plain, but that he ultimately decided to pitch his tent toward Sodom.

After realizing that the men there were exceedingly wicked, he should have pitched elsewhere; but somehow he became more and more involved there—in building a home and in giving his daughters in marriage.

Why is it that sometimes we Christians will pitch our tents toward Sodom (the world) because, socially, it seems the right thing to do, or because we want to satisfy the pride of life? As we dwell there on the borderline of sin, we become more and more involved until at last we are so entangled with the affairs therein that they do not seem at all sinful anymore. Then one day God speaks to us: "Get out—I'm going to destroy this place. If you stay here, you'll be destroyed right along with the vilest of sinners."

Let us ask ourselves these questions: "Am I on the borderline of sin, swaying first this way and then that? Where is my tent pitched?" Then let us all gather courage to turn our backs on the things which we thought mattered so much, and do as Lot did—leave that place without looking back. Remember Lot's wife! •

MONDAY, November 24 **Read:** 1 Corinthians 10, note verse 31, "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." **Think:** Tip 3. Do not use religion as a cover-up for poor grades or unfriendliness. Be consistent. **Pray:** Ask God to help you do your best. Grades are important. Purpose to do your best in completing assignments and in taking exams.

TUESDAY, November 25 **Read:** Philippians 2, note verse 4, "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." **Think:** Tip 4. Learn the names of as many of the campus crowd as you can; "Hi, Harold!" "Hi, Helen!" This will pave the way for friendship and witnessing. **Pray:** Ask God to help you develop friendly ways and be a trustworthy friend.

WEDNESDAY, November 26 **Read:** Philippians 2, note verse 7, "But [Christ] made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant." **Think:** Tip 5. Pay your school debts: You owe to your classmates your support in school activities, and your unfeigned friendship and loyalty. **Pray:** For the success of wholesome school activities and for a spiritual awakening among students.

School Stewardship

THURSDAY, November 27 **Read:** Psalm 119, note verse 11, "Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee." **Think:** Carry your Bible to school—campus compass. This will strengthen your faith and will identify you as a Christian. **Pray:** For a keen appetite to read the Bible and for grace to apply its principles in daily life.

FRIDAY, November 28 **Read:** Matthew 6, note verse 9, "After this manner therefore pray ye." **Think:** Return thanks when you eat at school—cafeteria countdown. This, too, is a medium to shine and to serve on the campus. **Pray:** When was the last time you told someone on campus what Christ means to you? Tell the Lord that you want to be a soul-winner.

SATURDAY, November 29 **Read:** Romans 14, note verse 16, "Let not then your good be evil spoken of." **Think:** Do not ignore the rights of others and always look for the good, rather than the bad, in other students. **Pray:** For someone at school who you know is experiencing a disturbing problem. Seek to help him in a definite way.

SUNDAY, November 30 **Read:** James 1, note verse 5, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God." **Think:** Christ is concerned about your education and offers you His assistance. Do not overlook the power of prayer in your studying program. **Pray:** Be a prudent student. Prepare with prayer before school, prove prayer during school, and rest in the pleasures of prayer after school.

Southern California Presents Bi-District Teen Banquet

Doing something and just talking about doing something are two different things to Lena Saylor, district youth director of the Torrance, California, District.

Under her guidance a banquet for sophomores, juniors, and seniors was held recently. Titled "Gala-Rama '69," the banquet was held at the Pacoima Church of God and was served by the Ladies Willing Workers Band of that church.

"Many of our schools offer some celebrations in which our teens cannot participate. I feel the church should show its interest by offering them a good time in a Christian atmosphere," Mrs. Saylor said.

Assisting in this endeavor was Chuck Voorhees, youth director of the Bell District. Together they presented a memorable evening for teens of the Bell and Torrance districts.

Acting as master of ceremonies was the Reverend Glen C. Grove, pastor of the Bell Church of God. The Cooper Trio, from the Ontario Church of God (and runners-up in the Vocal Ensemble category of the National Teen Talent contest last year) presented special singing. Kathy Grove and Chuck Voorhees, both from Bell, were featured soloists.

The feature of the evening was a Christian film titled "I Hear a New Song." This film presented positive proof of the danger of "beat music."

General feeling about the success of the banquet was summed up by the expressions of a youth teacher: "I have been to a lot of programs and seen a lot of things, but this is the best I have ever seen."

Mrs. Saylor said, "I hope we can have a repeat performance of this event year after year." To which Bell and Torrance districts heartily agreed. ●

—Naomi Voorhees

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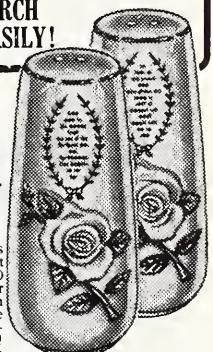
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H. Armstrong Roberts

By VIVIAN BOITER

THE BLESSING OF WORK

JC PENNEY learned early in life that self-reliance and self-respect are by-products of work. At the age of eight his father told him that he must find a way to buy his own clothes. The young boy was terribly shocked and perhaps felt that his father was treating him most unjustly. Yet, how proud and confident Jim was when he bought his first pair of shoes with money which he himself had earned.

All honest work is honorable. Even the small, seemingly unimportant job that needs to be done is dignified labor.

An Occupational Home for the Handicapped in Walworth, Wisconsin, helps disabled men and women do work they are capable of performing. Some of them are in wheelchairs and perform tasks such as assembling plastic boxes and packaging them. But these jobs have a purpose, and the handicapped are earning their own living. Moreover, they are making a useful contribution to society because their alert minds within

their disabled bodies have been activated by work. Work gives everyone an opportunity for making a worthwhile contribution to the world.

After thirteen years of work in experiments and research, Thomas A. Edison presented the electric light to his generation. Civilization will continue to benefit from his years of labor.

An elementary school teacher commented to a friend, "When, as a young girl, I chose the career of teaching, I was thinking mostly of a job to support myself. But after ten years of teaching, I see what a wonderful opportunity I have to help young children to begin acquiring knowledge that will remain with them all of their lives—or to give them a foundation upon which to build."

For many of life's bad times, work is an extra good narcotic. One morning a young married woman was concerned about her neighbor whose husband had been in a plane caught in a wind and sleet storm. She went to the home

of her friend to offer a little reassurance and found her making fancy cookies. Thinking she had interrupted the woman's work, she spoke of her husband's plight and prepared to leave. But her friend told her, "I don't really need to make these cookies. It is having something to do in a period of anxiety that counts. The minutes move faster."

Another plague which bothers both rich and poor, educated and uneducated is boredom. In fact, a doctor has said that he thinks this is one of our most serious diseases. Although medical science does not have a pill to cure boredom, an individual can find a remedy in work that is challenging and interesting enough to add flavor and zest to life.

Work can give joy and satisfaction in the here and now, as well as inspire plans for the future.

A teen-age girl works on a job in a grocery store after school and during summer. She finds satisfaction in earning money which she can use now. However, she will save a portion of that money to finance her college education.

So, money is another blessing of work. It is a medium of exchange which we must have in order to buy the necessities of life and which we can use for the betterment of humanity.

When the first man and woman were sent from the Garden of Eden to the outside world, they were given a task. "In the sweat of thy face, shalt thou eat bread," said their Creator. They were not to spend their time in remorse and regret over the disobedience that had caused the loss of their home in Eden. Neither were they to spend their time in mischief nor idleness. Instead, they were to become occupied with conquering and reclaiming the earth. Through the pursuit of labor, they would find new joys.

They, like we, had to learn that the good things of life come to us through the blessing of work. And by our labor we can help to make the world a better place in which to live. •

Family Training Hour (YPE)

By Paul F. Henson
General Director

AUGUST 1969

Churches listed here are only those out of the more than 3,500 in the United States that chose to send in a report of their attendance.

Cincinnati (Central Parkway), Ohio	394
Cleveland (North), Tennessee	232
Buford, Georgia	223
Middletown (Clayton St.), Ohio	220
Lakeland (Lake Wire), Florida	198
Nassau (Faith Temple), Bahamas	195
Ranlo, North Carolina	179
Radford, Virginia	179
Greenville (Tremont Ave.), South Carolina	175
Huntsville (College Park), Alabama	168
Macclenny, Florida	165
Atlanta (Mount Paran), Georgia	151
Jacksonville (Garden City), Florida	147
Plant City, Florida	147
Rome (North), Georgia	144
Lumberton (East), North Carolina	142
Hurst, Texas	139
Rossville, Georgia	138
Jacksonville (Southside Estates), Florida	137
Orlando, Florida	136
Wilmington (Fourth St.), North Carolina	131
Wyandotte, Michigan	127
Paris, Texas	126
Norfolk (Azalea Garden), Virginia	122
Pulaski, Virginia	122
Hamilton (Princeton Pike), Ohio	121
Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina	117
Roanoke, Virginia	115
Fort Worth (Riverside), Texas	108
Jackson (Baley Ave.), Mississippi	106
Cleveland (Mount Olive), Tennessee	105
Jacksonville (Springfield), Florida	102
Pontiac, Michigan	102
Avondale Estates, Georgia	100
Cleveland (Big Springs), Tennessee	98
Poplar, California	96
Conway, South Carolina	95

Brownfield, Texas	95
Douglas, Georgia	94
Lexington (Loudon Ave.), Kentucky	94
Clover, South Carolina	94
Princeton, West Virginia	93
Winchester, Kentucky	90
Covington (Shepherds Fold), Louisiana	90
Lorain, Ohio	87
Fairfield (North), California	86
Chattanooga (East), Tennessee	86
Sanford, Florida	85
Bush (Sharps Chapel), Louisiana	84
Fort Lauderdale, Florida	83
Indianapolis (West), Indiana	83
Dallas (Oak Cliff), Texas	82
Abingdon, Virginia	82
Canton (Canton Temple), Ohio	81
North Ridgeville, Ohio	81
Vanceburg, Kentucky	75
Cahokia, Illinois	73
West Monroe, Louisiana	72
Thorn, Mississippi	71
Foxville (Mt. Pleasant), Maryland	69
Xenia, Ohio	69
Somerset, Pennsylvania	69
Granite Falls, North Carolina	68
Hopewell (Seventh Ave.), Virginia	66
Bartow, Florida	65
East Saint Louis (Washington Park), Illinois	65
Cleveland (Bancroft), Tennessee	64
Eldorado, Illinois	63
Pascagoula, Mississippi	63
Anawalt (Conklintown), West Virginia	63
Donalds, South Carolina	62
Richmond Dale, Ohio	61
Orangeburg (Palmetto), South Carolina	60
West Frankfort, Illinois	59
Middlesboro (Noetown), Kentucky	58
Mount Clemens, Michigan	57
Live Oak, Florida	52
Corbin (Center St.), Kentucky	52
Portsmouth (Westhaven), Virginia	51
Williamsburg, Pennsylvania	50
Honaker, Virginia	50



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Beyond The Obvious

By JEAN S. LACEY

DESPITE HER deliberate detachment from the adult-education painting class, I couldn't agree with the others that Helen was a "snob." Having gone through an earlier period of emotional affliction, I felt an affinity for this woman whose desolation went unheeded and misunderstood.

Sitting quietly in the far corner of the room, she never seemed aware of anyone else's presence. Although I wanted to go over and speak to her and see what she was painting, I respected her wish to be left alone. But I looked often at the plain, gaunt woman in her late fifties whose sad, creased face revealed a world weariness that demanded much strength to overcome.

I wondered if when she was my age of thirty, she, too, had known the joys of a gentle, thoughtful husband and a young son whose love affair with life was a continual, jubilant celebration of God's blessings.

One morning, my tardiness necessitated my taking the only remaining easel next to hers. She didn't return my smile when I asked, "Mind if I join you?" She merely nodded. As I sat slightly behind her, not wishing to be intrusive, I suddenly became transfixed. I saw her painting. A country landscape, it glowed with a

powerfully magnetic vibrancy. As she worked swiftly and confidently, her faultless strokes created a reality that reached all senses. In spite of my unpardonable staring, I couldn't turn my eyes away.

The sunlight on the white barn dazzled the eyes; the lush fields smelled of late, rich spring; the shade of the majestic sycamores cooled the heart of the noon; the crystal brook sparkled in its rapid run over glistening pebbles. A sun-and-shadow dappled baymare noisily guzzled the waters' keen coldness.

Having lost all identification with my surroundings, someone's loud announcement, "Coffee break!" startled me and returned me to the classroom. The shout broke Helen's spell, too. She put down her brush, sighed, and leaned back. I didn't feel like coffee, but the thought occurred to me that here was an opportunity to bridge a gap.

I spoke softly to the back of Helen's head. "May I get you some coffee?" She turned around abruptly, looked at my empty palette, then took bewildered note of my undisguised admiration. She seemed stunned.

"I—I—why, yes. That would be nice. Black, please."

Victorious, I hurriedly got coffee for both of us. She accepted hers with a guarded "Thanks," and

turned back to study her work in silence. Accommodating her resistance to any sociability, I patiently watched and waited. Rather than resent being shut out by her intense concentration, I regarded this ability with envy.

It was only when she had finished her drink and half turned toward me that I said, "Here, let me have your cup." She handed it to me with a murmured "Thanks. That tasted good." On the way back from the coffee table, I decided to say what was on my mind. She didn't look at me when I spoke.

"I hope you'll forgive me for watching you paint. It's an imposition, but—well, it's rather an awesome experience."

She faced me directly. While the deep melancholy in her eyes remained unchanged, her cold remoteness slowly melted to an open responsiveness and show of gratitude.

"Your painting affects one strongly. It somehow makes the truth of beauty even more truthful. I'm expressing this very clumsily, but I can't possibly put into words what you have put on canvas."

For the first time, she smiled. A brief surge of warm communication arose between us. She rested her wrinkled hand on my arm and spoke with a graciousness that be-



Grover Brinkman

lied the stony indifference for which she had been criticized.

"God gave me a gift of strengthening consolation in creativity. You have given me another gift I shall always treasure. Thank you so much."

Seemingly embarrassed, she quickly picked up a brush and went back to her work. "Consolation." I mused over the possible causes for her sorrow and her withdrawing from people. Unlike outward aspect, her painting reflected an uncommon inner grace and nobility. Her creativity had indeed been God-given, and so had the wealth of her character. As I again became engrossed in Helen's inspired talent, both speculation and time's measure dissolved. When the noon bell rang, I resented its intrusion.

Since none of my painting equipment had been used, I was soon packed and ready to leave. I wondered what to say. I wanted to

know her better, but intuition told me that for now, the less said the better. As I moved to leave, she raised her head, smiled, and we exchanged a look of silent understanding. Goethe's words became distinctly significant: "Where there is much light the shadows are deepest." Hers was truly the light of God's love.

It was my misfortune never to see Helen again. Other commitments prevented my attending the last few classes. When I returned the following semester, Helen was no longer enrolled. Nobody in the class was able to tell me anything about her, and most obviously, nobody cared. I resisted the temptation to ask for her address at the office, for our brief encounter had been too tenuous.

From where did Helen come? And where did she go? And what great burden did she bear so courageously? I undoubtedly shall never know. And yet, I am strange-

ly satisfied. Her painting may hang in someone else's home; but somehow, it shall always belong to me, too. It represents more than its own unforgettable singularity of beauty; it symbolizes a lesson I learned about human nature. It is a lesson from which I have profited many times since.

Whatever some may call the need to be left alone, whether haughtiness or odd behavior, the eye can never see, nor can the ear ever hear what tears are shed inside an impenetrable human shell. Nor can anyone know what wealth lies silent and deep beneath an impoverished personality.

"Helen, the Snob," understood the truth of the Lord's beauty far more than most of us who accept, and too readily conform to, "the sake of appearance." In our haste to reach the noisy, spangled carousel, how many of us ignore the shadowed, solitary cove that may hide a shining trillium? •



A. Devaney, Inc.

DEVOTIONS FOR YOUTH

By FLOYD D. CAREY

Christian Teens and School Survival

It has been said that "school is not preparation for life, but school is life." Almost one third of your life will be spent "battling the books," another third will be consumed by sleeping and the final third will be expended in working. This narrows down your expected seventy years extremely close. Some of your happiest and most fruitful years, however, will be spent at school. For this reason, I want to encourage you to take control of your life at school, to serve and to shine, and to be a campus champion for Christ. The devotions this month are designed to assist you in achieving academic success through school stewardship.

School Strength

SATURDAY, November 1 Read: Psalm 37, note verse 5, "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass." *Think:* God is concerned about your school life! List two reasons why you should "commit your way" to Him on campus. *Pray:* Personal surrender to the way of God is the source of school strength; talk with Him about studying, about sports, and about school service.

SUNDAY, November 2 Read: Proverbs 16, note verse 3, "Commit thy works unto the Lord, and thy thoughts shall be established." *Think:* Commit your

school works to the Lord and He will establish (balance, clarify, make meaningful) your thoughts (educational pursuits). *Pray:* For your principal and teachers and pledge to live a consistent life before them.

MONDAY, November 3 Read: Proverbs 23, note verse 23, "Buy the truth, and sell it not; also wisdom, and instruction, and understanding." *Think:* Money cannot purchase these three things, but God will furnish the "money" (power-force), you must provide a willing mind, courage, and character conviction. *Pray:* Ask for a spirit of alertness in understanding assignments, in taking exams, and in keeping acquired knowledge in its proper dimension.

TUESDAY, November 4 Read: Ephesians 6, note verse 13, "Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God." *Think:* The armor of God includes wisdom to solve problems and instructions on how to develop talents, to shine your shield, and to claim these weapons by faith. *Pray:* A personal devotional period each morning before you go to school with Bible reading and prayer, will equip you to accept the opportunities of learning and of leading others to know Christ.

WEDNESDAY, November 5 Read: Matthew 28, note verse 20, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." *Think:* Christ is with you at school in the same manner that He is with you at church; His love, concern, and power is just the same. *Pray:* Recognize the availability of God's power to assist you at school. Claim it as you talk with Him about your school life.

School Strategy

THURSDAY, November 6 Read: 2 Timothy 3, note verse 12, "Yea, and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." *Think:* You will encounter opposition and persecution at school. The Bible "do not" requirements to meet ridicule will be set forth in the next nine devotions. One, do not show surprise—it is natural. Reread verse 12. Be prepared for it. *Pray:* For thick spiritual skin to reflect a Christian attitude when you are under attack.

FRIDAY, November 7 Read: Romans 12, note verse 21, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." *Think:* Two, do not counteract with wrath. Let God work it out for you. Read Romans 12:19. *Pray:* For the salvation of unsaved classmates and for opportunities to witness to them.

SATURDAY, November 8 Read: Romans 1, note verse 16, "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation." *Think:* Three, do not be apologetic. Stand up for your standards. You do not have to apologize for a clean life, the promise of heaven, and soul contentment. *Pray:* Are you thankful for the bountiful blessings of God? Tell Him that you are.

SUNDAY, November 9 Read: Luke 6, note verse 29, "And unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other." *Think:* Four, do not fight back with the same weapon. List two ways that you can

"turn the other cheek" when you approach a schoolmate who is holding a grudge against you. *Pray:* Is there someone at school who seems to dislike you because of your Christian testimony? Pray for him.

MONDAY, November 10 *Read:* 2 Timothy 1, note verse 12, "For I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him." *Think:* Five, *do not be negative, be positive.* God's standards do not change with different locations or with circumstances; be positive in stating what you believe. Remember, God is able! *Pray:* Are you experiencing difficulty in a particular subject? God is able to help you; discuss the problem with Him.

TUESDAY, November 11 *Read:* Psalm 37, note verse 11, "But the meek shall inherit the earth." *Think:* Six, *do not be harsh and cruel; be kind and sympathetic.* Was it easy for Christ to be kind and sympathetic with the carnal leaders of His day who were always opposing Him? *Pray:* Select and pray for three students who are not Christians and who reflect a hostile attitude toward spiritual things.

WEDNESDAY, November 12 *Read:* Deuteronomy 14, note verse 2, "And the Lord hath chosen thee to be a peculiar people unto himself." *Think:* Seven, *do not be conspicuous; be different.* The life of a Christian is different, not necessarily because of what he wears or what he eats for lunch, but rather because of his attitudes and actions toward others. *Pray:* In what ways are you different from unsaved teens? Polish your Christian graces in prayer.

THURSDAY, November 13 *Read:* Galatians 5, note verse 1, "Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free." *Think:* Eight, *do not run from ridicule; brace up to it or you will be running the rest of your life.* Stand fast student, you already have peace and freedom. *Pray:* For the teens in your local church who attend high school.

FRIDAY, November 14 *Read:* Galatians 6, note verse 9, "And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." *Think:* Nine, *do not become weary or weak; look ahead to victory.* By observing the nine requirements to meet ridicule you will obtain victory and will have a happy school life and a happy personal life. *Pray:* For your parents, brothers, and sisters; a happy home life helps one to have a happy school life.

School Success

SATURDAY, November 15 *Read:* Isaiah 41, note verse 10, "Fear thou not; for I am with thee . . . I will strengthen thee." *Think:* What is your definition of school success? Write it down. Does it include good grades, friends, fairness, and respect? *Pray:* Accept God's invitation not to fear; express your confidence and trust in Him.

SUNDAY, November 16 *Read:* Matthew 5, note verse 16, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works." *Think:* Good works at school include *(list three things).* *Pray:* For push and tact to wit-

ness wisely and effectively at school.

MONDAY, November 17 *Read:* 1 Corinthians 9, note verse 27, "But I keep under my body, and bring it unto subjection: lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." *Think:* Practice before you preach; avoid being a campus castaway. Control your thoughts, actions, and expressions. *Pray:* For self-control and for courage to stand tall spiritually on campus.

TUESDAY, November 18 *Read:* Romans 13, note verse 7, "Render therefore to all their dues: tribute to whom tribute is due . . . honour to whom honour." *Think:* What do you owe your school, your classmates, your teachers? You owe a true-blue school spirit, your support in school activities, and your very best in studies and discipline. *Pray:* Ask for direction in taking part in school programs and in supporting school projects.

WEDNESDAY, November 19 *Read:* 2 Corinthians 6, note verse 17, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord." *Think:* In what ways should a Christian teen be separated from unsaved students at school? How separated or how involved are you? *Pray:* For your teachers—that they will be sincere, understanding, and helpful.

THURSDAY, November 20 *Read:* Proverbs 8, note verse 14, "Counsel is mine, and sound wisdom: I am understanding; I have strength." *Think:* Try to understand fellow classmates, their moods, actions, et cetera. Your attitude will no doubt change when you view their actions in light of home conditions, problems, et cetera. *Pray:* God understands you, do not try to hide anything from Him. Talk over all your problems with Him. He understands.

School Stalwart

FRIDAY, November 21 *Read:* Romans 14, note verse 7, "For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." *Think:* Your life at school will influence other students and their life will influence you. With the right objectives, however, you can influence them more profoundly. *Pray:* For guidance to develop pleasing ways to influence others to live a "full life."

SATURDAY, November 22 *Read:* Acts 2, note verses 46 and 47, "And they, continuing daily . . . praising God, and having favour with all the people." *Think:* The next five devotions will outline tips on developing school charm. Tip 1. Smile and the whole campus will smile with you. "You can smile when you can't say a word." *Pray:* Ask that your smile be a sincere Christian smile and that you would reflect a close companionship with Christ in your actions.

SUNDAY, November 23 *Read:* Luke 2, note verse 52, "And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man." *Think:* Tip 2. The campus crew will react according to your actions toward them. Advice—show a loving and a loyal interest in them. *Pray:* For real concern for others who have problems. Develop a visible and genuine interest in others.

Continued on page 20

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Pathway

december · 1969



Merry Christmas

TO JESUS, WITH LOVE

Lord, it is Thy birthday
And I have no gold for Thee.
I have no frankincense or myrrh,
No worldly goods, You see.

But what I have, I gladly give,
I've wrapped it tenderly;
My life, my soul, my service—
I give these gifts to Thee.

—Margie Snowden North

YULETIDE HOSANNA

As vesper bells ring out upon
The stillness of the night,
Let us rehearse, in retrospect,
That pristine, natal sight
Within the lowly manger where
The infant Jesus lay,
Enwrapped with swaddling garments on
The soft and fragrant hay.

Let us recall judicious men
Who traveled from afar,
Escorted to that sacred place
By one emblazoned star;
And may each heart be filled with love
As joyful voices sing:
"Hosanna, to the Father's Son,
Immanuel, our King!"

—Joyce A. Inman

THE SLEEPLESS SHEPHERD

In storms of flooding rains, I still
Can see upon the pastured hill
The spanning shepherd lift his sheep
Across the clefts too wide to leap.

In storms of swirling sands, I still
Can see upon the pastured hill
The shepherd leeward lead his sheep
To slopes beyond the blinding sweep.

In awesome thunderstorms, I still
Can see upon the pastured hill
The shepherd stand before his sheep
Erect, but calm as silent sleep.

In nights of winter rains, I still
Can see upon the pastured hill
The sleepless shepherd near his sheep,
And share their comfort in his keep.

—James B. Payne

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Peace on Earth?

WHAT DID ISAIAH mean when he referred to Christ as the Prince of Peace? Jesus lived and died nearly two thousand years ago. He did not bring world peace then, and the world is a long way from global peace today.

On that wintry night when the Saviour was born in an malodorous stable in Bethlehem, the angelic choir heralded the pronouncement that now there was peace on earth and goodwill among men. Where is this peace and goodwill? Did Isaiah and the angels err in their prophecy?

Hearts cry for peace. There have been too many wars, for we have been on battlefields half of the last thirty years. There is forever a Pearl Harbor or a Thirty-eighth Parallel or a Saigon. Skirmishes such as the Berlin Blockade, the Bay of Pigs, or Laos keep us on edge.

Mothers who bear male children are anxious about their sons' future, fearful that they will have to spill their life's blood on some future field of battle. Teen-age boys are unable to make plans for even a year or two into the future because of the likelihood of their being called into the armed services. Apprehensive families pray for a

peace pact that will bring the servicemen home. When will it all end? When will there be peace on earth?

We want peace. Our national leaders work long and tedious hours in search for it. With the patience of Job, the Parisian representatives repeatedly confront the unrelenting enemy, trying their very best to reach some workable agreement to end the war in Vietnam. At the same time others confer in Helsinki with the aim of stopping the arms race with Russia, or at least slowing it down. We yearn very deeply for peace.

Not only are we at war with another nation, but we are also warring among ourselves. Murders, muggings, and other assaults are common place. Race is pitted against race and philosophical factions oppose each other to the point of rioting. We are greatly in need of peace among men.

However, Isaiah and the angels were not mistaken. The Prince of Peace has come. He did bring peace on earth. Not in a worldwide, governmental sense—that will come later. He came to Bethlehem and then to the cross and the Resurrection to bring peace to individuals. This virgin-born Son of God brought peace on earth to all men who will accept Him.

Some day the Prince of Peace will be King of kings. Then "the government shall be upon his shoulders," and peace will reign throughout the earth. Isaiah states, "They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war anymore" (Isaiah 2:4).

Before Christ reigns upon this earth, He will return to take away His Church. War, iniquity, and lawlessness may increase, and during the Tribulation, which follows His return, Satan's forces will run rampant upon the earth. Men will then be a long way from peace. Christ will return at the closing of the Tribulation, and He will destroy His enemies by His very presence. Then there will be peace on earth. Longevity will be restored, perfect seasons will transpire, and deserts will produce bountifully.

The Lord Jesus Himself shall bring peace. "He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth" (Psalm 72:8), and "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea" (Isaiah 11:9). That will be a righteous peace with permanency. ●



Christmas is a budding teen-ager

Christmas Is

By HOYT E. STONE



Christmas is childhood

PHOTO BY A. DEVANEY

CHISTMAS IS childhood and your first intimation that something unusual is in the air. You watch a big tree spring up in the living room and you dance around and you knock over a vase and you want to help decorate and you are all breathless and unbelieving and asking "Mother, will he come tonight? Will Santa come? Really?

You wait through days that seem years long. You press your face to the cold pane of a window and you are glad when the snow begins, because reindeer travel much better that way.

You smell fruitcake and pumpkin pie and chicken and ham in the kitchen, and you hear mother and dad talk of uncles and aunts whom you have never seen, and you guess on your own that the whole world will be at your house

this Christmas.

Finally, the morning comes and you jump out of bed. Under the tree are boxes and presents and packages, wrapped in all colors with ribbons and bows and names and pictures. Your eyes focus on one thing, a red wagon—your own red wagon with silver hubcaps.

For something like a year you drive that new wagon, transformed by childish magic into a truck with honking horn and swishing air brakes, through and around the legs of tables and chairs. Somehow you figure that Christmas is always.

Christmas is a budding teen-ager, old enough to know there is something special about a little blond-haired girl named Geraldine

but not old enough to know what.

You see Gerry at school, skate with her on the frozen creek, sometimes sit with her on the school bus. You want to tell her something and you can't find the words, so you decide to buy her a Christmas present.

But what? And where will you get the money?

You go by the company store and look at the piles of pretty things with miner's wives picking up and trying on and with the little signs telling children not to touch. You flip through pages of Sears Roebuck, Spiegel, and Montgomery Ward catalogs. On Saturday you walk three miles to town and window shop. There are many items you guess girls would like, but you can't decide on anything in particular.

Then one day, from your lunch

Christmas is a moment after
a sorrow or pain or
disappointment



Devaney

money at school, you have a nickel left over and you buy a pack of chewing gum. On the bus you offer Gerry a stick and she says that's her favorite.

Now you know what to buy and you decide by saving a nickel a day from your lunch you can have twenty packs by Christmas. Twenty packs make a carton. You know instinctively, as would any twelve-year-old, that a whole carton of gum is gift enough for a queen.

School days fly. Instead of a hot lunch you drink a Coke and eat soda crackers and bring home each day one more pack of gum to hide in the closet.

One morning Dad doesn't have money for lunches. He tells Mother to fix biscuit sandwiches. You cry and tell Mother you're ashamed to take old biscuits to school. Other boys don't. Somewhere Mother finds the quarter.

Mr. Mullins, who runs the company store, isn't too nice either. You ask him for an empty Juicy Fruit carton, and he says, "Aw, get out of here, boy," and you are haunted by the thought of having to give a sweetheart twenty packs of gum wrapped in a paper bag.

So you go by the store every day and look at the candy counter; and one day, when the moment is just right, you say to Mr. Mullins, "I'll buy that last pack of gum if you'll give me the box too."

Christmas comes and you slip Gerry's gift under your coat. You wish you could have wrapped it better. You take it to school and place it under the tree when no one is looking.

You wait around after class and Gerry comes by and says, "Thank you, Hoyt. How very sweet!" You stand on one foot and lean against the building and say, "Aw, weren't nothing much."

That night you dream of a world where every day is Christmas and

in which all little girls have golden curls.

Christmas is growing up and leaving home and coming back for the first visit.

You stomp into the living room and hit your brother on the shoulder and laugh when he says, "All right, hot shot, no need thinkin' ye own the world just 'cause ye been to college a year." You grab your baby sister and swing her over your shoulder and head for the kitchen and Mother's chocolate pie.

You borrow the family car and go out on the town. Dad gives you his Esso credit card because the tank is empty and Mother slips you a five-spot. You walk down Main, listening to carols and tinkling bells; and you pitch a quarter into the Salvation Army girl's cup.

You stay out late and slip in home with chimes ringing in your head. You go quietly to the kitchen. Dad hears you and gets up and joins you in his blue-striped pajamas and worn-out house shoes which he refuses to throw away because there's a corn on his big toe. You tell him all about school and together you make giant floats from vanilla ice cream and Sun-drop Cola.

Christmas morning comes and presents are passed out. Everyone is laughing and suddenly you are sad. Something seems wrong. You notice for the first time in your life that your mother's face is beginning to wrinkle, and your dad's hair is turning grey at the temples. It comes through to you that for years these two wonderful people have been giving to you. It is time to give something in return.

Christmas is a moment after a sorrow or pain or disappointment. You find yourself sitting high and

alone, looking down at the world and thinking it all so meaningless.

The commercialism of Christmas turns your stomach. Merry greetings are but gaff on the wind. Carols have no message. Food is tasteless.

You try to sing but there is no tune. You want to smile but your lips betray you. Painted on your mind in tracers of pain is the portrait of a brother. In every Christmas you've known he's been with you—laughing, joking, throwing snowballs, shooting firecrackers, arguing theology and politics before an open fireplace. Now, he is dead. Of cancer. Age thirty-one.

You are question marks all over. What are trees if they must wither? songs if they must cease? lights if they must be turned out? What are gifts that fade? seasons that change? laughter that drifts off into an endless night?

You look down at the world. You judge. You find fault. You question purpose and goodness. You feel that Christmas can be no more.

You walk alone in a vast bubble, untouched by fellow beings, hearing only the recurring echoes of human doubt. You listen for the heartbeat of Christmas that was, but all is silent.

Your anger spends itself. Sorrow settles into the basement of your soul, and your tears dry. A child climbs into your lap, touches your cheek, smiles and works magic inside you through the dancing lights of joy in his eyes. You catch a gentle whisper and feel the faint stirrings of hope and faith in an ageless message, "God with us. Always!"

The bubble pops!

You step back into the living world. You find friends and family too kind even to ask where you've been. You laugh again and Christmas tingles in your bones and you are most fortunate to be back in the stream of life. ●

Leftover Christmas

By NEAL NEITZEL

JOE SAUNDERS couldn't help overhearing what the thin, hollow-cheeked youngster in the Sunday school primary class said to pretty Miss Lois Cary.

"I do not believe in Santa Claus," the youngster said bitterly. "I wanted a sled for Christmas. I even wrote a letter to him. But I didn't get a sled."

Joe, newly elected superintendent, took his duties seriously. He paused, a wrinkle creasing his forehead, to listen to Miss Cary's reply.

"We can't always have what we want just when we want it, Pete," Lois Cary explained, her dark brown eyes gazing into the disappointed child's pinched features. "Maybe next year—"

"No! This is the third year I asked for a sled," Pete said fiercely, his dark eyes narrowed. "There is no Santa Claus! There just isn't!"

The other little boys and girls stirred restlessly, their faces showing uncertainty and confusion. Joe leaned against the doorframe of the Sunday school room. The church was located in the midst of the poorer section of the city. Probably most of the other youngsters had been disappointed, too. Joe wondered why there had to be so much unhappiness and privation in the world. His gray eyes

reflected pity as he stared at the ill-clad, defiantly bristling young boy called Pete.

After the church service, Joe walked with Miss Lois Cary along the snowy streets. Neither of them paid any attention to the gaily decorated windows or holiday wreaths adorning the buildings, nor noticed the festive sounds of Christmastime music, or the resplendent huge Christmas tree in the center of the park.

"It's sad to see a young fellow like Pete lose his faith," Joe mused, staring morosely at the sidewalk as they strolled across town. "It's bad enough to learn that all isn't sweetness and light in the world when you get out of school and leave the love and protection of your family, but at least then you have some fine memories."

"What kind of talk is that?" Lois Cary asked crisply, her dark brown eyes flashing as she stared at Joe. "We can't live on memories! We just can't afford to lose our faith!"

"So what are we supposed to do?" Joe replied, meeting his pretty companion's reproachful gaze. "Pretend that everything is just fine and dandy? Ignore the misery and suffering we see every day on all sides of us? Look, Lois, I don't want to be a cynic; but let's be realistic. What does a kid like Pete

have to look forward to? His family is on relief, he doesn't have a father, and—"

"You are a cynic!" Lois cried. Twin spots of color crimsoned her lovely cheeks. "No one says that the world is perfect, but what are you doing to improve it? Oh! Sometimes you make me furious, Joe Saunders! Good-bye!"

Her heels clicked rapidly as she spun away from him and disappeared around the corner. Joe stared after her. He sighed. He had done it again. Instead of winning the pretty young woman's admiration and interest, he had scored exactly the opposite effect.

Joe gave his hat a disgusted tug and pulled up his topcoat collar. With his hands sunk deeply in his pockets, he shuffled aimlessly along the nearly deserted avenue. Lois just didn't understand. She came from a nice family—pleasant, friendly people, who lived comfortably and happily. The Carys weren't wealthy, but they never had to worry where the next meal was coming from, or about having a roof above their heads.

Joe kicked savagely at a chunk of snow on the sidewalk, shattering it into white dust. Faith was wonderful; Joe knew that he had erred in talking to Lois the way he had. He did have a faith of sorts. He believed in God, believed



in following the teachings of Christ and the truths of the Bible. But, maybe his faith lacked something. Maybe he had no business in accepting the responsibility of being the Sunday school superintendent.

Things hadn't worked out for Joe Saunders. As far back as he could remember, Joe had always wanted to become an attorney, a great lawyer like Abraham Lincoln or Daniel Webster. He had kept his dream intact until his junior year of high school, and he had read everything he could lay his hands on concerning the subject of law; but his father's untimely death in an industrial accident had obliterated the dream. Joe had worked, helping to support his mother and sister; and when he graduated from high school, he obtained a job as a machine operator. He tolerated the work although he found it routine and uninteresting; and despite his lack of enthusiasm, he soon became a top-rated machinist.

Remembering his own hurts and disappointments, Joe couldn't stop thinking about the shabbily dressed boy named Pete and what the youngster had said that morning in Sunday school class. He still thought about the child's bitter words several days later while he was trudging home from work.

A few scatterings of snowflakes

swirled through the dull gray sky; and the streetlights came on, highlighting the evergreen boughs and wreaths suspended from utility poles. Joe glanced idly into the window of a drab, dimly lighted secondhand shop as he walked past. Something he saw there caused him to slacken his pace, pause, then turn around and retrace his steps.

He walked into the store and exchanged a few brief, bargaining sentences with the plump, middle-aged proprietor. When he left the building, he carried a battered, rickety sled beneath one arm.

It was the following Sunday morning, and the tall, dark-haired young Sunday school superintendent couldn't help overhearing the excited chatter of a bright-eyed boy as he passed the primary room. He paused just outside the doorway to listen.

"There is—there really is a Santa Claus!" Pete insisted shrilly. "When I woke up this morning and went downstairs, there was this super-keen red sled in the middle of our living room! It had a card with my name on it, and it was signed by Santa Claus!"

Joe chuckled, whistling softly between his teeth as he continued on his rounds of the classrooms, then busied himself with distri-

buting the hymnbooks for the church service to follow.

"Thank you for giving Pete back his faith," a feminine voice said softly, as a warm, gentle hand touched Joe's arm. Joe straightened, turning to grin at Miss Lois Cary.

"I got to thinking about what you said last week," he told her. "You know . . . about what am I doing to improve this world of ours?"

Lois Cary blushed. "I—I'm sorry I was rude to you. I—"

"I'm glad you were," Joe declared earnestly. There was determination in his gray eyes. "Tomorrow, I'm enrolling in night school. I'm going to get that law degree I've always wanted. You made me realize what faith really is, Lois. It means not just believing in something but also doing something about it—working for what you believe in and making it happen."

"Oh, Joe!" whispered Lois, her dark brown eyes shining with the expression the young man had hoped to see for so many months. "Merry Christmas!"

The first of the churchgoers were arriving, so there wasn't time to talk until later. Joe merely winked and said, "Happy New Year, too. For both of us!" ●



NASA

Footprints On The Moon

By CHARLES LUDWIG

ALTHOUGH HE HAD been raised in Pharaoh's court and had thus been exposed to the finest wisdom of Egypt, Moses had not accomplished much during the first eighty years of his life. Then he saw the burning bush and talked to God.

This changed everything—including the history of the world!

Now with the troubles of our times around us, many long for a burning-bush experience—one that will transform lives. Can such an experience be had today? The answer is a burning yes! John Wesley had such an experience at Aldersgate; William Booth had one in a leaky tent in the slums of London; and Paul had his on the way to Damascus.

The greatest need for our day is the need for everyone—pastors, missionaries, Sunday school workers and all Christians to see a burning bush and to respond to its message. And perhaps God has

provided that burning bush.

I am referring to the first footprints on the moon!

Those first footprints on the moon are rather permanent. Scientists say that they will remain there for at least a million years! And during all that time, they will speak to the world about the amazing, reliable, and usable laws of God.

While Apollo 8 was rushing back to earth, a voice from NASA asked who was guiding the capsule. Without hesitation, the man at the controls replied: "Sir Isaac Newton." What did he mean? Well, nearly three hundred years ago, Newton invented a form of calculus in order to help him study the motion of the stars.

Through his studies, Newton discovered the laws of motion and gravity that have made space travel possible. Newton was so sure of the laws of God, he wrote: "Just give me the mass, the position of

the system of the heavenly bodies at any given moment, and I will calculate their future positions and motions by a set of unerring mathematical calculations."

The footprints on the moon have proved the reliability of God's laws!

Because of the dependability and certainty of God's laws, American industry is spending billions of dollars each year in order to discover new ones. And we so appreciate those who have discovered these divine laws we honor them in many ways. Unfortunately we do not do the same thing with God's moral laws, or with the laws Jesus laid down for evangelism and personality development.

Our greatest scientists have been shown to be wrong again and again. But Jesus has never been shown to be wrong in a single thing. His laws are absolute, and if we will follow them we can accomplish things just as outstand-

ing as were accomplished by our astronauts when they placed their feet for the first time on the moon!

The Lord Jesus commanded us to go into all the world and to preach the gospel. Moreover, he gave us reliable laws to use that will enable us to do just this. Let us look at some of these laws.

In his sermon on the mount, Jesus said: "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things will be added unto you" (Matthew 6:33). This law has never been proved to be false. Imagine the evangelism we would experience if we all followed it!

By his example, we have been shown the way of evangelism. In the tenth chapter of Luke we read how the Seventy went out to prepare the way and how they came back with so much rejoicing, Jesus felt impelled to calm them down by saying: "Notwithstanding in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you; but rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven" (Luke 10:20).

The early church followed this example, and Luke testified to it again in Acts 5:42, "And daily in the temple, and in every house, they ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ."

And what kind of results did the early church have?

"Then they that gladly received his word were baptized: and the same day there were added unto them about *three thousand souls*" (Acts 2:41).

"Howbeit many of them which heard the word believed; and the number of men were about *five thousand*" (Acts 4:4).

"And believers were the more added to the Lord, *multitudes of both men and women*" (Acts 5:14).

"And the word of God increased; and the number of disciples *multiplied in Jerusalem greatly*; and a great company of the priests were obedient to the faith" (Acts 6:7).

Because they obeyed God, the apostles were accused of turning the world "upside down."

Paul understood God's laws of

evangelism and applied them. This is the reason he became the world's most successful evangelist. Listen to him! "He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly." (2 Corinthians 9:6). "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" (Galatians 6:7). "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity" (1 Corinthians 13:13).

But these laws are not new! They have existed since creation. A long time ago another writer, a psalmist wrote: "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy" (Psalm 126:5).

And the author of the Hebrews outlined for us one of our strongest tools: "For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any twoedged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart" (Hebrews 4:12).

These tools were given to us to use, and the Holy Spirit was sent to teach us how to use them!

Those who obey them will reap a harvest of souls.

The law of the compass brought Columbus to America. Einstein's

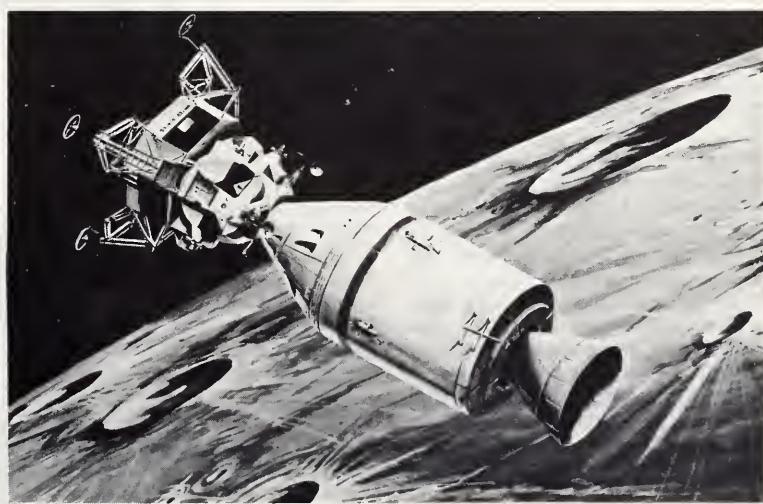
law $E=MC^2$ brought about the Atomic Age. And the laws of love, obedience, and evangelism will bring men to Christ.

The day of the moon landing I was in a Phoenix restaurant. A number of TVs had been placed in strategic spots so that we could watch while we ate. As the moment of truth approached, I noticed an old man with his back to a TV. The booth across the table from him was empty. He easily could have moved and watched. But he just wasn't interested.

However, I felt certain that as the lunar module began to descend, he would at least turn his head for a brief look. But I was disappointed. The greatest event in the last one thousand years was taking place, but he didn't care. He was more interested in his food than in the fantastic achievement of the moon landing!

But perhaps without knowing it, many of us are like that old man. We are so busy with the cares of life we neglect the laws of God.

Every night when we see the moon, let us think of those footprints and remember how they conform the reliability of God's laws. Let us also remember that He has reliable laws that will bring men to Christ! ●





Floyd J. Timmerman
Minister



Forward In Faith Goes Worldwide

By FLOYD J. TIMMERMAN

Primarily the outreach-for-the-unreached ministry is not a human undertaking. It is not merely a human scheme, and it did not originate in the brain or the heart of man. The foundation of the outreach-for-the-unreached ministry, the "Forward in Faith" broadcast of the Church of God, is in the very person of God. Jesus Christ is the supreme expression of the love of God and of the concern of God for the entire world.

The comfortable American does not enjoy thinking about the human misery festering at the other end of town and around the world. He does not enjoy knowing that many of his fellow citizens live in conditions that breed every variety of social evil. It is not easy to acknowledge that his own infant,

dropped into such an environment, would just as surely fall victim to it. He averts his eyes from the human damage that occurs.

The need for someone to care and someone to love is being met for many precious souls through "Forward in Faith." During the past ten years it has been the primary objective of "Forward in Faith" to reach the unreached within the confines of the United States. Realizing the tremendous burden and responsibility that the Church of God has in this age of getting the gospel to every creature, "Forward in Faith" is now embarking upon a new journey.

Since Sunday, October 5, 1969, at 4:30 p.m. EDT, "Forward in Faith" has been heard around the world through the facilities of the

Radio New York Worldwide (International Radio). The gospel story that has meant so much to North America's oldest Pentecostal church is now shared with millions who have never heard the story once.

Radio New York Worldwide (International Radio) is actually five stations broadcasting their primary signal to Western Europe, Latin America, and Africa simultaneously. Radio New York Worldwide's signal is beamed towards the ionosphere, which in turn bounces it down into the reception area. It is this "bouncing effect" that provides reception over very long distances.

RNYW (International Radio) is the means by which hundreds of millions of people receive their news, entertainment, and religious worship on a regular, daily basis. Most of these people have a deep and abiding curiosity about America and her people. They know something about our free society, our culture and way of life, our material success, our religions,—and they want to know more.

The last World Census of International Radio Receivers offer us the following percentages of total radio sets equipped to receive "Forward in Faith" through RNYW:

Latin America	55%
Africa	92%
Europe	81%

If you should happen to be planning a worldwide trip or if you know of someone in a foreign country who would be interested in receiving the Radio Voice of the Church of God, please note carefully the following listing. If we have failed to list a country you are interested in, feel free to contact "Forward in Faith," Cleveland, Tennessee; we will be happy to supply the information.

Frequencies used on a typical broadcasting day on Radio New York Worldwide

6.015 MC	11.790 MC	15.155 MC
6.030 MC	11.855 MC	15.310 MC
9.615 MC	11.880 MC	15.385 MC
9.680 MC	11.905 MC	15.440 MC
9.685 MC	11.960 MC	17.320 MC
9.740 MC	11.970 MC	17.845 MC

THE HEARTS OF those in attendance at the Fifty-second General Assembly were lifted in praise to God as the Teen Talent champions and runners-up were presented. It was not difficult to sense enthusiasm and eager anticipation as the long-awaited time arrived for the announcing of the champions. Although the applause that reverberated throughout the large Dallas auditorium has ceased, the vocal and instrumental presentations we heard have wandered perturbingly through the halls and galleries of our memory, and often has been heard again distinct and living as when they first displaced the wavelets of the air at the General Assembly.

No single program introduced by

the General Sunday School and Youth Department has done more to capture the interest and imagination of Church of God youth, than the Teen Talent program. Perhaps the talent has been present for years before the introduction of the program, but it took the Teen Talent program to offer the opportunity for expression.

The 1970 General Assembly once again will bring together young people who have been blessed with God-given talent. The setting will be changed and past champions will observe the Parade of Champions from the wings; but when the new state champions are presented in the finals at the Gateway Hotel in Saint Louis, the air will again be charged with excitement. The judges will choose the

national winners from the state champions.

Those present for the national finals will be privileged to hear more brilliant instrumentalists, like Jan Pearson, Florida; and South Lenoir Band, North Carolina; and talented vocalists, like Cynthia Clements, Georgia; and North Cleveland Trio, Tennessee; and choirs, like Fairborn Youth Choir, Ohio.

The Teen Talent program which presently includes five categories—Vocal Solo, Instrumental Solo, Vocal Ensemble, Instrumental Ensemble, and Choir—is constantly being evaluated in an effort to keep it up-to-date.

Each contestant must be a teenager to be eligible to participate in the Teen Talent Parade. No contestant may compete in any competition (district, regional, state, or national) before his thirteenth birthday or after his twentieth birthday. This age ruling includes all talent participants but does not apply to accompanist or choir directors. Contestants in each category, with the exception of choirs, will have the option of performing one or two selections. All choirs will perform three selections. One of these must be one of three songs selected by the General Department from *Gospel Choir Arrangements, Volume Three*. Selection two may be any song from *Gospel Choir Arrangements, Volume Three*. The third selection may be chosen from any source. The two required selections must be performed as written. No rearrangement of the two required songs will be permitted.

The teen Talent rules and scoring sheets may be ordered from the State Sunday School and Youth Director or the General Sunday School and Youth Department.

All state winners are to be determined by May 15, 1970. So that we may more intelligently plan the national Teen Talent finals, we are requesting that the names and addresses of all state winners be sent to the General Sunday School and Youth Department by June 2. •

Teen Talent Parade Moves to St. Louis



By
CECIL R. GUILES

Religious News Service

I WAS A TEEN-AGE STATISTIC

By W. L. (BILL) HOPPER

MUCH HAS BEEN written in the past few months about the youth of our land, and how different they are from the way we were when we were growing up; but I don't find too much difference. They say they want to be understood. I wanted to be understood. They say they can't talk to their parents; I couldn't talk to my parents about everything.

They say they want reasons, not rules; I wanted reasons, and not rules. They say they are more enlightened than their parents, and therefore are not on the same level; I thought the same thing. Parents just weren't "with it" in my generation either, but I found out as I grew older that they knew a little more than I had given them credit for knowing.

No, I'm afraid the great difference is not a generation gap, but a lack of respect and understanding for those who have "been this way before." Therefore we are aware of the pitfalls existing in a teen-ager's path. It is true that times are changing, but they were changing in my day. We had to make the transition from horse-and-buggy days to the day of the automobile and airplane, and from the old kerosene lamp to the electric age.

We had no hot rods but we raced our horses, endangering our lives in much the same manner as our teens do today. (If you don't think running a horse and making him jump ditches and barbed wire fences is dangerous, try it some-

time.) But we did respect our parents, and we came home at the hour appointed. We didn't always like it, but we respected their authority, and the fact that they were buying our food, clothing, and other necessities of life.

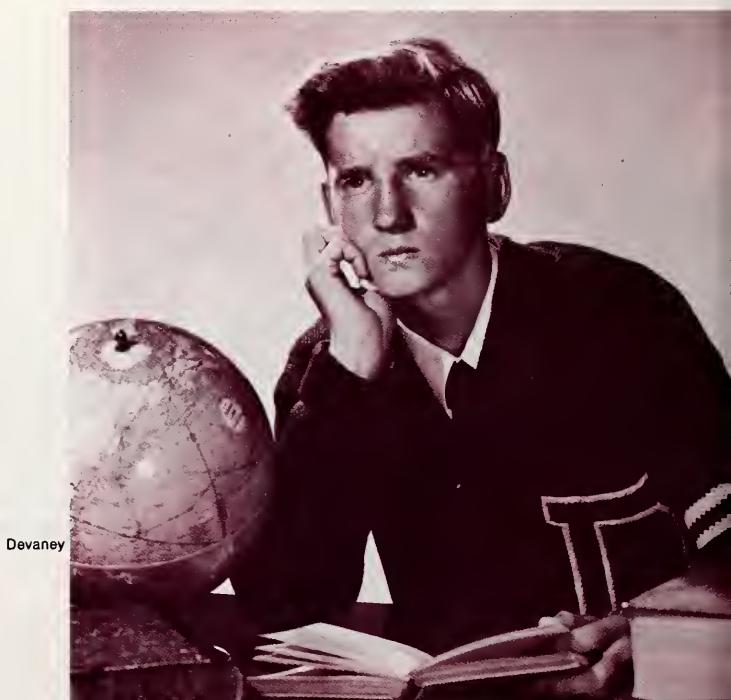
It is the opinion of this writer that if some of these things were cut off, it would serve as a deterrent to much of the rioting and demonstrating in our schools today. It is no more the parents' duty to furnish these things than it is the duty of the young recipients to obey and respect their benefactors.

There is nothing new about re-

bellion. The thing that is new is the fact that rebellion is tolerated and condoned, where once it was kept under control. I couldn't agree more that parents must set the example for their children, but it is one thing to set an example and another thing to see that the example is followed.

We are told that we can't reach today's teen-agers with the old-fashioned gospel of repentance; but I contend that if they are ever reached, it will be with the same old story that has reached humanity down through the years. We can plan, organize, compromise, and try everything under the sun; but if and when we see our young people become workers for the Master, it will be when they have been touched by the gospel of Christ, activated by the Holy Spirit, and inspired by a desire for holy living.

Sure, they may be only statistics at times; but as the "faith of our fathers" is instilled in their young hearts by loving, though demanding, parents, we will see another generation of church-going, God-loving, Christ-centered Church of God people that will carry on long after we are gone. Count them every time you can, for they do count. •



Devaney



Keppler

By JANE WEBB

Quiz for Christmas Shoppers

THE CHRISTMAS season is a time for happiness. Part of the happiness comes from shopping for gifts to give to family members and friends. Have you ever taken time to judge yourself as a Christmas shopper? If you have, you are a rare individual. If you have not thought about your shopping habits, this quiz for Christmas buyers might make you more conscious of the goodwill you can spread by the way you shop and in the selection of gifts you choose to give.

Do you shop early? The early shopper is more apt to select appropriate gifts. If you wait until the last minute for a shopping spree, you'll have to choose from a lot of leftovers. Besides, you might hastily select to suit your convenience rather than the taste and need of the receiver.

Do you shop courteously? Clerks and fellow shoppers are human. It is human for everyone to tire and make mistakes. If an error is made in your purchases, be understanding. Be patient when waiting in check-out lines. The person just in front of you may be more weary than you are, or have a greater need to hurry home. If you can let an elderly person, or the young mother with a child in arms as well as Christmas bundles, take

your place; then you will be displaying the true holiday spirit.

Do you shop cheerfully? While you may not have time for conversation with all you meet, you can smile and say hello to fellow shoppers. The Lord loveth a cheerful shopper as well as a cheerful giver.

Do you shop considerately? Before you shop, why not pay any bills you may owe. The "butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker" may wish to buy for Christmas, too. The money you use to clear up old bills could bring new happiness to others.

Do you shop lovingly? Select gifts not to match or exceed those you expect to receive, or to prove that you are a generous person. Such giving dishonors the One in whose name we celebrate Christmas. A good gift finds its value in

the affection it expresses, rather than in the markings on the price tag.

Do you shop abstinently? Unfortunately some people think there is a relationship between the Christmas cheer of the angel's song and the false "cheer of the bottle." There is no such relationship. Nor will there ever be.

Do you shop compassionately? As you go from store to store do not pass up the Salvation Army kettle on the street. Your gift will keep it boiling. Consider all requests of help for the poor, the homeless, the sick or needy. The One whose birthday we remember said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Do you shop benevolently? In your gift buying seek to be a benefactor rather than a beneficiary. Think not of what you may receive in return either this year or the next. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Teach your family this key to true Christmas happiness.

Do you shop conservatively? Keep Christ in Christmas. Moderately priced, but useful gifts, show your good taste. The expensive or gaudy present makes giving a commercial experience rather than a spiritual one. •

December



MOM CAME IN just as Molly was ready to leave. She carried an armful of fragrant pine boughs from the ravine below the house. Her cheeks were pink and eyes bright from the cold. "Oh, it's so nice outdoors. You and Mary Beth will have a lovely time shopping today." She put the evergreens on the table and went to the stove to turn on the coffee.

"Those boughs smell so good. I wish that I could have helped you pick them," Dad said, as he sat at the kitchen table, shoulders hunched under his worn bathrobe, with a pad of scribbled figures in front of him.

Mom smiled at him. "Next year you will—you'll be well by then, Jim."

He glanced at the figures on the pad, then up at Molly with a painfully embarrassed smile. "I'm afraid it won't be much of a Christmas this year. You keep your eye out for the things Davey and Susie might like while you're downtown, won't you, Mollikens?"

"Sure, Dad." Molly knew what he meant without being told—something that didn't cost very much. It had been such a long time since she had not had to think about how much she spent—not since before Dad had had his heart attack and the doctor had ordered a six month's rest. *But the main thing*, she added hastily to herself, *was that he was getting well.*

Mom's words echoed her thoughts, "Now don't you fret, Jim. There are more important things than presents, such as the fact that you're much, much better."

Molly walked down the block to Mary Beth's house, at the very end, wondering how she was going to make her baby-sitting money stretch far enough. She would probably have to make some of the gifts this year. There was so little time; still, it might be fun. She would make a sock doll for Susie. Davey was all cowboy, what could she do for him? Maybe she would make him a cowboy shirt? She began to hum softly.

Mary Beth was waiting on her porch. She waved happily as she raced down the steps and along the sidewalk to the gate. Her rubber boots made squeaky noises in the wet new snow. "Daddy's coming tomorrow," she called.

"Great!" Molly grinned at her friend.

They began the walk downtown, single file, in the tracks made by someone else. "Goodness," said Molly, pushing her mittened hands further into her pockets, "I hope they've shovelled out on Main Street." She stopped and turned back to look at Mary Beth. "What's your dad bringing you tomorrow?"

"Oh, I don't know," Mary Beth motioned her onward. Suddenly she giggled, "I hope it's something I can wear. My mother usually says I'm too young for what he brings—like last year, when he brought me that fabulous perfume. What was the name of it, anyway—'Intimate.' No, it was 'Ecstasy.' Of course, she did let me wear the knit suit."

Love

By ILONA KOIDAHL

"You're so lucky to get all those things," Molly sighed. "I guess we won't have much for Christmas, with Dad sick."

"What's the difference?" Mary Beth asked. "He's there, isn't he?"

"Isn't your dad staying for Christmas?" Molly stuck out her tongue to catch a stray snowflake.

"I don't know. He's got—" Mary Beth paused, then went on stubbornly, "other interests."

They heard a Salvation Army bell tinkling as they turned the corner to Main Street, which *had* been shovelled clean of snow. "Good," said Molly, "oh, isn't it great?"

They stopped for a moment to gaze at the yearly fairyland. Christmas tinsel hung in garlands from streetlight to streetlight across the avenue, and lighted, happy Santas adorned the middle of each garland. Christmas music poured from the loudspeakers in front of the record shop. Every store window was resplendent in reds or greens or golds.

Slowly they walked on, savoring the excitement of the season. Shoppers hurried past, smiling at the girls, greeting their friends with a joyful "Merry Christmas."

"Look," said Molly, as they passed the Cheri Shop. She pointed to a cream-colored mohair sweater in the window. "Wouldn't you love to find that under the tree?"

"Yummy," Mary Beth agreed. They paused in front of the

hardware store, where a toy train ran in an elaborate landscape of paper-mache. "Oh, Davey would love that," said Molly. Her eight-year-old brother had begun to ask for "a real train track" last year.

"He really would," nodded Mary Beth. Then she said, in a nervous, wobbly voice, "Do you know what I would really like for Christmas? For Mom and Dad to get together again." She stared fiercely down at the display. The disembodied reflection in the window had a shining tear running down its cheek.

Molly felt that she should say something. Her eyes filled. She thought of Mary Beth's father, his winking, jolly way of greeting her every year at Christmastime. His way of looking beyond a person he was talking to, as though his mind was far away. She knew it could never happen. The worst of it was that Mary Beth knew it, too. There wasn't a thing to say that wasn't a lie.

They stood silently, side by side, watching the tiny train whirling round and round the track endlessly, never stopping, never arriving anywhere, just around and around—forever. At last they turned away, and continued down the street.

They did the things they usually did: they had a malt at the soda fountain, wandered through the dime stores, and looked into every store window. But somehow, the day had turned brittle and uncertain.

"Let's go home," said Mary Beth abruptly. She didn't have much to say on the return trip, and Molly was glad when they reached home.

When she opened the back door, Dad looked up from the dresser he was making for Susie. He had been working on it for weeks, mostly after dark when she was asleep. It was nearly complete, with tiny drawers that could really be pulled out and an honest-to-goodness mirror in a frame.

"Hi, Dad," said Molly, bending to kiss him.

He rubbed his face against hers, the patient blue eyes filled with pleasure at sight of her. "Mmm-mmm, your cheeks are cold. Did you have a nice walk?"

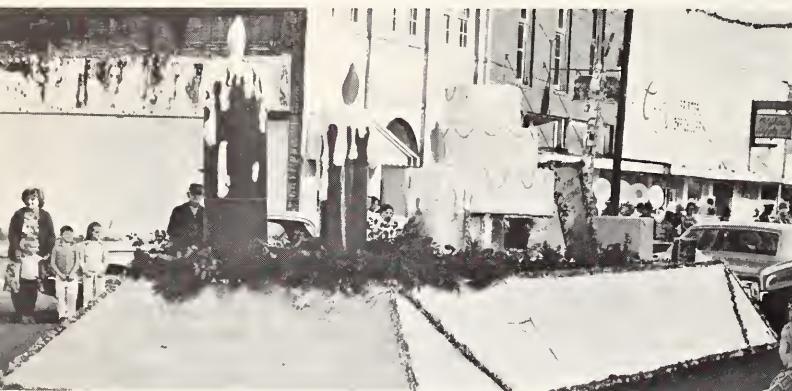
"Wonderful." She moved to the living room door and looked in at the pine boughs on the mantel, the crèche on the corner table, the shiny tree in front of the window. It was only the frosting on the cake. "Love is what Christmas is all about, isn't it, Dad?"

Dad grinned. "Your walk turned you into a philosopher." Then his face softened. "That's exactly the point, Mollikens—only everybody doesn't truly understand it."

"It's not a December love, given in one big helping once a year," she thought, gazing at the star on the tip of the tree. "It's not a December love, but a steadfast one that is always there—always surrounding you."

"You know what, Dad?" she whirled around, her eyes shining. "I just know this is going to be the best Christmas we ever had." •

West Monroe, Louisiana wins award for Christmas Float



The church float was warmly received

For the second consecutive year the West Monroe, Louisiana, Church of God has won an award for having one of the most beautiful and well-designed floats in the city's annual Christmas parade. Three awards are made each year for the three loveliest floats entered.

In 1967, the YPE-sponsored float won with the theme "The Nativity in Stained-Glass," in which a three-dimensional cathedral window was designed with two young persons standing as stained-glass characters. They were made up in the fashion of such.

In 1968, the LWWB-sponsored float won with the title "Birthday Greetings to Christ" (as shown in the above photo). The beauty of the float elicited gasps of admiration.



Pastor J. C. Dudley shows the award received

tion and hand claps throughout the parade.

The staff of workers, who did so well, worked night and day to create these floats. Their cooperation in this project brought an indescribable spirit of fellowship and unity to the whole group.—J. C. Dudley, pastor.●

YOUTH AT NEW JERSEY CAMP MEETING

By H. LYNN STONE

How good it was to see the altars filled and the youth with uplifted hands, tear-stained faces, voices "crying out unto the Lord," and the beautiful "music" of a new and heavenly language!

Who? Who?

Was it the young married couples that we sometimes call the vigor of the church? No! Or those in the prime of life that we call the strength of the church? No! Or those precious elderly saints known as the glory of the church? No!

Then who?

The youth of the Church of God. God blessed our young people with His presence at the camp-meeting altars. Time and time again the emphasis of the message was the Lord's return to earth, and the youth were moved. They prayed because they wanted to pray. They cried because of the urge to cry. They shouted "Glory," and "Hallelujah," because of the impulse to shout. They spoke in tongues because the "Spirit gave them utterance."

Why?

Because our youth are sick of sin. Because they hate hypocrisy. Because they desire to cleanse their ways. They took heed to God's Word, and God met them.

Many were the good sights of youth at camp meeting—the singing, the playing of instruments, and the worship. But no sight was so thrilling as the youth of the Church of God in New Jersey *in the altar.*

Family Training Hour (YPE)

By Paul F. Henson
General Director
SEPTEMBER 1969

Churches listed here are only those out of the more than 3,500 in the United States that chose to send in a report of their attendance.

Cleveland (North), Tennessee	269
Buford, Georgia	236
Greenville (Tremont Ave.), South Carolina	214
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By Bob Crick

Disappointment into a Calling

Chaplain (MAJ) Robert D. Crick was born in Chester, South Carolina. He is married to the former Katherine J. Lee, and they have three children: David, Jonne Lynn, and Robert Dale. Chaplain Crick is a graduate of Lee College, Cleveland, Tennessee, and Trinity University, San Antonio, Texas. He did his seminary and graduate work at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee, where he earned his Bachelor of Divinity degree; and his post graduate work was done at Long Island University, New York. He served with the Church of God Missions Department from 1956-58, and has pastored churches in Texas and Tennessee.

Major Crick has had twelve years with the United States Army, and is presently assigned as a staff chaplain at Fort Benning, Georgia. While in Vietnam, he served with the 173d Airborne Brigade. On this assignment, I was privileged to travel with Chaplain Crick in war Zone "D" and to observe firsthand his influence upon the men. For his activities there he was awarded the Legion of Merit, the Bronze Star Medal for Valor (on three different occasions), the Army Commendation Medal, Vietnamese Service Medal, and various campaign ribbons. He is a master parachutist, having made several jumps with the 173d Airborne while in Vietnam.

The Servicemen's Department is justly proud of this splendid record and thankful for the many men whom Brother Crick has won to the Lord.

—C. Raymond Spain
Executive Director

God may not necessarily be the author of disappointment, but He certainly takes advantage of it. In my hometown right after World War II the most prestigious employment a young man could hope for was with a newly opened nylon factory. I had a friend who guar-

anteed me employment there, and I knew "I had it made." But to my disappointment, I, the picture of health, failed the required physical examination. Low blood pressure was the verdict. This may not seem like much, but to a nineteen-year-old it looked like the end of

all my dreams.

Little did I know that this was only the beginning of a life's occupation and calling. Out of disappointment and total frustration, I talked a friend into joining the service with me. It was while I was serving as an enlisted man that God touched my heart and called me into a full-time ministry to service personnel.

Of course, all this did not happen immediately. In fact, for the first two years of service I felt that all was a waste of time. Then, suddenly, I found myself as the only Pentecostal on a little base in Europe. It was here, with a hand full of Christians from other denominations that I felt the urge and compassion to do something for God. Together we started a prayer group—then later it developed into a Saturday night meeting of singing and testimonies. It is hard to believe but efforts were made to put a stop to these meetings. I said to myself, "If I were the chaplain here things would be different." Then it struck me like a revelation: "Why not?" Though I was a long way from being a chaplain, that day I said to God: "Use me; I am willing to be spent in any service you see fit."

Almost as if God had planned it all for that precise occasion, in a couple of days I received a call from an Army chaplain. He invited me to speak to his congregation. That following Saturday night, in an Army chapel, I preached my first sermon. This same chaplain, then only a First Lieutenant, and years later as a Colonel, gave me the right hand of fellowship into the chaplaincy. God turned what seemed like disappointment into a life's calling.

Many exciting years have passed since those first impulses to give God my all—spending time in college (Trinity University) and seminary (Vanderbilt University), working for our Latin American Missions Department, and pastoring. However, the call to minister to our servicemen was my "special calling." Finally God opened the door, and I was accepted on active duty as an Army chaplain.

I have been privileged as a chaplain to serve in many challenging assignments. In Vietnam I was a combat chaplain with the most respected and toughest unit there, the 173d Airborne Brigade. This unit was made up entirely of Army paratroopers and is the most decorated unit to serve in the Republic of Vietnam. At present, I am the chaplain at the Airborne School. Here, men are trained in the skills of parachuting. For the most part, they leave the school for combat with an airborne unit. Every Sunday an average of twenty-five to fifty paratroopers accept Christ as their personal Saviour.

This summer I will begin a year's research and study for the Army at the National Health Institute. My special area in this assignment deals with hospitalized personnel, particularly those with rare and extremely serious conditions.

With God, the sky is the limit. Being willing to be led, I am daily being directed of God into new and exciting fields. It all begins like the parachute jump. He gave me the green light and said, "Go!" By trusting Him, I leap into the vast spaces, depending upon His promise that the canopy of His love will shield me and keep me now and forever. •

TUCSON YOUTH PARTY

About fifty miles northeast of Tucson, Arizona, in the foothills of Mount Lemon and overlooking the San Pedro River is the beautiful little mining town of San Manuel. The East Side Tucson Church of God youth, along with a few visitors and chaperones, enjoyed sandwiches, tea, Kool-Aid, chips, and watermelon on the patio at the home of Brother and Sister Murrel Derrick. Brother Derrick had just finished pouring an 18-by-36-foot patio and building a picnic table and gold fish pond. There were thirty in attendance, and everyone had a great time. We are looking forward to a return trip. •

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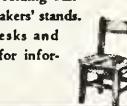
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Christians Must Serve

By A. EUGENE SMILEY

REBELLION IS THE pulse-beat of modern society. Desperate youth are pursuing elusive answers to questions which seemingly have no solutions. Mounting tensions in government, education, and religion are causing youth to buckle under the burden of decision, as riots and demonstrations fast become the norm. Everything appears to be growing progressively worse, and we wonder if anything can possibly be done to alleviate the strain.

Stop a troubled mixed up youth and enter his world. Look beyond his unruly hair, strange garments, and peace emblems to see a perverted picture of innocent youth. *He needs a Saviour!* Momentarily cease to be angry concerning his relentless chants of undeniable contempt to hear the pleading cry of a young heart, terrified, confused, and unprepared to face reality. *He needs an immediate answer!*

Observe the youth as he marches

for world peace, but hear the thunder of doubt as it rises to keep him from personal peace of mind and soul. *He needs peace!* Notice his insecurity as he moves from one philosophy of life to another, but sense the instability of a soul without an anchor on the turbulent sea of life. *He needs stability.* His inward needs are reflected in his outward manifestations. His greatest needs are spiritual.

Amid all the unrest the Christian is preaching that God is merciful, loving, kind, and just. In Him rests salvation, an immediate answer, peace, and stability. Youth are not accepting these answers, for statiticians continually remind the Church that she is not reaching the masses. Why the faulty outreach? Who or what is to blame?

Could God be responsible for the limited outreach? Men blaspheme his name and publicly deny him, yet He is quiet. Men corrupt His church and pervert His gospel, yet he does not appear. His people are

buffeted on every hand, but he fails to miraculously affirm His existence. Is He blind to our needs, unconcerned with our state? One may be forced to ask, What is He doing for man? Why serve him? He is surely to blame—or is He?

Some feel that God is weak, but Job in all his afflictions realized His marvelous strength. He said, "I know that thou canst do everything" (Job 42:2). David proclaimed that "power belongeth unto God" (Psalm 62:11); and Luke agreed, "For with God nothing shall be impossible (Luke 1:37). God has the ability to meet any need which plagues his creatures.

Others feel that God is not aware of the personal conflicts of men, that He is too busy with His divine chores to be concerned with the petty matters of life. John simply states that "God . . . knoweth all things" (1 John 3:20). God is aware of every need and knows the exact remedy.

God is not far away in heaven



Christians study methods of reaching the unchurched



A Lee College student participates in reading the Bible through

as some would think. He is near each one of us every moment of our lives. We could not escape his presence even if we desired, for "whither shall I go from thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence?" (Psalm 139:7). God knows where we are, for He is ever with us.

John lovingly penned, "For God so loved the world. . ." (John 3: 16) to let us know that God's will is to bring all men back into fellowship with Him. God cannot be blamed for the faulty outreach of the church.

Perhaps the church is responsible for the limited outreach. God wants to fill the church, but the pews remain cold and empty. The church, therefore, must be at fault, some may reason. But God revealed to Paul that Christ was the supreme authority in the church making the body of believers subject to God's will. Therefore the church cannot accept the responsibility for not reaching men.

Perhaps sinners themselves are responsible for the limited outreach of the church. This is faulty reasoning, for God's Word bears witness to the fact that in times of persecution, the church has grown phenomenally. We should also be reminded that as Christ ministered to people's needs, multitudes thronged Him.

Later, thousands of sinners believed in Christ on that memorable Pentecost and soon afterwards multitudes pressed the area around the Gate Beautiful to learn by what power the impotent man had been made whole. Sinners want the gospel of Christ and will accept the message if it is presented by dedicated believers who put their beliefs into practice.

Since God, the church, and the world cannot accept the burden of guilt, we come to the sad realization that perhaps Christians themselves are to blame. Christian believers are those chosen by God to be channels of his marvelous grace to a lost and dying world. We are challenged by necessity to evaluate our attitudes, methods, and personal experiences to see if in reality we are His channels. We can

no longer bind responsibility by excuse.

What about our attitudes? We are often too quick to remind one another that these rebellious youth are products of broken homes, non-Pentecostal families, and reprobate university professors. They are charged with revolution against all that is upright and holy, and many believe that they are beyond the reach of the gospel. Are these orphans of the great society any different than we were prior to conversion? Their concerns are the same that men have grappled with throughout history, but God is able to draw them to Him through His Word.

What about our methods? We can no longer ease our consciences by saying, "If they want to find Christ, our altars are open." We must go and reach them personally for they never find the church by themselves. If we have the answer and fail to tell them, we have become stumblingblocks. In no longer aiding Christ's cause, we become instruments of Satan's will.

Youth require more than a theological explanation and a manual of negatives and positives. They study the Christian philosophy and classify it as being just as idealistic and nonpractical as all others. They have to be shown that the philosophy of the Christian cannot be grasped solely from books, but that it must be considered through personal experience.

What about our spiritual experience? As the world watches us does it view glaring inconsistency? Do we preach love and practice jealousy, or cry "Bear ye one another's burdens," but live selfishly? Do we preach of a heavenly kingdom, yet strive unreservedly to establish a comfortable home below? In a word, is the Christian church professing more than it actually possesses?

We need a return to biblical Christianity. The Word of God should supercede all the ways of men. It has to be the basis, or there will be no progress. A biblical emphasis equips us to fulfill our Christian responsibility as outlined

in God's Word. Through a biblical emphasis we look into the mirror of God's Word to see our shortcomings and their solution in Him. Consistent Bible study and application will bring personal dedication; and as men and women draw closer to God, they will be able to assist others in their search for happiness. A witnessing, dedicated Christian is the greatest proof of the validity of the Christian gospel. Cultivate your faith and others will come to Christ.

The week of October 6-10, 1969, was designated as Bible Emphasis Week at Lee College, Cleveland, Tennessee. Sponsored by the Lee Ministerial Association, the week long effort took as its objective the task of reading the Bible through during the week.

The Bible was the center of attention to remind students to re-evaluate their lives in light of the Scriptures. Each student participating in the reading was encouraged to let the Bible speak to him as he read. When the Bible is properly applied to daily living, revival comes; and this is what happened at Lee.

The week's activities were climaxed in an open-air chapel service, conducted by the ministerial students. The service visibly touched many through testimonies of the importance of the Bible to the lives of fellow Christians.

Dr. Cross, the president, was presented a Bible by the student body in recognition of his dedicated, Bible-centered service to the Church of God and Lee College. The Lee College Ministerial Association heartily recommends that each local church endorse a new program of Bible emphasis in all phases of its work so that the mission of the church might be accomplished. ●

The Reverend A. Eugene Smiley, a senior at Lee College, Cleveland, Tennessee, will graduate in May, 1970, with a Bachelor of Arts degree in Biblical Education. He plans to enter the full-time ministry upon graduation.



HIS HANDS



By BOB LAIR

A MAN'S HANDS reveal a great deal about him. The gnarled appearance betrays the hands of the aged; the small, soft hand bespeaks the child. A man's hand is identified by the hair growing on its back and fingers, a woman's by its smooth nakedness. Callouses mark the hand that has given itself to manual labor. Close-trimmed nails often tell the musician's hand.

Physicians tell us that we can discover recent illness in the white splotches of the nails, and the circulation by the swiftness with which the blood returns to a pressed finger. Expensive rings hail the hand of the wealthy; paint in the nails, the painter; oil, the mechanic. Yellow stains give away the hand enslaved to tobacco—and the steady trembling, the nervous or

palsied.

The simple band, left hand, third finger, bedecks the married. Hangnails show a dietary deficiency. A strong clasp, the friendly man.

I have often noticed how much is revealed about the Lord Jesus through the tasks we find His hands doing. We see Him once in an act of humility and love, taking towels and basin in hand, moving about the table in the upper room, and washing His disciples' feet. A lesson of the great significance of service is taught here.

Or we see Christ's hands outstretched, touching blind eyes with clay and spittle, giving the command for that Siloam bathing which restores the sight of him who was blind from birth. Here are His hands demonstrating the invincible and miraculous power of

God who can make the blind to see, the cripple to walk, and the deaf to leap with the joy of hearing restored.

But Christ's hands can threaten with judgment, for He is God's appointed Judge of all men. No man can flee so far as to evade the far-reaching arm of His wrath against sin. No man can stand before Him guiltless except those delivered from sin's power through His death. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God" (Hebrews 10:31).

And too Christ's hands are reaching out in salvation. His arms are extended in love, urging the lost to come to Him to be found again. The hands which reach upward to the nails of the cross, stretch forward to the sinner, and invite him to the perfection which is in Jesus Christ.

Christ's hands promise the security of His unfailing strength, "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand" (John 10:27, 28).

But the most significant thing about Christ's hands is that they are pierced. Even when we see Him in eternity, opening the great sealed book of the Revelation, He still retains the appearance of the slain Lamb. He returned to heaven in that resurrection body with the pierced hands into which even the doubting Thomas could not thrust his fingers when Jesus challenged him: "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing" (John 20:27).

I recall seeing a provocative picture of Jesus surrounded by young children. One of them had just asked: "What happened to your hands?" That is the story that will take all eternity to tell. We cannot know in this life the cost of our redemption symbolized in those wounded hands. How much He loved us. How dearly He paid for our salvation.

Thus Christ's hands reveal so much about Him. •

Devotions for Youth

From page 27

as one applies himself in systematic Bible study and in selfless service. *Pray:* Do you read the Bible every day? If not, determine the hindering cause.

THURSDAY, December 18 □. *Read:* John 7, note verse 17, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine." *Think:* A person can live according to God's will. If he is sincere, God will reveal it to him and will guide him in performing it. *Pray:* Seek to understand the different facets of God's will; do not restrict yourself to only one area.

FRIDAY, December 19 □. *Read:* Mark 14, note verse 36, "Nevertheless not what I will, but what thou wilt." *Think:* Opinions and feelings can be very misleading. For this reason, it is important to form the attitude, "Your will be done." *Pray:* As you think about college, marriage, and a career, can you pray, "Father, your will be done?"

Contact

God has a will. He has an *ideal will*—what He wants; a *permissive will*—what He will permit; a *circumstantial will*—the way He works because of the circumstances; and an *ultimate will*—what He will bring to pass regardless of events or feelings.

Man's Will

SATURDAY, December 20 □. *Read:* Genesis 1, note verse 27, "God created man in his own image." *Think:* God created man with the freedom of choice. Our will is exercised in this selection of choices. We can will to do the will of God or we can will to do the will of Satan. *Pray:* Make a list of the ways God has blessed you in the past two weeks. Praise, adore, and thank Him.

SUNDAY, December 21 □. *Read:* Romans 7, note verse 24, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" *Think:* Paul pinpointed three types of men: the natural man, the carnal man, and the spiritual man. The spiritual man represents a saved person who is totally dedicated to the will of God and whose life is directed by the power of the Holy Spirit. *Pray:* Resign your will to the will of God. Let Him control and direct your life.

MONDAY, December 22 □. *Read:* 1 Corinthians 6, note verse 12, "All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient." *Think:* In exercising your will you may bring about situations to your hurt, though what you do may not actually be wrong. *Pray:* For self-control and judgment in forming buying habits, in studying, and in developing skills.

Finding God's Will

TUESDAY, December 23 □. *Read:* Exodus 3, note verse 4, "God called . . . Moses, Moses. And he said, Here am I." *Think:* God revealed His will to Moses by talking to him in an audible voice. On other occasions, however, He revealed His will to him by using a prophet or priest, a unique situation or a sign. *Pray:* In seeking to understand God's will can you say, "Here am I." This is the first step—report for duty.

WEDNESDAY, December 24 □. *Read:* 1 Samuel 3, note verse 10, "Then Samuel answered, Speak; for thy servant heareth." *Think:* God also visited Samuel and spoke to him in an audible voice and outlined His plan for his life. Samuel was in the temple. Regular church attendance is often the means used by God to reveal His will. *Pray:* For the worship services of your local church; also for the church ushers, choir leader, and musicians.

THURSDAY, December 25 □. *Read:* Psalm 119, note verse 105, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet." *Think:* As you read the Bible, God can divinely impress you with what He would like for you to do in life and in Christian service. *Pray:* Tarry before the Lord, let Him think through you.

FRIDAY, December 26 □. *Read:* Luke 12, note verse 12, "For the Holy Ghost shall teach you. . ." *Think:* God's Spirit is an instructor. He will assist you—through inspiration, understanding, and unshakable spiritual contentment. *Pray:* Ask the Holy Spirit to teach you about God's will and to steer you away from that which is a violation of His will.

SATURDAY, December 27 □. *Read:* 1 Corinthians 16, note verse 9, "For a great door and effectual is opened unto me." *Think:* Many times God reveals His will to us by opening doors through which we can walk. Open doors often come in the form of opportunity, availability, expression, and access. *Pray:* Are you ready to walk through God's open door? Tell Him that you are.

SUNDAY, December 28 □. *Read:* Matthew 7, note verse 7, "Ask, and it shall be given you." *Think:* Have you asked God sincerely to reveal His will to you? Ask Him in faith, believing. Stand on the promise of His Word. *Pray:* For the young people in the Church of God Homes for Children—in North Carolina, South Carolina, and Tennessee.

MONDAY, December 29 □. *Read:* 1 Peter 1, note verse 16, "Be ye holy; for I am holy." *Think:* You know that it is God's will for you to be holy; to live a clean, honest, and respectable life. How can you fulfill this aspect of His will. *Pray:* Discuss with the Lord Christian service; take an active part in the total program of the local church.

TUESDAY, December 30 □. *Read:* 1 John 4, note verse 16, "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God." *Think:* Does God want you to love spiritual work, the lost, and the truth of His Word? What position does love occupy in understanding His will. *Pray:* Express praise and appreciation to God for His Word, His love, and His concern for your happiness.

WEDNESDAY, December 31 □. *Read:* Ephesians 1, note verse 11, "Who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will." *Think:* God is at liberty to make His own plans. Any actions on your part that would limit His freedom in any way in your life would not be in keeping with His ideal will. *Pray:* Give God control of your life and freedom to direct, shape, and equip you according to His ideal (perfect) will.

His Best Christmas

By EARLE J. GRANT

JOHN ALSTON STOOD at his apartment window, looking out on the drab landscape of the December day. His heart was heavy—Christmas was but a few days away and he supposed it would be another lonely one, just as the last one—and the one before that—had been. John was a bachelor and had no living relatives.

Then he thought of what Pastor Gardner had said from the pulpit Sunday and his spirits brightened. The church had decided to gather gifts for the children at the orphanage that the denomination maintained in the mountains of Tennessee. Brother Gardner had asked for individual volunteers to take the name of an orphan and buy a gift for the child whose name had been selected. On Christmas Eve, the participants in the plan were to motor up to the mountains with the gifts, where they would be distributed at the annual Christmas party.

"I'll call Brother Gardner and tell him I'll take one of the names," he mused to himself, as he went to the telephone. After a few minutes spent in conversation with the pastor, he had obtained the name of a twelve-year-old boy, Jimmy Belton.

"I'll get him a transistor radio—he will like that, I should think," he happily said to himself. And he looked with anticipation to buying the gift, having it wrapped, and going up to the orphanage along with other members of the church.

Christmas Eve arrived with a cold, dismal rain falling in the city. John and the rest of the group, bundled up against the wintry trip ahead, left early for the moun-

tains. Soon after reaching the foothills, the rain popped into feathery flakes of snow and the countryside was transformed into a Currier and Ives scene. Each mile revealed greater beauty, with every fence and tree and boulder overlaid with the pristine whiteness. The mountain cottages looked like gingerbread houses with roofs topped with snowy meringue. Smoke plumes rose from the chimneys like pungent incense.

The orphanage was gay with decorations and the tree glittered with rainbow lights and silver tinsel strands. After a Christmas dinner in the great dining room, the gifts were distributed and the children grew radiantly happy.

Just before leaving to return to the city, John called for the lad for whom he had bought the gift. Jimmy Belton came hurrying up to him, with the transistor in his hand, loudly playing Christmas carols.

"Thanks, Mister," he said to John Alston; "this is the nicest present I've ever had!" John looked down at the freckle-faced lad and shook his hand warmly.

"God bless you, Son," he declared, happily blinking back a tear, as he seemed to hear, above the wind's roar outside, a Voice saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these. . . ." •

Luoma





The teacher with one of the classes.

SERVICEMEN WORSHIP

By LLOYD FRAZIER



Larry Bowling, soldier of the month, is congratulated by the Reverend C. R. Spain.

ON THE AFTERNOON of July 28, 1969, cars and station wagons began to arrive at the Baptist and Episcopal campgrounds in Santa Clara in the Republic of Panama. There were happy greetings with a feeling of expectancy in the air. The occasion was the first servicemen's retreat for the personnel of the Southern Command, which includes all of our armed forces in Central and South America. There had been much praying, planning, and working for this retreat by the retreat master, the pastors of the

two servicemen's churches, and the servicemen.

The retreat was officially opened when we gathered for the Monday evening service. From the first prayer the presence of God was sensed. James Pinkard, pastor of the Margarita Servicemen's Church, led us in worship. He was followed by Brother Hargrave who briefly outlined the rules of the retreat and then introduced the speaker of the evening, Brother William R. McCall, superintendent of Mexico and Central America. Hearts were blessed as he preached, and one soldier came to the Lord.

The next morning Brother McCall began his series of classes, teaching on "The Serviceman and His Daily Life." During the following days he taught about "The Serviceman on the Foreign Field," "The Serviceman on the Battlefield," and ended with "The Serviceman's Reward." Faithfulness in daily living, careful conduct in this world, fighting in the name of the Lord, and the waiting reward for the overcomer were thoughts brought by the anointed teaching

of Brother McCall.

Brother Millard Cowdell, pastor of the Balboa Church, taught also on Tuesday morning on "My Purpose in Life" and challenged those present with his teaching.

On Tuesday afternoon the Reverend C. Raymond Spain, executive director of the "Ministry to the Military," arrived and brought the evening message. We rejoiced and were encouraged in the Lord as we listened. On Wednesday morning he spoke on "The Outreach and Organization of the Church of God Ministry to the Military." His class on the Holy Ghost baptism inspired all of us. It gave us knowledge of our need and of the blessings of the baptism in the Holy Ghost.

As the service began on Wednesday night, the Spirit moved in our hearts and His presence was very real. Brother Spain preached with the anointing of the Holy Spirit, and we rejoiced because we knew Christ and had a hunger to know Him better.

The presence of the Lord was continually with us during the retreat, and we were drawn nearer to Him. Perhaps the total results will never be known. It was said by all that this was like camp meeting. One soldier who had been awarded the "Soldier of the Month" in the Southern Command, after being saved and filled with the Holy Ghost, said that he would give all material blessings to keep the feeling he had the night that he received the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

Along with the spiritual blessings we received, we enjoyed times of fellowship and relaxation. Our afternoons were free, so we participated in games and various activities.

Each morning during the classes the ladies were in charge of children's church. The children were able to enjoy services planned for them, while their parents gave their full attention to the classes.

This was the first retreat in Panama, and we thank God for all that He did. We look forward to greater things in next year's retreat. ●

By FLOYD D. CAREY

Historians have estimated that between the years 1484 and 1782 that over three hundred thousand women accused of being witches were put to death. Many different tests were performed during this time to determine the innocence or guilt of a woman suspected of being a witch. One of the most common methods was to throw the accused into a lake or river. If she floated, she was guilty and put to death; if she drowned, she was innocent. In either case, however, the end results was the same—death.

In trying to understand and to determine God's will, many young people employ unbiblical and unfounded methods. Consequently, the opinions and conclusions they form are not accurate. Someone has rightly said: "To find God's will is man's greatest discovery; to know God's will is man's greatest knowledge; to do God's will is man's greatest achievement."

An outstanding Christian boy is killed in an accident and someone remarks, "It must have been God's will." Is this true? A teen-age girl is crippled for life in a fall, a tragedy occurs in a happy Christian family, a dedicated boy is unable to attend college because of financial difficulties—in viewing these misfortunes, can we simply say, "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose," and then go on contentedly about our business? God's will is an inclusive term. God has an ideal will, a permissive will, a circumstantial will, and an ultimate will. Our devotional emphasis this month centers on God's will and how to understand it in the context of Satan's will and the will of man.

Satan's Will

MONDAY, December 1 **Read:** Isaiah 14, note verse 12, "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!" **Think:** Satan was once an influential leader in heaven. Pride and ambition, however, prompted him to rebel and to war against God. **Pray:** For self-understanding to recognize signs of pride and ambition that will war against purity standards and spiritual convictions.

TUESDAY, December 2 **Read:** Isaiah 14 again, note verse 14, "I will ascend. . . . I will be like the most High." **Think:** Observe the "I will's" in verses 13 and 14—"I will ascend," "I will sit," and "I will be." What about the "I will's" in your life. Decide once and for all who comes first, you or Christ. **Pray:** Open up before God, tell Him about your plans and problem and ask for His leadership.

WEDNESDAY, December 3 **Read:** Luke 10, note verse 18, "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven." **Think:** Satan was expelled from heaven because he chose to war against God, rather than to worship Him. He is still warring against God today. **Pray:** You are endowed with the power of choice—to choose spiritual things, material things, and personal things. Before you choose, always consult God first.



THURSDAY, December 4 *Read:* 2 Timothy 3, *note verse 26*, "Who are taken captive by him and his will." *Think:* Satan has a will. He chose to oppose God. It is his will today to enlist as many persons as possible to join him in an effort to defeat God. *Pray:* Be alert to Satan's will. Ask for alertness and insight to detect his strategy.

FRIDAY, December 5 *Read:* Genesis 3, *note verse 4*, "And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die." *Think:* Through the influence of Satan's will upon Adam and Eve, sin entered the human race. It is his will to influence young people to live a sinful life. *Pray:* God does not want you to sin. He can equip you with whatever you need to oppose Satan.

SATURDAY, December 6 *Read:* 2 Corinthians 11, *note verse 14*, "For Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light." *Think:* Satan does not have scruples; he will employ whatever means possible to achieve his will. *Pray:* You need God's approval and power to stand against Satan and his schemes. It is available.

SUNDAY, December 7 *Read:* 2 Corinthians 2, *note verse 11*, "For we are not ignorant of his devices." *Think:* Learn to recognize the devices and tactics of Satan in a given situation. Stay on guard. *Pray:* That the young people of your local church will learn to detect the traps of Satan that are designed to lead them into a life of sin and disobedience.

MONDAY, December 8 *Read:* Ephesians 6, *note verse 12*, "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood." *Think:* What does the Christian teen-ager wrestle (fight) against? Satan works against the believer by inspiring impure thoughts, desires, ambitions, and drives. These forces are invisible and are therefore difficult to combat. *Pray:* How can you fight against an evil thought? With a spiritual thought. "Lord! make me spiritual-minded."

TUESDAY, December 9 *Read:* Acts 5, *note verse 3*, "Ananias, why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost." *Think:* Can Satan work his will in our life if we are not in agreement? No. Ananias gave Satan entrance by entertaining an evil plot (v. 1), by planning (v. 2), and finally by acting (v. 2). *Pray:* God desires to lead you daily by His Spirit. He wants you to be sensitive to the Spirit's guidance.

WEDNESDAY, December 10 *Read:* John 13, *note verse 2*, "The devil having now put into the heart of Judas Iscariot . . . to betray him." *Think:* How did Satan get into the heart of Judas? Through ambition. He chose, what he thought, was an easy route to recognition and reward. *Pray:* What profession are you preparing for? It is Satan's will to *wreck* your life. It is God's will to *weld* your life.

Contact

Satan has a will. His will is to oppose God, to *block* the goals of Christianity, to *break* believers, and to *promote* evil.

God's Will

THURSDAY, December 11 *Read:* 2 Peter 3, *note verse 9*, He is "not willing that any should perish,

but that all should come to repentance." *Think:* It is not God's will that anyone should be lost or commit sin. It is God's ideal will, however, to permit man the freedom of choice. If he chooses to sin, God permits it, although sin is forbidden. This is an example of God's *permissive will*. *Pray:* God's ideal will for you is to serve Him, to do good in school, and to live a sound well-balanced life. Discuss this with Him.

FRIDAY, December 12 *Read:* 1 Samuel 8, *note verse 7*, "For they have not rejected thee, but they have rejected me, that I should not reign over them." *Think:* It was not God's *ideal will* for Israel to have a king. In His *permissive will*, however, He permitted it. *Pray:* Can a Christian be in God's permissive will in participating in a questionable project or activity? Examine your life.

SATURDAY, December 13 *Read:* Numbers 20, *note verse 12*, "Therefore ye shall not bring this congregation into the land which I have given them." *Think:* God had selected Moses, it was His *ideal will* for him to lead the Israelites into the land of Canaan. Under the circumstances, however, because he did not follow instructions, He would not let him complete the mission. This is an example of God's *circumstantial will*. *Pray:* For the leaders of your local Church, that they will perform God's work in keeping with His *ideal will*.

SUNDAY, December 14 *Read:* Joshua 3, *note verse 10*, "Hereby ye shall know that the living God is among you." *Think:* It was God's *ultimate will* for the Israelites to inhabit the land of Canaan. Although several postponements occurred, nothing could change his *ultimate will*. God's *ultimate will* about heaven, the plan of Salvation, and spiritual laws cannot be thwarted or changed. *Pray:* For the evangelistic outreach programs of the Church of God; for Pioneers for Christ, "Forward in Faith," the literature ministry, and inner-city evangelism.

MONDAY, December 15 *Read:* Luke 23, *note verse 46*, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." *Think:* God permitted man to make the choice between good and evil. God did not *will* that men should curse, spit upon, and crucify His Son. He did *permit* it, however, and in the process His *ultimate will*, a plan of salvation for the lost, was established. *Pray:* Get serious with God about His will for your life. Review the different aspects of His will.

TUESDAY, December 16 *Read:* Matthew 6, *note verse 10*, "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven." *Think:* Gabriel and other angels chose to be obedient to God, to fulfill His program plan in heaven. Compare this to His will and program plan for man. *Pray:* About your responsibility in helping to bring about God's will on earth.

WEDNESDAY, December 17 *Read:* Ephesians 1, *note verse 9*, "Having made known unto us the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure which he hath purposed in himself." *Think:* Most young people are aware of the primary aspects of God's will. Some areas of His will, however, are only revealed

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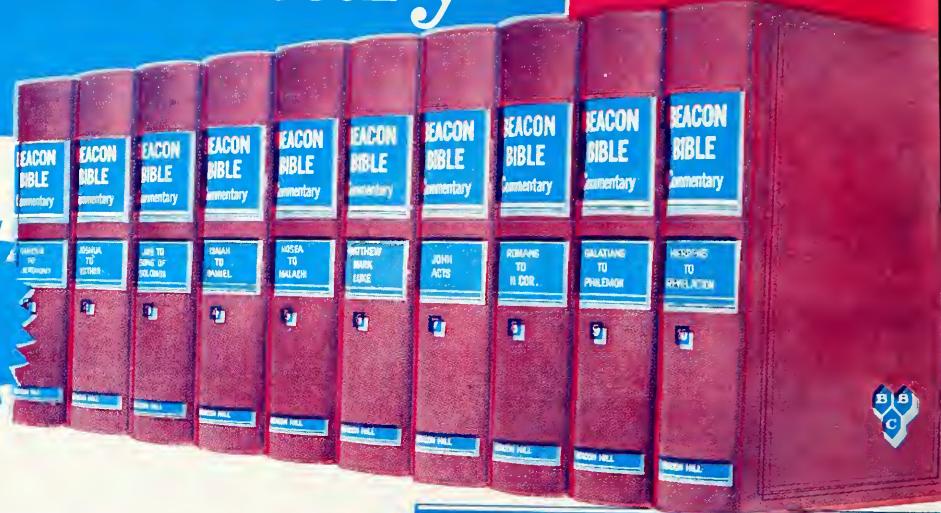
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